

The NEW SMART SET

In Combination
with McClure's

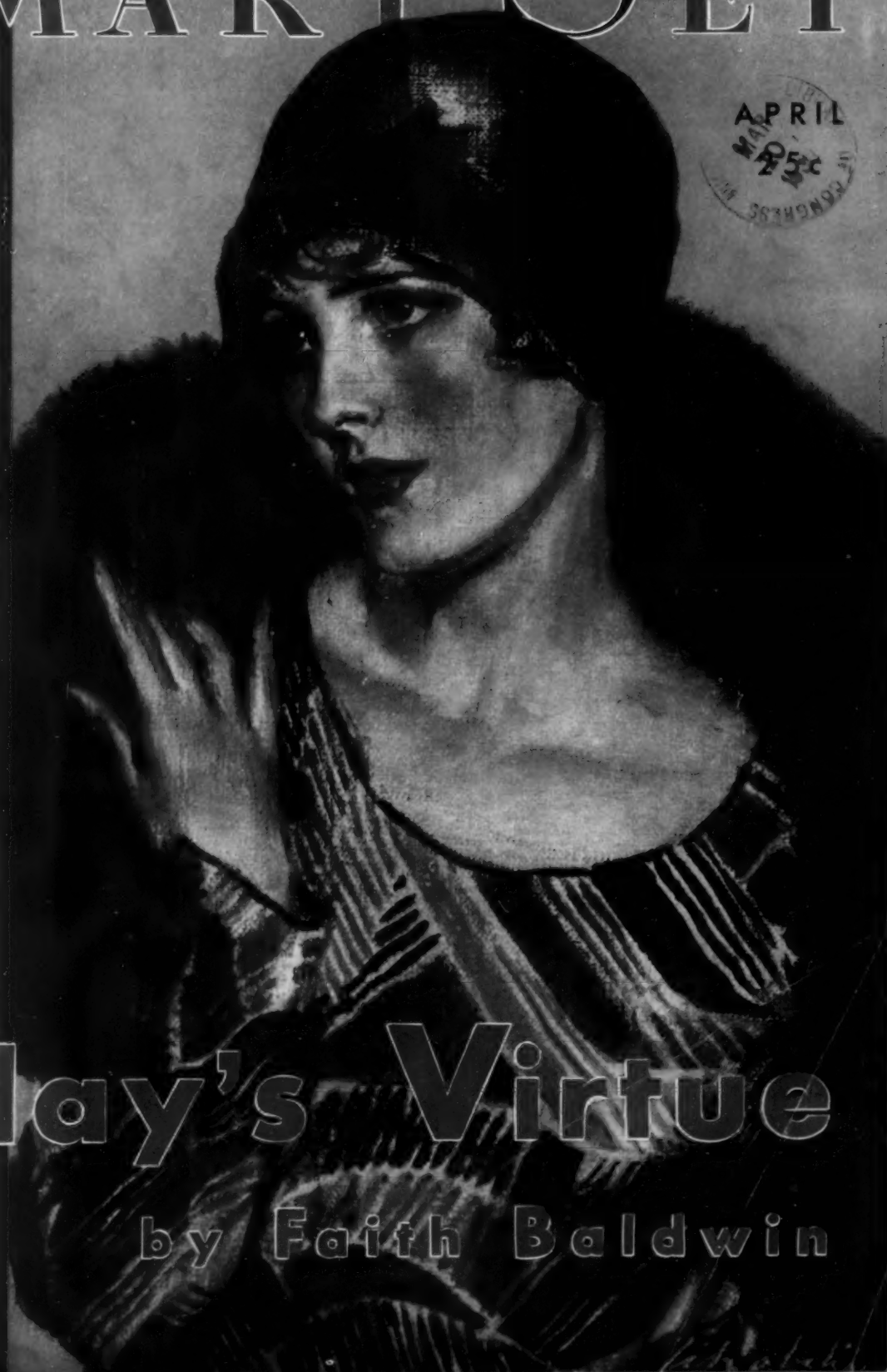
The
Young
Woman's
Magazine

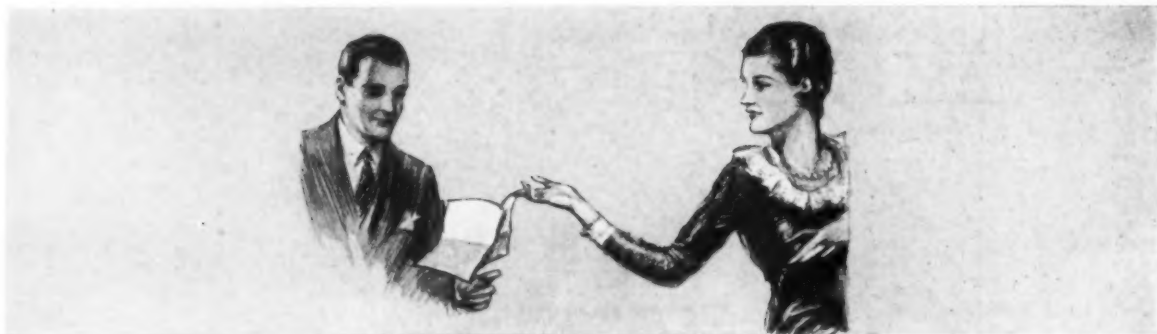


Don't Miss
This Great
Story of
Changing
Standards

Today's Virtue

by Faith Baldwin





Fine—he's coming too!

READ IT,

Dick

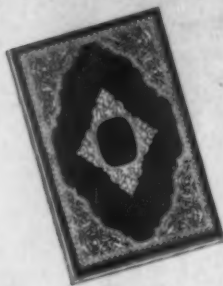
—says our home is "*always a grand place in which to be a guest.*"

It's great to plan a party—and have *everybody* eager to accept. Of course, there's rivalry. Entertaining at home has suddenly become fashionable. People have discovered it's so much more fun! Now they're picking up new ideas everywhere. And here's a suggestion from Alvin, creator of the new *Dawn* pattern in silverware.

Read this new book, *The Crowd Comes To Our House*. Between its covers are a host of ideas for even the most experienced hostess . . . original ways of giving and getting more enjoyment by entertaining at home . . . recipes and menus featuring famous American food products available everywhere . . . not so much *how* to set the table as *where* to set it. It's the starting point of ideas that may be used in the one-room apartment or the house of many servants. Ask for it at silverware departments or use the coupon below.

THE BOOK

The Crowd Comes To Our House, by Grace Higgins. Illustrated. You'll enjoy it, it's so modern, youthful, beautifully printed! You can now get a copy for 30c in any store where Silverware by Alvin is sold . . . or by mail direct to you, at this special price, if you use the coupon below.



THE SILVERWARE

At silverware departments, ask to see Silverplate by Alvin—the service-for-eight, (34 pieces), \$43.50, packed in a boudoir box which is really the smartest sort of cosmetic and make-up kit or utility box for hosiery, gloves, bridge layouts, etc. Antique ivory finish with an 18th Century silhouette. Hinged mirror-lined lid. Removable partitions and glass bottom-lining.

FINE SILVERPLATE BY

ALVIN

*made in the world's largest
sterling silver manufactory*

The ALVIN CORPORATION, SILVERSMITHS
Dept. S-4 Providence, R. I.

I enclose 30c (dimes or stamps). Please send the book, *The Crowd Comes To Our House*, to me at the address written on margin below. (Print name and address plainly).....



Does This Modern Girl's Reasoning Appeal to You? ★



★FREE!

THIS interesting letter is similar to many which Life Savers, Inc., receives. For accepted letters such as this, Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y., will send to the writers FREE a box of assorted Life Savers.

So many people have had unique experiences with Life Savers that we are very interested to know about them. What have you discovered about Life Savers? When do you and your children enjoy them most? Don't you find that they help digestion, sweeten the breath, soothe the throat and are very delightful after smoking?



Homecrest, Bay City, Mich.

Life Savers, Inc.,
Port Chester, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I presume the subject of unpleasant breath is pretty tiresome to you folks - but even though the advertising of mouth washes keeps up, there are still plenty of guilty people. And I believe this is why:

One doesn't carry a mouth wash with her - and no matter how strong a breath purifier may be, its effectiveness quickly wears off - and the likelihood of an offensive breath is always present.

Personally, I am terribly sensitive about it - for, as everyone knows, the guilty person is rarely aware of the offense. Just the other day, a girl friend and I were discussing it. She always carries a packet of Life Savers in her purse. While I enjoyed Life Savers many times, I never thought they could become so indispensable to my every-day life. At any rate, I am safe from now on!

I find that Life Savers not alone overcome the slightest chance of bad breath, but soothe my throat and make my mouth feel cool and refreshed all the time - even after smoking. I think this thought would make a good ad, don't you?

Very truly yours,

Helen R. Tomlin

EACH dainty, delicious Life Saver is 100% pure candy—a marvel of quality, purity and taste-tingling flavor. Life Savers soothe the throat, sweeten the breath, aid digestion and actually stimulate the appetite in a natural, beneficial way.

Six delicious flavors—each pure, healthful and refreshing.



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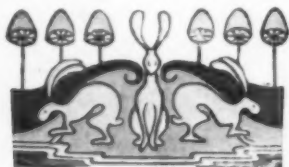
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SMART SET

In Combination with McClure's

APRIL, 1930—VOLUME 86, No. 2

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *Editor*RUTH WATERBURY
*Associate Editor*LILLIE GAILEY
Assistant Editor

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"I Never Expected a Raise So Soon"

"I've Increased Your Salary Because You Are Worth It"



YOU have been with us about a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Six weeks ago you were only a telephone girl—I can't understand how you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks. Why, a great many of our stenographers have studied shorthand for ten months and still make many errors."

"That isn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even when it is mastered it is sometimes difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting? What's that?"

For answer the girl handed the big business man her notebook.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A B C's!"

"Yes, surely. That's how I learned it so quickly at home.

Anyone can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. And you can write it so rapidly, too!"

"One boy I know, who studied Speedwriting in his own home, took court testimony at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

Two months later Mr. Chapman and all his stenographers were Speedwriters!

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Tens of thousands have been freed from the drudgery of the old-fashioned methods of learning and writing shorthand by this marvelous new system, which may be written with a pencil or on a typewriter; can be learned at home in a third the time needed to master any other system; is more accurate, and can be written with amazing rapidity.

Mail the coupon tonight. It will bring you an illustrated book full of examples and stories of successful Speedwriters all over the world. No matter what your need for shorthand may be—you can fill that need better with Speedwriting.

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In approximately thirty days Mrs. R. T. West of Limedale, West Virginia, became secretary to the vice-president and general manager of a large coal company.

In approximately thirty days Arthur L. Holyoke, Los Angeles, California, learned Speedwriting. A month later he had a position at a 50% salary increase. Since then he has received two additional salary increases.



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Less than an inch
and a half
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More than
1000 pages

All in
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222 Stories *Exactly Translated from the French!*

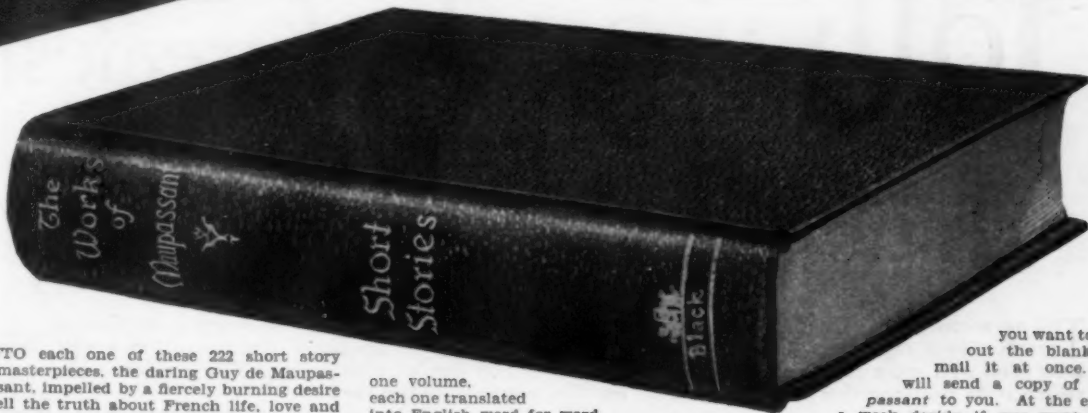
Love	Letter Found on a	Woman's Wiles
Virtue!	Corpse	Room No. Eleven
Virtue in the Ballet	In His Sweetheart's	A Queer Night in Paris
The Venus of Braniza	Livery	The Diamond Necklace
The Love of Long	Bed No. 29	The Sequel to a Divorce
Age	Fecundity	A Dead Woman's
A Mesalliance	In the Wood	Secret
The Rendezvous	Am I Insane?	Graveyard Sirens
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A Passion	A Fashionable Woman	The Impolite Sex
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Moonlight	A Way to Wealth	In the Moonlight
The Bed	Waiter, A Book!	Was It a Dream?
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Magnetism	A Strange Fancy	The New Sensation
A Wife's Confession	The Wedding Night	Mother and Son : : !
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INTO each one of these 222 short story masterpieces, the daring Guy de Maupassant, impelled by a fiercely burning desire to tell the truth about French life, love and wickedness, has packed enough emotional action to serve an ordinary writer for a lifetime. Now all of these pagan, frank and immortal tales have been collected within the covers of a single, beautiful book no more than an inch and a half thick. It is bound in gold-stamped, Morocco-grained cloth, printed in large type on the finest thin paper.

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WALTER J. BLACK, Inc. (Dept. 854)
171 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send me for free examination your new one-volume edition of Guy de Maupassant's Complete Short Stories, 1,000 thin-paper pages printed in large, clear type; Morocco-grained cloth binding, stamped in gold. I will either return book at your expense or send you \$2.98 in full payment within one week.

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City..... State.....

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When you write to advertisers please mention SMART SET MAGAZINE

YOU can believe everything you read in PHOTOPLAY. There is plenty of news and romance in the studios of Hollywood without the necessity of exaggeration or sensationalism



READERS of PHOTOPLAY save many dollars and hours of time by following its accurate and fair-minded reports of new pictures

Hollywood's Greatest True Love Story

THE never-told story of the love of two screen stars—a love that never failed. A real life story filled with more pathos and misfortune and self-sacrifice than any that has been told on the screen.

A love that rose above physical, mental and

financial disaster. A love so strong it snatched a beautiful girl from death, and brought a happy ending out of what seemed like the inevitable wreckage of two lives.

This is just one of the features of the greatest issue of a picture magazine ever published.

PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE

The April Issue Out March 15th

When you write to advertisers please mention SMART SET MAGAZINE

DO YOU
LIKE TO
DRAW?



YOUR DRAWING ABILITY TESTED FREE

Results Count!

Mr. E. H., who is making about \$15,000 a year says:

"The Federal School showed me the direct way of turning my liking for drawing into money, giving, in a short time, knowledge which would otherwise take many years of hard experience to acquire. I owe much of my present success to the Federal School."

(Name on request)

Lloyd Shirley says:

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning \$3,800 a year as an artist and I have just started. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

Grace Dunham is Progressing:

"I just received another check from Louisville, and an offer of a position there. I am not meaning to boast but the School got me this position."

D. L. Rogers said:

"I found that the Federal School has real sound backing for all its statements. It has the quality of education to offer that paves the road to success, for those who are earnest and game enough to work for bigger things."

YOU young people who like to draw—do you realize that your talent, if properly trained, can lift you out of the crowd and place you in a profession where the work is pleasant and the money-making possibilities are very high?

Our free Art Test indicates your natural sense of design, proportion, color, etc. When you've worked it out, it will be analyzed by our art instructors and you will be frankly informed as to your chances in this vocation. This fascinating test has started many young people on the road to success.

See What These Federal Students Earn:

Big prices are paid for drawings and designs for advertising. These Federal Students—whose average age is 30 years—are only a few of the hundreds of men and girls that Federal Training has lifted quickly to a worth while income:

E. McT., Pasadena . . . \$750 a mo.	M. O. H., Hollywood . . . \$300 to \$900 a mo.
B. C. E., Minneapolis . . . 325 a mo.	M. R., New York . . . 300 a mo.
Miss F. K., New York . . . 400 a mo.	C. P. D., Chicago . . . 400 a mo.
L. H. W., St. Louis . . . 350 a mo.	S. J. E., Tulsa, Okla. . . 250 a mo.
P. M. H., Carnegie, Pa. . . 325 a mo.	H. B. R., Oakland . . . 350 a mo.
C. P. M., Chicago . . . 600 a mo.	

(Names on request)

Send Today for your Art Questionnaire

There will always be a demand for good art work, due to its necessity in modern business. Don't fail to make the most of your ability, if you like to draw. Modern business offers rich rewards to the young man or woman with trained art ability. Mail the coupon today for your Art Questionnaire, and we will also send our book "YOUR FUTURE" which fully describes the Federal Course in Commercial Designing, and shows work by Federal students. Please state age and occupation.

Federal School
of Commercial Designing

1694 Federal Schools Building,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Results Count!

From Mr. W. A. Sowell:

"I am Art Director with a salary and commission which has made it possible for me to earn more than at any time in my life, for example last month ran over \$400.00, and for the last four months it has averaged \$300.00. I know this all came about from the excellent instructions I received from the Federal School."

Another Federal Student says:

"Have had a studio since May, 1922. Name of studio: Geo. B. Jones—Commercial Artist. I earn on an average of about \$250 a month and I give the Federal School full credit for my start in this work."



Federal
School of
Commercial
Designing

1694 Federal Schools Bldg.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Please send me Art Questionnaire,
and book "YOUR FUTURE."

COUPON

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

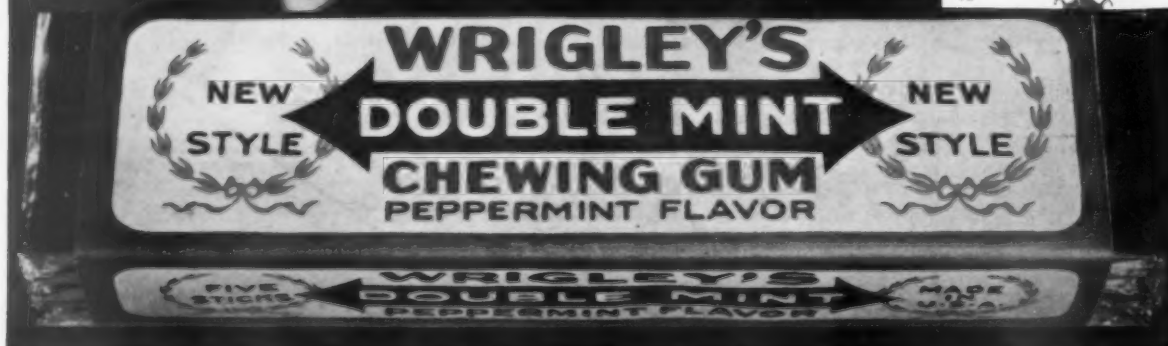
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THE SCHOOL FAMOUS FOR SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS

When you write to advertisers please mention SMART SET MAGAZINE

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

BEAUTY IS YOUTH. Or is it that Youth is Beauty? Anyway the solution of the chief Beauty Secret of the Aztecs is that they knew how to STAY YOUNG. And by the simplest, most inexpensive of methods. It's said they chewed gum! The same sort you have in Wrigley's. Chew Wrigley's with a certain regularity every day. It tones up the skin around the mouth to an alluringly lovely glow and emphasizes your youthful beauty of lips. A woman is only as young as her lips. Try Double Mint—it's peppermint flavored.



Smart Set's Hall of Feminine Fame



Rehele

THE PHYSICIAN

SUCCESSFUL women always seem to bring an original quality to their work. Leoni Neumann Claman, just twenty-eight, is the daughter of a doctor, is married to a doctor, and is a doctor herself! From childhood, she intended to follow her dad's profession. Graduating from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, she fell in love. She and her husband went for a honeymoon in Europe—and spent their time in clinics. Today, with a two-year-old of her own, this clever woman specializes in keeping New York babies healthy



Rebels

THE CAT FANCIER

LOVE for stray cats gave Clara Lang the incentive that brought success. She wanted to mother every homeless animal in Forest Hills, New York. Her family, quite naturally, objected. Clara decided to make her cats profitable. Giving up stenography, she started studying breeding methods. The sales of her alley-variety orphans soon financed the purchase of two blooded Persians. That started it. Today Clara's farm raises haughty Persian and Siamese cats which retail at \$100 and up



Cahner

THE LEATHER STYLIST

HILDA RAU had the courage to experiment until she found her true work. Her first job was behind a department store counter. She didn't like it and quit. The next jobs weren't much better. Then an assignment to report fashions for a specialty shop showed her that stylists had neglected leather. For Foederer, one of the largest tanners, she promoted color styles in women's shoes and made mere male buyers shoe style conscious. Result, a large salary and very genuine authority



Rebels

THE GAS STATION OWNER

THE rudeness of a garage man gave Ruth Conover the necessary Bright Idea. If garage attendants were polite, particularly to women drivers, they would garner much trade, she decided. A gas station near her East Orange home failed, and Ruth determined to test her theory. She redecorated the shop and gave every customer quick, courteous service. Profits tripled. Her charm and efficiency continued to win friends. Now Ruth directs a large chain of prosperous stations in New Jersey



Culver

THE SECRETARY

WHAT girl wouldn't like to be secretary to the mayor of the largest city in the world? That's Evelyn Wagner's position. Evelyn, a born New Yorker, was just another stenographer in a government office when Mayor James J. Walker of New York City dropped in to dictate a letter. Evelyn did the job so well His Honor hired her immediately as his social secretary. Today this clever girl is a power behind the throne of Manhattan politics—tactful, pretty and wise



THE DANCER

WHEN she was four, lovely Harriet Hocter improvised her first dance for a family gathering in her native Hoosick Falls, New York. The applause settled all her doubts as to her future career. At twelve she was in New York studying. At fifteen, she was self-supporting, an obscure little ballet girl in a big Broadway show. Nobody gave her a glance. Harriet worked harder. She spent five years in vaudeville, revues and such. Then Ziegfeld saw her. Now she's his brilliant star

TO ENHANCE AND MAINTAIN A YOUTHFUL COMPLEXION



COTY

CULTURISTE CREATIONS

Perfected by the vast international resources of Coty, Culturiste Creations, combine the sum of modern beauty science with the superlative quality which is invariably Coty's.

Simple

Effective

Economical

—they maintain and enhance a radiant complexion and youthful contour.

**CULTURISTE
ESSENTIAL
TREATMENT—\$4.50**

**Begin With
Cleansing Cream,**
("Colcreme")—Lique-
fies easily—Cleanses
thoroughly and effec-
tively. Standard size,
\$1.00. Large jar, \$2.50.
Tubes, 50c

**Then Use
Skin Tonic (Potonique)**
—Cleanses and stimu-
lates the pores—Soft-
ens, refines and clari-
fies the skin—\$1.00

**Follow With
Tissue Cream**—Nour-
ishes the underlying
tissues, removes lines
and wrinkles and im-
parts a velvety texture
to the skin—\$1.50

**Finish With
Foundation Cream**
(Crème de Beauté)—
Protects and enhances
—An ideal powder
base—The final touch
to loveliness—\$1.00

COTY 714 Fifth Avenue, New York

FOR SPECIAL TREATMENT—
SPECIAL ASTRINGENT (EAU DE COTY) . \$1.00
SKIN LOTION (LOTION POUR LA PEAU) POWDER
BASE AND PROTECTION FOR THE DRY SKIN \$1.50



The preference for Blue Moon Silk Stockings is founded on the satisfaction of wearers. It is their enthusiastic endorsement, rather than any words of ours, that has made Blue Moon Hosiery the favorite of discriminating women . . . Let us suggest that you, too, try Blue Moon Silk Stockings for your next pair . . . and learn by your own experience the hidden quality that has given Blue Moon its high reputation.

Largman, Gray Co., 389 Fifth Avenue, New York

Every Blue Moon dealer is featuring a special Blue Moon Week starting March 17th, and will be pleased to show you the new Spring shades and styles.

BLUE MOON
 AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL FULL FASHIONED
Silk Stockings

The Blue Moon trademark is the symbol of distinctive hosiery, an inspiration to those whose painstaking craftsmanship maintains the high standards of Blue Moon quality.

Changing Standards

TWENTY years ago certain problems—certain situations—were ignored. Young women then were sheltered (with the kindest of intentions) from the un-veneered facts of life. Sheltering the young women did not keep them, however, from whispering among themselves.

Twenty years ago! It was a veritable era of whispering. One that—fortunately—has passed.

Young women don't whisper any longer. They know the facts of living—and they discuss those facts, openly and fearlessly.

FAITH BALDWIN'S novel—"Today's Virtue"—couldn't have been written twenty years ago. It isn't a saga of yesterday—neither is it the echo of a whisper.

It is the frank discussion of an age old problem—yes! But the treatment of that problem is ultra-modern. And so it is today's problem—"Today's Virtue!"

MRS. BALDWIN has called her story a novel of changing standards. "Changing Standards" might almost be called the text of these stirring times.

Remember that standards can not be changed as easily as the length of a skirt, or the shape of a hat, or the fashion of a hair-cut.

Remember that standards can not be changed from *outside*.

When standards change, that change must come from the heart and the soul of a nation's youth!

It seems to me a fine thing that a magazine for young women can publish as earnest and searching a study of a girl's emotions as "Today's Virtue."

IT SEEMS to me an even finer thing that the girl of today is ready to read such a study! That her

mind is capable of dealing fairly with it—of balancing its pros and cons.

The girl of today, you see, is neither a prig nor a prude. She knows that knowledge is really power. She understands that love is made of something more enduring than April's first romance. And that marriage—if it is to last—must be built upon sympathetic understanding, rather than the stuff of dreams.

FAITH BALDWIN'S novel—dealing, as it does, with an extremely delicate and vital problem—is in many ways the keynote of the NEW SMART SET.

For the NEW SMART SET comes out into the open to discuss problems! Fearlessly it makes its voice heard. Fearlessly it asks—and answers—the most difficult questions.

This is not the age of subterfuge, of beating around the bush. This is the age of dauntless courage, of daring, and of honesty. And the NEW SMART SET—in publish-

ing "Today's Virtue" (and other stories and articles quite as arresting as "Today's Virtue!") feels that it is reflecting the gallant spirit of the day. Reflecting it just as truly and sincerely as a mirror reflects a young face.

THE EDITOR.



Faith Baldwin is as young and vivid as her novel

Hal Phylle



F LIGHT

By Ann West

*Every Girl Has a Right to Try
Her Wings . . . At Least Once . . .*

IT WAS a stuffy little room in a stuffy little apartment. Lynn sat in a stuffy velvet chair under a side light, and read something Russian and wonderful and depressing. That is, she pretended to read; she turned no pages. From under her dark lashes, she watched her father and mother. They were very close to her; no one could be far away in that room.

As perquisite of her traditional invalidism, Mrs. Desmond had the largest easy chair; her two canes were propped against the arm. She was plump and consistently gloomy, sighing tremulously and often, as from recent or imminent tears. Her artificial gray hair was always slightly awry. She knitted incessantly and rarely spoke without asking a service. A stupid woman, having the maddening, intermittent, misplaced shrewdness common to stupidity.

Across from her, Doctor Desmond, a dry little man of sixty, played intricate solitaire at the tiny desk.

Lynn sometimes wondered what his title implied—such scholastic honors as he might have achieved were so vague, so

dimmed by the years, that it seemed wiser not to delve into the matter.

He had a mind like a sponge. He had studied all his life and must have known a great deal; but it would never do him or any one else any good.

For twenty-five years, he had been principal of the Deep Valley High School, teaching its Latin classes in an uninspired fashion. He was always at work upon some erudite monograph or other, serenely unaware that his finished work was mere parroting without originality or value.

He had an irritating habit of wringing his hands as he studied the cards, a sort of rustling obligato to his wife's sighing. Lynn shifted her chair about so that she need not see it.

At the movement, her mother looked up. "It's cold in this room—don't you think, Lynn?"

Cold! They kept the place at eighty-five. Lynn rose and did something to the steam radiator which began to hiss and clank.

"We can't be thankful enough," Mrs. Desmond sighed



Illustrations by
LESLIE BENSON

Lynn had never been picked up before. She astonished herself by answering the young man. "How do I know you're a safe person to go driving with?" she questioned

out, or masqueraded as something else—beds that vanished by day, a dining table which disappeared between meals, a service elevator. Snug! Easy! They liked it!

There had never been enough coal in Deep Valley days. They used to sit in the kitchen on cold evenings to keep warm. And the bitter dark mornings—they thought of them only when, snuggled under warm blankets, they heard the radiators begin to thump at seven in the morning and knew they need not get up until they chose.

LYNN stared out at the blank wall beyond the window and remembered the dreary procession of days in Deep Valley. In the seclusion of his family Doctor Desmond had dubbed the mill town crude and common, and instilled in Lynn's mind an aloofness which cut her off from village associates but put nothing in their place. Monotony, study, housework, patient endurance of her mother's complaints. Youth, smoldering and imprisoned!

And then—the legacy! The incredible legacy from an almost forgotten Desmond, who died vaguely somewhere in Canada. They were dazed at first. Their philosophy of living was grounded in struggle; sudden financial security bewildered them. And their individual reactions, at last, were entirely characteristic.

Doctor Desmond, who hated teaching, resigned his position, sold the old house, and prepared to live a life of scholarly leisure, in the city, close to big libraries.

His wife was in a twitter of delight. She was to be free to pamper her ills, real and imaginary.

But Lynn—oh, Lynn was dazzled. The drab page of her life had turned; the future was a radiant mystery, a blur. What should she do with it? What unguessed opposition would she meet in her father and mother, if she tried her wings?

"First—oh, please, Father—let's travel a few months before we decide where to live!" she had pleaded.

dolefully, "for such a snug place on a night like this." She had made the same remark in the same tone every night of winter for four years.

A night like this! It was a glorious night, crisp and clear, with a full silver moon riding high over the tall roofs. Lynn had lingered at the kitchen window when she went to get her mother a cup of hot water.

"Oh, the place was snug enough," she reflected.

The elder Desmonds reveled in the compact comfort of it, after long years in the drafty old barn of a house in Deep Valley. They doted on the things that folded up, or pulled

THE MUTINY WHICH BEGINS IN A CROWDED

He solemnly considered this. Not a bad idea. They might venture—it wouldn't take more than he had got from the old house.

"I'm not able!" Jane Desmond wailed. But Lynn had persuaded her, expatiating on the luxuries of modern travel and the beneficent effects of a change of climate. An alluring vista of splendid hotels and trains and boats, of white-coated flunkies and black-faced maids.

On a sparkling winter day, they started—in new clothes, with new luggage, with grandiloquent gesture; a handsome, useless, pompous man, his dumpy little wife, and a thrilled ardent girl. But before they reached the train, Jane slipped on an icy pavement and fractured her hip, forever justifying her state of self-pitying semi-invalidism.

Lynn had been nineteen then, now she was twenty-three. Four years in the tight little, dim little flat that looked upon a walled court in front and a thousand clothes lines and chimneys in the back. They could not afford a better place; specialists and their long courses of treatments for Jane took a greedy slice of their income.

Lynn did the housework, waited upon her mother, slipped away occasionally to the nearest park or library or to an afternoon movie.

THE elder Desmonds would have been astonished to know the glad, mad, daring pictures she chose to see. Indeed, Doctor Desmond was contemptuous of her going at all—contemptuous, too, of any casual contacts she might have made with their neighbors.

Lynn's days remained as colorless as they had been in Deep Valley.

"It was silly to hope—ever," she thought, there in the velvet chair beside the dark window. Her eyelids closed over burning eyes. Long ago, she had ceased to weep over anything. It got her nothing but red

eyes. And her eyes were lovely. She knew it! She was not beautiful, but her vivid face had a patrician harmony, as satisfying as a perfect cadence.

Once, on a rare occasion when her father looked at her with a seeing eye, he remarked musingly, "There is Latin blood in my family, far back, Jane. It is apparent in Lynn."

Perhaps it was that Latin blood which made Lynn realize, in a flashing instant, that she was done with this dead level of days. She did not know what she would do, but she would set about it at once.

She opened her eyes and saw the long knitting needles glinting on one side of the lamp, and the dry rasping hands wringing themselves on the other. And it was as though a deep resistless force swept her. Inhibitions, caution, the intangible bonds of the years meant nothing. Her cold, slender fingers closed hard until the nails bit into her palms. "Now! Now!" She rose noiselessly and passed into her tiny box of a bedroom.

She got out her dark blue coat and hat and was at the hall door before her parents were aware of her movements. Opening it she said, "I'm going out for a while—" The door clicked behind her and she flew down the corridor.

Six stories down, she got out of the elevator. Before her father could bring the car back and follow her, she would be a block away. She doubled around corners, cut across



a small park, and found herself in a brilliantly lighted, tawdry street of small shops, cafés and cheap picture theaters.

She felt gloriously, recklessly free and adrift. Never before had she been in such an environment, nor abroad alone at ten o'clock. She walked untiringly with a sense of soaring flight.

LATER, she would go back home and there would be explanations, reproaches, a genteel row. She did not care. For this hour she was a part of life that was gay and young and glittering.

Presently, she saw just ahead of her an arresting red and white sign flung across the sidewalk: "Dancing—No charge—All well-behaved young people invited."

She paused and looked in. It was a jolly place, brightly lighted and not too crowded. The music was gay, but not deafening. A pleasant-faced middle-aged woman, who seemed to be in charge, smiled and nodded to her, and Lynn went in

FRONT PARLOR CAN END IN AN *EMPTY HEART*

as involuntarily as a child strays down a sunny path.

It was that sort of evening for Lynn. She was driven by impulses unfamiliar and apart from her will. She had never attended a dance in her life, but she knew she could dance. She had practised a little in secret.

"I—I want only to look on for a while," she explained flushing. "This is the first time I've been here."

"Dance?" said a masculine voice at Lynn's elbow. She was startled, as the lady beside the door could see.

"Oh—thank you—no! I'm not dancing."

"What's the big idea?"

This directness set her at ease. She was accustomed to simplicity. She appraised her potential partner coolly, and managed not to smile. The chap shifted from one foot to

the other, mopped a heated brow, and lost something of his assurance as he flourished his lilac handkerchief. His shirt and cravat and hose were lilac, too, with delicate edges of cerise; his suit was sage green and his stubby shoes a brilliantly varnished orange. He had a nice, dumb, plump face, very red—and orange hair that matched the shoes.

"S a funny place to come, if you ain't wantin' to dance, girlie. I bet you could, at that. I seen you come in—and soon as I could shake that Sheba from Platt Street, I come over. She's too fresh. Thinks she's got a fella hooked if he asks her to dance. Say, I like your looks. Come on, le's have a turn."

LYNN would not have danced with him for another fortune from a Canadian uncle. She shrank fastidiously in spirit, but managed to refuse not too unkindly. The carrot-headed ice truck pilot was persistent, however:

"I'll say you're a funny kid. But I like 'em offish. If you don't wanna dance, le's take a walk. I know a swell ice-cream joint near here. Then I could see you home—"

She looked him straight in the eyes and said, "No."

Rebuffed at last and bewildered, he salvaged his plaid topcoat and brown derby and went away from there.

Three times Lynn had to refuse importunate partners. It was as amusing as a play, but she was uneasily aware that the hands of the big clock had crept around near midnight and wished she had not all those lonely blocks to cover going home.

As she pulled on her hat, another figure rose slowly

from behind a pillar and paused beside her chair. A quiet voice said, "I been watching you. If you don't want to dance, it's a free country. Still and all, Platt Street and points east and west ain't the place for a girl alone at midnight. I got a ol' car out there—I'd drive you home."

By this time Lynn was getting used to this picking-up process and she laughed softly as she looked up. But the smile left her lips quickly. This intelligent-looking, steady-eyed young giant was not to be lightly disdained. He was not well-dressed; his clothes were almost shabby. He might have been a chauffeur out of uniform, or a freight clerk who had not had time for a careful toilette before a plunge into social gayety.

Lynn astonished herself by [Continued on page 96]



Lynn felt that she was held to her home by invisible chains. She couldn't help almost hating her parents for keeping her in such a state of captivity

"That's fine," the lady agreed heartily. "There's a comfortable chair in that corner. Don't you want a partner?"

"Oh, no! Please—"

She sat in a big chair to look on. But she was no more securely settled there than a bird on a swaying twig. Every bit of her youth responded to the joyous rhythm of the dancers that seemed to float before her. Her feet tapped the floor and her eyes were like stars. Twenty-three? At that moment she was no more than sixteen. In the abandon of her mood, she lost the sense of her own identity. She slipped off her dark colored coat and pulled the plain hat from her sleek dark hair.

From her post beside the door, the matron watched her and thought, "She's like a dove among cockatoos."

America's Most Interesting Woman

By Isabel Leighton

I SUPPOSE we must call her by a name, the habit of the world being so strong upon us, but if we must, it should be simply Alice. For to call her Alice Roosevelt or Alice Longworth, Alice Jones or Alice Smith, is to label her as part of some one or something, which she is not and never could be.

She is an entity, a dazzlingly complete whole, a member of that small fraternity of souls that belong only to themselves.

She is a veritable treasure house of mental and spiritual riches, but the gifts she has to offer are for the few who have the capacity to appreciate them, the few of whom she is sufficiently fond to permit them a glimpse beyond the threshold where she dispenses the bounty of her wit, her loyalty and her vitality with a lavish hand.

She is in no sense universal, but only because she has no wish to be. I am convinced she could do anything she liked, such is her power over herself and her destiny. Hers is not the personality to thrill the multitude, it is too rare, too keen, too unobvious. She has no interest whatever in becoming the public's pet, in standing flower-laden on the observation platform of a train amid the huzzas of the populace. Such a performance would embarrass her or bore her—possibly both.

I have said that she has wit, but, unlike most people who have the knack of turning a phrase, it is a purely spontaneous,

unoffending humor, sometimes tinged with satire at some one's expense, but never with malice.

The classic Coolidge quip that one of her biographers has attributed to her, the one accusing the ex-president of having been "weaned on a pickle" must be chalked up to another's credit, or discredit, for Alice Longworth denies its authorship.

Those who knew her in friendship fifteen years ago are her boon companions today. She has never allowed her intense interest in human beings, with its consequent widening of her social circle, to alienate her even slightly from her earlier associations. But close as that contact may be, and as warm an affection as she may entertain for those who are the warp and woof in the fabric of her existence, she throws an unassailable moat around the citadel of her heart and mind, save when it pleases her to lower the barrier of her reserve and invite them to approach.

SHE is extremely affectionate, but not at all demonstrative. She never leaves an instant's doubt in your mind as to where you stand with her, but it is not her nature to make a physical display of her fondness for you. Hers is a mental warmth, an approbation that emanates from her expressive blue eyes, her mobile face, and the intonations of her resonant, almost Barrymorian voice—but never from her hands.



Alice Longworth calls her small daughter, Paulina, the child of her maturity. "She came to me at an age when I had no desire to escape from my responsibilities," Mrs. Longworth told Isabel Leighton. This portrait of Paulina shows her surrounded by her own responsibilities

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& Underwood

The Most Popular and Sought After Woman in America Because She Follows No Social Rules and Dares to Be Herself

Those hands—I don't know that they would move a sculptor to ecstasy by their plastic beauty—but I do know that they are the most expressive, most animated, and yet the most inconspicuous hands I have ever seen. They punctuate her speech with tiny incisive gestures that are more descriptive than the most carefully chosen words.

She is possessed of a vitality that does not seem quite human. She is a dynamo, not of physical energy, for she tires easily, but of stimulation, which she fuses miraculously into any one she happens to be with. Most vibrantly vital people leave one completely spent; they seem to divest one of every scrap of energy in the acquiring of their own. Not so with Alice Longworth. One leaves her feeling like a battery that has been recharged, a motor that has just been tuned up for the take-off.

Her body is slender, lithe and dramatic. The set of her shoulders, the swing of her hips, the rhythm of her walk—all indicate her moods. She could have been a great actress. Of that I am sure, even though I am not one of those who have seen her do her priceless imitation of Ethel Barrymore.

I have seen her give a performance for a most critical audience—an imitation of a mother monkey, done, oh, so painstakingly, for her little daughter—Paulina Longworth, who sometimes hops to the floor and gravely plays at being a baby monkey.

While I'm certain Paulina dearly loves to play games, she's a very self-sufficient little body who, if left to her own devices, can amuse herself pasting nice, unsanitary stamps on the back of her chubby hands, or watching a rivulet of fruit juice trickling from her elbow to her wrist.

On such occasions mother—who is in complete charge these days because Paulina's nurse "Waldy" is away ill—does not plague her with a lot of



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"PRINCESS ALICE" before her own fireside.

Any one who knows her knows she doesn't care in the least where she sits at dinner. The Mrs. Gann feud is a newspaper invention, she says



Underwood & Underwood

Being entertained in this simple room is the dream of every social climber—a dream that is seldom realized! For Mrs. Longworth's salon is the most exclusive in the country. Only interesting people are invited to sit in her easy chairs

aggravating "Don'ts." She is frankly amused, as I was, with the result that "Puss," as Mrs. Longworth sometimes calls her, has no incentive to repeat her antics.

ALREADY "Puss" gives indication of having inherited her mother's superb quaintness of speech. Alice Longworth speaks simply, but not quite like any one you've heard before. Her vocabulary may not be much more extensive than that of most cultivated people, but her word combinations are unique, colorful and have distinct flavor.

Paulina has reached the stage where a word's only value lies in its ability to adequately paint a picture, with the result that when we three were lunching the other day I found that junket had become "slip go down"—and much more sensible it is too!

Her chicken and vegetables did not seem to enjoy the same measure of popularity, for there was some little difference of opinion as to whether or not Paulina would stow them away. Mother and daughter seemed equally determined, but the battle of wills was conducted with enormous dignity. There was no scene, no ugly row, only an effective whisking away of an adamant little lady, who returned a few moments later and quietly munched the offending bits of food without further ado.

I wondered how such flawless discipline had been accomplished, and was told that an occasional discreet use of the hairbrush had proven a sure cure for mutiny. "It's probably my fault that it's ever necessary," Alice Longworth admitted ruefully, "but the fact remains that it is."

I doubt whether more than the memory of those harrowing occasions had been necessary to effect the shift in Paulina's attitude, for she reappeared dry of eye and with a winsome-

ness of expression that foretells a good deal of trouble for some adoring beau of the future.

Any word picture of Alice Longworth, if it is to be a true portrait, must devote itself largely to Paulina, for that wide-eyed, golden-haired youngster, who so closely resembles Tenniel's conception of Alice in Wonderland, is the outstanding interest in her life. That is true to an even greater extent than it is, perhaps, of most devoted mothers because Paulina was a child of her mother's maturity. As Alice Longworth puts it. "She came to me at an age when I had no desire to escape from my responsibilities. Had she been born when I was a great deal younger, I might have welcomed distractions that would have taken me away from her."

ALICE LONGWORTH is interested in everything but has only three absorbing interests—her baby—her husband, Nicholas Longworth, who is one of the world's ablest citizens—and politics, of which she finds policies the only intriguing phase.

"Nick," as she calls him, is really three people—a superb musician, one of our soundest politicians, and a thorough-going man of the world. He functions in all of these personalities with a quiet ease of manner and a charm that makes itself instantly felt.

Had he devoted himself seriously to the violin, it is generally conceded that he might have been one of America's outstanding musicians, but I believe he gets much more fun out of a first reading of a particularly difficult concerto at home, with a few friends who listen because they want to and not because they have to.

Alice Longworth, while she has a [Continued on page 112]

*Her Big Idea
Was Born of a
Pet Bulldog, a
Rubber Ball
and a Bathtub*



Rees Davis and some of the toy children
that have brought her fame and fortune

Water Babies' Mama

By

Joan Crosta

FUNNY, isn't it, that her success as a toy-maker began years ago when, as a tiny red-haired youngster, carried away with the thrill of make-believe, Rees Davis sat by the hour, evolving strange and wonderful dolls? Dolls from potatoes and clothespins. Dolls from radishes and whiskbrooms. Dolls from flowers and toothpicks. Dolls from anything that came within reach of her ingenious little fingers.

A career does not usually begin at the age of eight. But in this instance it did. Work and play were one and the same thing to Rees Davis at this tender age, and they have continued to be.

As she grew older, the conviction grew in intensity that "play acting" and "making believe" were her peculiar talents. Seven years in a convent failed to shake it. She could still imagine that a potato-and-clothespin doll was a princess, and pretend that she herself was any sort of character she fancied.

NATURALLY, when her schooling was ended, Rees Davis turned to the stage as her proper field of expression. From the beginning her flair for mixing work and play was put into practice.

Even though her first part was that of a little girl with aprons and curls, she didn't think of the stage as a playground. It was her workshop—where she rehearsed and played, of course, but where she studied and worked as well.

There were members of the company who had children, and children must be amused. Rees Davis had not outgrown her love for making dolls, and here was a perfectly good excuse! The backstage dressing-room became a miniature factory, where dolls and toys of all sorts were turned out on demand, and the stage children flocked there joyfully, like bees to a honey pot.

It was lots of fun, of course, and Miss Davis enjoyed it as much as the youngsters, but the idea of turning her play into work had not yet occurred to her. It remained for her pet bulldog, Princess Pat, to show the way. The animal, like most dogs, hated to be washed, and the bathing hour had become something to be dreaded by mistress as well as pet.

One day when Pat, as usual, was objecting vociferously to the necessary ablutions, Miss Davis hit upon a bright idea. A rubber ball, with which the dog had been playing on the floor, caught her attention, and, picking it up, she tossed it

into the tub. The effect was magical. Pat's whimperings and contortions ceased, and her mistress was allowed to soap and rinse in peace, while the dog played contentedly with the rubber toy.

Right then the Big Idea was born. If a dog could be reconciled to a hated bath through the simple medium of a floating plaything, why couldn't a baby be too?

As far as Miss Davis knew, there were no rubber bath toys on the market. She decided to investigate, and if her hunch proved correct, perhaps—her favorite occupation of making dolls might turn into a business.

SHE was late to rehearsal that day! She had been making a canvas of Chicago stores to learn what floating toys, if any, could be bought. Only a few celluloid ones were on the market, so her idea seemed practical as well as ingenious.

During the weeks that followed, strange sounds and stranger odors issued from the backstage dressing-room. Miss Davis was, as usual, getting play and work all mixed up together. With rubber, cork, yarns, paint and rubber sponge she experimented, until at last the new kind of bathtub toy had been evolved—a whole family of them, in fact.

There were Betty Bobs and Billy Bobs, Bobby Bobs and the Bobs twins, not to mention the Strawman and various other odd and interesting characters.

Their bodies were made of rubber sponge, with rubber balls for heads, and they were something distinctly unique in the line of children's playthings.

But the youthful manufacturer didn't stop with one kind of doll. There was plenty of variety to the collection of floating toys when it was ready at last to appear in public. With frogs and turtles and ducks and dolls all mixed up together in a big box under her arm, Miss Davis started out to visit the buyers of the big stores.

She was proud of her toys—they [Continued on page 116]

A Fearless Story of



*PAMELA,
Who Faced
Alone The
Greatest
Crisis of
a Woman's
Life*

Youth's Changing Standards

Today's Virtue

By

FAITH
BALDWIN

THE doctor's waiting room was crowded. Pamela Norris sat in a big, shabby arm chair, and listened to the muted snatches of jazz, emanating from the loud speaker in the small entry hall which opened into the room.

She wondered, idly, where the radio itself was and who controlled it, who turned the dials and changed the character of the program. She thought about this seriously, trying to forget the incredible position in which she found herself.

But to no avail. The jazz became a deafening noise in her ears, a loud pulse beating in her head. After a time she began to put words to it. "What am I to do? What am I to do? What am I to do?"

She hunched her slender shoulders together under the trim tweed coat. She mustn't think. Time enough when she faced the physician. To distract her mind, she glanced about her at the other people waiting there.

The room was not large, and, although an autumn afternoon was blue and gold outside the high windows, which gave on a side street off lower Fifth Avenue, the room's exposure was such that it was dark enough to be lighted, all afternoon, by electric lights.

PAMELA took off her small hat. It was binding her forehead and giving her a throbbing headache. But even with the hat discarded, the pulses beating in her white temples continued, without relief. She sighed, stirred uneasily and reached for one of the worn, much handled, not very new magazines on the table. She fluttered its pages and looked unseeingly at a full page photograph of some blonde motion picture star clasped in the arms of a stalwart male lead. "Eternal Love," read the caption underneath.

Pamela's curving scarlet lips twitched into a little smile—a smile compounded of honey and gall.

An elderly man, sitting nearby, looked up, and continued to look, fascinated. "What an extraordinarily pretty girl!" he thought, his tired eyes on the pale oval of her face, the fine, nobly cut features, the little head with its black curling hair, cut short enough to reveal small, close-set ears.

His eyes were still on Pamela's face when she closed the magazine and raised her own. They were deeply, darkly blue. Amazing eyes! Eyes of an almost incredible loveliness and profundity! The elderly man looked away, his heart suddenly stirred by a forgotten memory, a breath of lost youth and vanished spring. The girl must have thought him a fool, staring like that.

But Pamela had not even seen him. She looked about the waiting room again. She could not keep her mind on any magazine that was ever printed.

Over in the corner an obese woman, well dressed and over

jeweled, breathed asthmatically and looked impatiently at her wrist watch.

On the sofa a young woman sat, waiting, talking in low tones to the elderly woman beside her, who was obviously her mother. Both seemed a little nervous, a little excited. They whispered together and once or twice they laughed. The daughter seemed to ask a question, the mother said audibly, soothingly, "It will be quite all right."

Pamela looked at them a moment. They seemed to be good comrades. The younger twisted her hands together and the light gleamed momentarily on the wedding ring she wore. She was Pamela's age, not much over twenty. She was pretty enough, but her face was a little haggard and fine drawn, and her eyes had a strained expression.

Dr. Edwards' office nurse appeared in the door, smiled, and beckoned to the girl and her mother who rose immediately. The younger woman walked slowly, carefully, as if the burden she carried were infinitely precious.

A thrust, keen as a dagger's, went through Pamela's breast. Her heart pounded, her sight dimmed, she felt a little sick.

The patients had lapsed back into their attitude of vigil. A school girl, across the room, beat her slippered foot to the jazz and sniffed at intervals, wondering if Dr. Edwards could cure her bad head cold before the dance she hoped to attend the following week.

The turning of pages, the hushed and muted voices went on. "Why," wondered Pamela, idly, "do people whisper in a doctor's office, as if they were at a funeral?"

She herself—healthy, vital—had not been in a doctor's office for years.

She kept trying not to think of the young woman who had just gone down the hall. She kept trying not to remember the drawn lines of her delicate face, the strained yet somehow beautiful eyes. She kept dismissing from her hot, tortured mind the light, flashing momentarily on the wedding ring. Old-fashioned, that ring—she mustn't think of rings!

TIME went on. The radio continued: a bit of jazz, a lecture on the care of the skin, a violin solo. Beautiful, that solo! Pamela lay back in the big chair and closed her eyes.

That finished, some one unknown and unseen turned the dials, and a woman's voice, singing that loveliest of all contralto songs, "Sapphische Ode," came clearly into the room.

Pamela shivered and drew her coat about her, although the room was warm. Her mother had sung that song once as a lullaby, of all incongruous things!

If her mother were with her, would things be any different? And then the question without an answer began once more to pound and gnaw at her: "What am I to do? What am I to do?"

Insanity lay that way. Other women had gone through this agony before. She must pull herself together. She was perhaps unduly apprehensive. Perhaps she was mistaken!

She flushed. If she were mistaken—what vistas of safety and of freedom opened up before her! Yet, did it really matter so much—could it matter—if she were? The fact that no penalty would attach itself to midsummer madness could not wipe out the fact that the madness had existed—and—existed, in one sense, no more.

She thought, strangely, "I'd rather suffer, I think. To escape scot free would cripple my soul."

No, don't think. Better not to think. She was half out of her mind because of the last few sleepless nights, the frantic, worried weeks.

What had Anthony said, only yesterday, half laughing, half petulant. "You look rotten, Pam. You act as if you were afraid of your shadow? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

Well, she thought she knew what the matter was, although she had not told him. She'd know definitely, very soon now. Mustn't think of Anthony either. To think of Anthony meant such confusion. There! The school girl had gone in; the elderly man had gone and returned again; the hall door was closing behind him. It would be her turn next.

THE nurse appeared and beckoned her. Pamela rose from her chair. She was tall, very slender, and beautifully built. She looked as if born to wings, to dancing. Yet today her feet were like lead, her body was an intolerable weight, and she walked slowly across the floor, forcing herself every step of the way, following the white uniform.

The nurse asked her name. She gave it, in her low, rather husky voice, astonished to find herself speaking aloud. The nurse smiled and asked, "You've not been here before, Miss Norris?"

"No, but Dr. Edwards knows me. A—a patient of his is a friend of mine," Pamela answered.

Banal words. Commonplace. And comic, too, in a way. She found herself wanting to laugh. She did laugh, on a high-pitched note which broke off short. The nurse looked at her sharply. Pamela said nothing, flushing, hating herself. She had never before been as close to hysteria as she now was. She must control herself. She must.

"What am I to do?" asked a little voice from hell, beating through her brain.

Then she was in Dr. Edwards's office. She was speaking to him. He had risen from his desk to greet her and sat down again. He was a big spare man with the face of a smiling, beardless Lincoln. His hair was scant and gray. His hands were marked with X-ray burns. His eyes were wise and steady on her own.

Pamela sat in a chair opposite him and looked about her. A roll top desk, leather chairs, an old-fashioned bookcase full of medical books. An instrument, the use of which she did not know, nearby. Other things, a little terrifying to the lay mind, standing about. Dr. Edwards was speaking to her. The nurse had vanished.

"I hope you haven't come to me about Powell," he said



smiling. "I know that he does a thousand and one things he shouldn't. That was a very bad siege of summer influenza. I needn't tell you how close he was to pneumonia. He hasn't been overdoing, has he?"

It was some time before she answered. While he waited, patiently, for her to speak, Edwards looked at her gravely, veiling his intense curiosity concerning her.

He had met her in the studio of Anthony Powell, a young commercial artist. She had been presented to him as Powell's fiancée. When the influenza, which had been the means of the doctor's introduction to the artist, had looked very much as if it might be pneumonia, Edwards had sent in a day nurse. Pamela had remained in the studio at night. And as soon as immediate danger had passed, the nurse had been dismissed, and Pamela had taken over her duties by day as well, explaining to the doctor that she was on her vacation and could look after Mr. Powell quite well.

Of course they were engaged—or so Powell had said, but the situation was not quite clear to the doctor. The girl appeared to see nothing unusual in her position—to have no people who might offer an objection. She also appeared completely devoted to Powell, who, as far as the doctor could see, accepted her devotion as a matter of course. She was a very pretty girl and capable as well. Would have made a fine nurse, thought Edwards, waiting for her to speak.



"Then I was right?" Pamela asked fearfully.
 "Yes," said the doctor, and sighed

Nervous, eh? The eyes she raised to his own, gentian blue and heavily shadowed with thick, short lashes, raying out like those of a Japanese doll, were haunted eyes. The doctor spoke again quickly.

"It is Powell, isn't it? He's had a relapse? Why didn't you 'phone me?"

"No," said Pamela clearly, slowly. "Anthony is quite all right. I've come to you, Dr. Edwards, about myself."

His experienced eyes searched hers, quietly. She did not look well, yet, at the same time she did not look ill. She looked tired, she looked nervous—she was nervous, but trying to control herself. She gave the impression of great strength and fine balance and vitality.

"What is wrong?" he asked her, smiling, trying to help her. "Have you been ill? Are you overworking? I told you that you should rest, you know."

He remembered that the last time he had seen her was on the occasion of his final visit to Powell. A hot midsummer's day. Powell had been up and around. Weak, a little querulous. Had spoken sharply to the girl, the doctor recalled.

Pamela thought, desperately, "What shall I say? How shall I tell him? Shall I begin at the beginning?"

She began at the end instead, and said steadily, "I think I am going to have a baby."

It had been said! It had been put into words! The words had been uttered! Pamela could almost see them, frozen, static, hanging in the quiet air of the office. She had thought them to herself a thousand times in the last weeks, but had never spoken them. Now that she had spoken them everything changed somehow. Seemed irrevocable! Seemed real! True!

The tears came suddenly to her eyes. She was mute, sitting there. Not long ago another woman had sat in that chair, her mother beside her, and had talked to the doctor of arrangements, hospitals, nurses, care. A happy woman, perhaps! Perhaps not! But a safe woman—safe—safe!

Dr. Edwards' face had not changed. He still looked at her quietly. His eyes remained wise and friendly. His eyes had seen much misery. They had seen life and death and agony, in the raw. His heart was, perhaps, a little sick within him. He had not grown quite calloused, quite accustomed to things, in a long practice. This situation was not new to him. A hundred girls had sat in that very chair, had made their terrified statements. A hundred girls had clasped bare, ringless hands, and had implored him to help them.

He asked, "You are sure?"

"Yes. I think so. I have come to you to find out."

"Very well." He rose, rang for the nurse. "If you'll go with Miss Haines, please." That was all!

SHE followed Miss Haines, who remained impassive and professional, into the examining room, put herself submissively into the trained, clever hands.

A little while later Pamela was again sitting beside the doctor's desk in the quiet office. He looked at her, bent a paper knife between his strong fingers, and nodded, slowly.

She asked, almost in a whisper, "Then—I was right?"

"Yes," said Dr. Edwards.

He watched her closely. Would she tremble? Would she faint? He reached out a hand for water, for a restorative. Most of them fainted, came to themselves in tears.

Pamela's lips quivered once. Then her chin went up and she sat quite erect, poised perfectly. She smiled at him dimly and said, "It was the uncertainty which—" She broke off. No need to finish. This man would understand.

After a moment the doctor spoke.

"May I ask you some questions?" he said. "I don't want to appear curious or prying. I may even appear brutal. But—well, you've come to me, after all. I want to help you all I can. You—" he stumbled a little—she was so very different from the other girls who had come to him—"I was not mistaken, was I, when we met? You are not married?"

"No," said Pamela, "I am not married."

"I see." He was silent a moment, then he asked, gently, "Have you parents, Miss Norris?"

"No—that is, until recently I had my father." Her face became—not sorrowful—but radiantly tender. "He is dead," she told him.

"And—your mother?"

"My mother divorced my father a great many years ago," said Pamela, and now the tenderness had gone. "She remarried. I do not know where she is. I—I would never try to find her, Dr. Edwards."

"Suppose," he asked—sparring for time, hating to ask the inevitable question, dreading the inevitable answer and his invariable response to it—"suppose you tell me a little about yourself, if you care to."

She'd like to, she told him. Her father, she said, had been a professor in a small mid-Western university. He'd written text books, too. And had married, fairly late in life, a young actress, who had come to the university town with a stock company. They had loved one another, said Pamela and added "but were not happy." Eventually her mother had returned to the stage. There had been a quarrel, a little scandal and the professor had given her a divorce, resigning his position at the university. Then he had taken Pamela, whose mother had not wanted her, and they had travelled.

"All over the world," said Pamela, "staying in the funniest little towns, at pensions—all over. He educated me. And finally we came to New York, over two years ago. He wrote books, rather radical books. And we lived together, happily." She smiled. "But," said Pamela, after a pause, "he died—he had an organic heart trouble."

"How long ago?" asked Dr. Edwards.

"About a year and a half ago. I gave up our rooms. I had to find employment as there was very little money. I found it finally in the firm which had published his books. I became a reader there. I didn't like the work much."

"You lived alone?" asked the doctor.

"No, there was another girl in the office, Rachel James. I went in with her, in a small flat, near here."

"You are still with the publishing house?"

She smiled at him and he caught his breath. She was so very lovely, smiling.

"No, it went on the rocks, and with it any hope I had of more money from my father's last books. A girl I met through Rachel was a dress-designer. Through her I became a model at a Fifth Avenue shop. It isn't hard, really. I had a stock figure. I learned to walk the way they want you to walk. And from that I started posing for commercial artists and photographers in my spare time," she explained. "That was how I met Anthony Powell."

They were coming to the dangerous part of their conversation. Edwards asked, looking away from her, wishing to spare her all the embarrassment possible. "You are—engaged?"

"I suppose so," Pamela said, strangely.

"You plan to be married?" he asked.

"There isn't much to be married on," said Pamela. "Anthony doesn't want me to work, after we are married. He doesn't want me to pose for any one but him."

"He makes a good living, does he not?" asked the doctor a bit hesitantly—as if he hated to do it.

"Now and then." Pamela laughed, shortly. "He is really very talented. Too talented for the things he does. But the work is easy. He—he doesn't want to do anything harder."

Edwards was silent a minute, fixing his impression of Anthony Powell in his memory. A very handsome young man. Almost too good looking. Laughing, evasive eyes, and a weak, beautifully modelled mouth. Not very much chin. A

"I'm going to have a baby, Anthony," Pamela said, "but I'm not going to marry you"



splendid body, misused by late hours, and too much to smoke and too much to drink, and a lack of exercise. A charming young man, probably, and popular. But a difficult patient.

He asked, very gently, because he realized that it had to be asked, "You love him?"

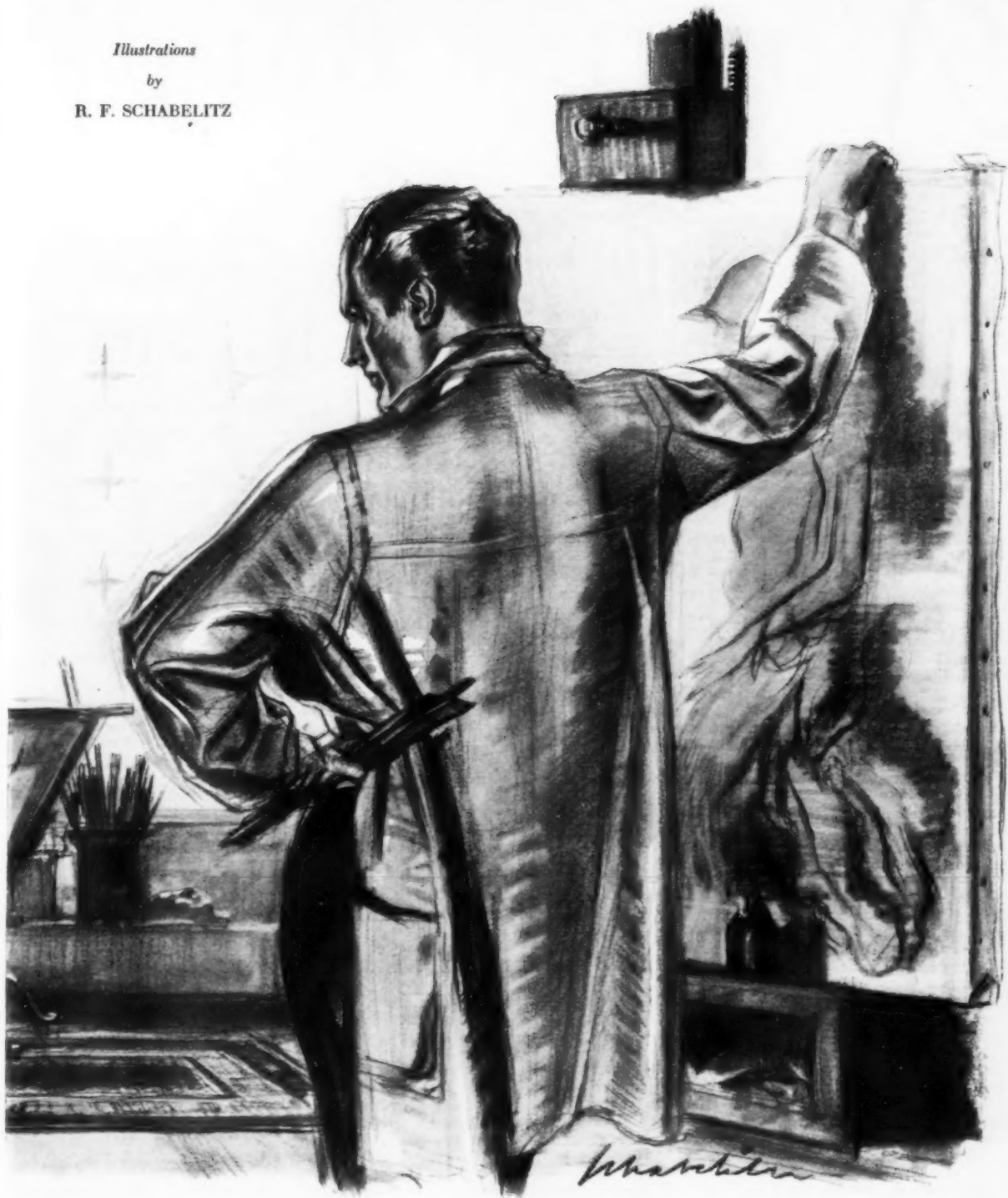
Pamela answered, after a minute, perfectly pale save for the sudden scarlet of her lips, "I did love him—terribly."

She was close to tears as she said it.

Illustrations

by

R. F. SCHABELITZ



"You have told him?" asked Edwards.
"No." Her expression was stern, almost austere. "No, I have not told him. I came to you first."
"You intend to tell him?" urged Edwards.
She said, looking directly at him.
"I don't know. I must pledge you to secrecy, Dr. Edwards."
"Of course." He made a little gesture with his big hands.
"This office is like a confessional. But—may I advise you?"

"Yes. I—I have no one else," she said, suddenly piteous.
"You have me now. Very well, then, tell him. Marry him, and live happily forever afterwards," said the doctor, smiling.
Pamela leaned forward in her chair. She said, urgently, "But—I don't know that I *want* to marry him, doctor."
At his amazed expression, at the doubt on his face, which was clear enough, at the sudden, crass suspicion of his eyes, she cried out, "Oh, no—not that! [Continued on page 90]"

Nothing But *the*

*Caught in the Act of Taking Possession of a Stranger's Parked Coupé,
Who Could Believe Her Story?*

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

JINNY was different from most blue-eyed girls because her skin was quite brown. And her shingled hair was different from most girls, because although it was permanently waved, the job had been done by Providence.

She was driving her little Buick very competently down Fifth Avenue, obeying traffic signals subconsciously, working out, with most of her mind, an argument which would convince her father that he ought to turn the car in for a next-year's model. He had given it to her for her birthday, but he still felt that he should be consulted about it, you see, which is the way fathers are.

Turning into a westbound street, Jinny halted in a jam half-way down the block, and scowled at the fire truck which was responsible for it. The tangle grew worse with every moment. Jinny shut off her engine, sighed disgustedly, settled back in her seat and lit a cigarette. How long would the jam last? Sickening, with Father waiting in the office for her. (He preferred to interview his victims there, because he was in a stronger position than at home, naturally.)

PARKED exactly in line with her, drawn up to the curb, was an empty coupé, the twin of her own. It was empty. Jinny regarded it thoughtfully. Pretty decent little bus, after all! She wouldn't have much of a kick coming, even if Father did put his ears back and begin to talk about budgets!

"Look at that girl smoking!"

A high, shocked voice cut across Jinny's reverie. It made her angry because, in the first place, she regarded the car as her own private room, if it *were* on the street, and in the second place, because she felt guilty.

Father didn't like women smoking in public (not that he liked them smoking in private any too well!) and as a matter of fact she rarely did it in the city. Out in the country, on a long drive, was another thing. But she really hadn't thought about it—the long wait here had annoyed her and she had pulled out her little lighter unconsciously.

Thank goodness, the traffic was moving again! She glided slowly forward, barely nosing the nickel buffers in front of her, and tossed the cigarette out of the open window on her right. The little white cylinder described an easy arc and dropped lightly through the open window of the parked coupé beside her.

Jinny chuckled absentmindedly.

"Couldn't do that in a hundred years if you practised," she thought, slipping neatly past a big truck, and giving an angry horn to a jay-walker bent, apparently, on suicide.

But suddenly something in her brain flashed back, as in a motion picture, and Jinny saw that little white cylinder rise, arch, curve and descend—and the end of it was red!

"Gosh! It was lighted!" she muttered and bit her lip uncertainly.

"Oh, well, it's out by now, probably—but suppose it isn't? That car is empty. I'll have to see."

No people are so careful of property—their own and others—as the rich. This is natural, when you come to think of it,

because they have more property to be careful of. A street child or a gypsy can afford to take a chance, but a rich man's daughter has been trained to responsibility.

So Jinny drew up to the curb, a hundred feet from where she started, parked her car, pocketed the keys, and hurried back to the scene of her carelessness.

Peering into the car, she saw no telltale cigarette, and felt relieved until it occurred to her that it *ought* to be there, dead or alive. She had seen it fly in. How could it have flown out? She sniffed eagerly and was that—could it be—did she really smell burning wool, or was it only imagination?

She glanced helplessly about but nobody paid the slightest attention to her.

She sniffed again, and this time she was almost certain of that ugly little taint in the air.

"Oh, gosh, what'll I do?"

A policeman? But what would *he* do? Arrest her? Tow the car somewhere? He wouldn't have any key for it. But *she* had. Automatically, her hand went to her coat pocket. The same make, the same model, the same year—maybe, maybe—wasn't there a chance?

Now the key was in the lock. A little stiff, yes, but— Actually the thing turned, and clicked—the door was open! And high time, too, for a tiny shadow of thin, wavering smoke rose sluggishly from the middle of the seat at the back! The cigarette must have slipped neatly into the deep crease of the upholstery. A little hole with charred, red edges was growing slowly there.

"Gosh!" said Jinny, bending over the seat. She crowded a handkerchief down into the crease and pressed out those charred, red edges. She burnt her finger sharply as the thin lawn caught and charred a little in its turn. But it was only the affair of a few seconds and she drew a long breath of heartfelt relief. A little nervous worry still haunted her. Hadn't she heard that fires like that burrowed away inside, sometimes? Heavens, that *would* be the limit!

Scowling a little, she drew from that useful pocket a small bottle of eye-lotion her mother had asked her to take to her father, soaked the handkerchief with it and packed the damp and dingy little rag well behind the seat, just over the hole.

"There—I'll bet that'll fix it!" she muttered.

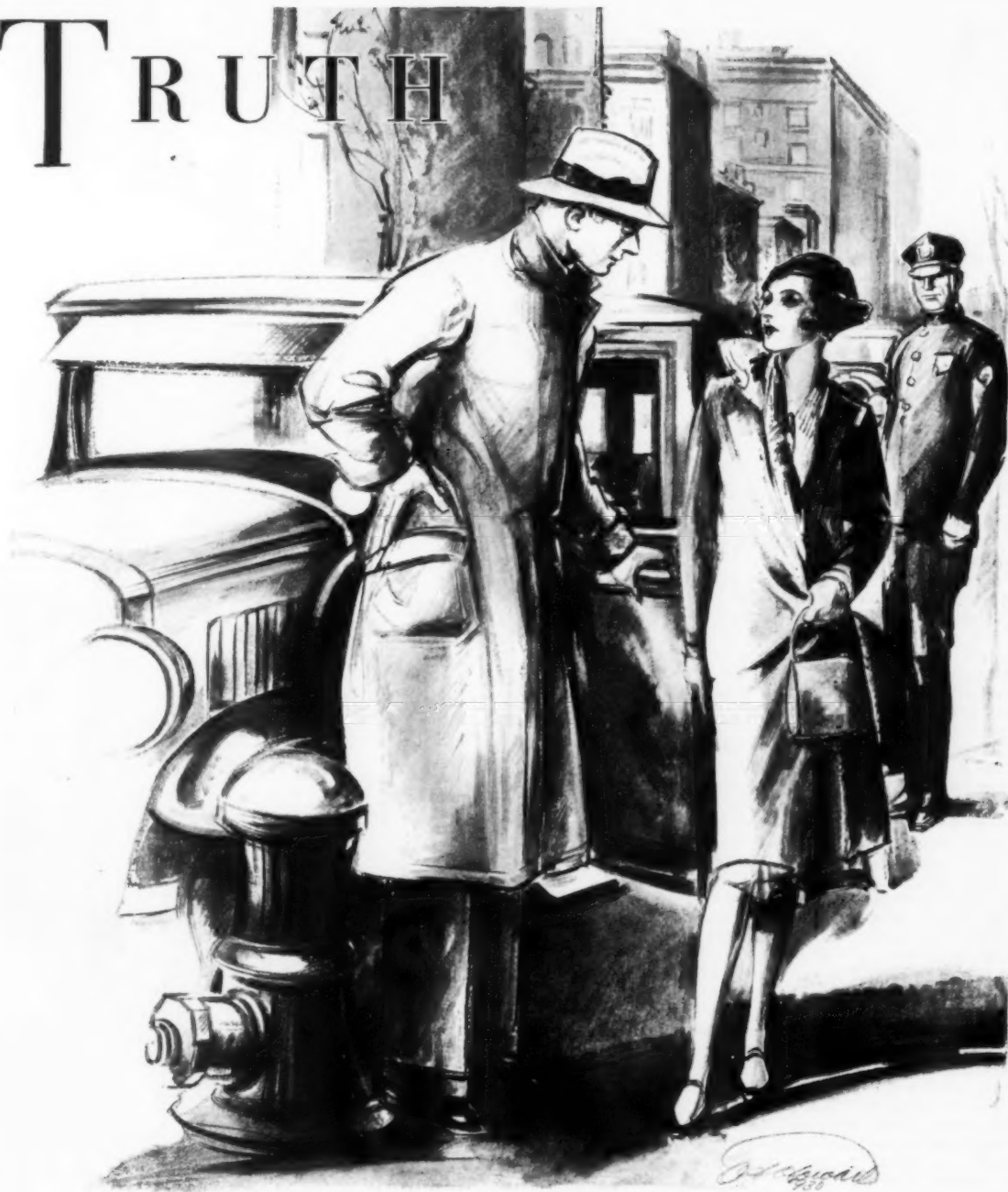
SHE giggled a little uncertainly, straightened her hat and opened the door of the car. A tall, thin-lipped, middle-aged policeman stood beside her suddenly, arriving out of nowhere, it seemed.

"Just a minute, lady. You planning to park that car here?"

Jinny turned crimson, from the top of her skull to the middle of her heart. Did she lose her head—or didn't she? It's hard to say. Anyway, what she did was to gulp, look around a little wildly and answer. "Why, y-yes, I was. Yes. Why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, that's the way you look at it, is it?" said the policeman dryly. "Well, lady, you'd better take another look. If you done this when you took your driving test, you never got

TRUTH



The young man looked at Jinny and she knew from his expression that he thought she was a thief. "Anything to say for yourself?" he asked suddenly

it the first time, believe me. Have a look—what's wrong with the picture?"

Jinny bit her lip and glared. The car was almost touching a hydrant!

Now it is easy to say that she oughtn't to have done what she did next, but I'm not so sure, myself, that it wasn't taking a fair chance fairly. She figured out very quickly that all she had to do was to get that car a few feet ahead of the hydrant and then disappear.

She must have had her wits pretty well about her, for she realized that she couldn't very well leap out and dash into

another Buick, a hundred feet away, and go off in it! No, she would walk calmly through the side door of the big department store close to them, and wait there till this unfortunately Johnny-on-the-spot policeman had gone back into the blue from which he had dropped. Then she'd go on her way to Father—heaven help her if he ever knew what she'd done!

"Sorry, officer. I must have been thinking about something else," she said, reaching for her keys.

They were a duplicate set, unlabeled. The others were with her license, in the pocket of James McGee, the family

chauffeur, a light minded lad, who was enjoying his day off. She was a good sport, Jinny! She stuck the key into the lock of the engine without a quiver. The door-key had worked—why not this one? A chance, of course, but a good one! She realized perfectly that, if it worked, a highly disagreeable situation would be averted. Honestly, I think she was right!

But the key stuck, held, refused to turn! Jinny felt a disagreeable thump in the region of her heart. She pushed, pulled, scowled and gave it up. "What's wrong? Take it easy," said the policeman. "It—it won't work," she faltered. "Here, let's see," he said.

AT THIS point I am obliged to admit that Jinny became utterly paralyzed with fright and humiliation. She shrank silently into the corner of the seat while he pushed and pressed.

"Is this the key to this car?" he demanded suddenly. "N-no, it's not," Jinny said desperately. "It's my key. You see, officer—" "Yeah," he drawled, "that's what I been thinking, all along. Gee, you got some nerve! Hop out of it, kid, and let's be on our way!"

Jinny stared at him, unconvinced. "What do you mean?" she said stiffly, "I was just going to explain to you—"

"Yeah. Save it up and tell it at the station house, girlie—it's wasted on me," he drawled.

Vague memories of the privileges of accused citizens floated through her brain. She pulled herself together. (Father! The newspapers! Mother! Oh, gosh!)

"Nonsense!" she said, and something in her tone caused the man's eyes to shift and narrow. "I've got a right to tell my story, haven't I? You'd better listen to me. You may be sorry if you don't!"

"Yeah? Oh, all right, spill it out. But you better make it snappy, see?"

He stood on the curb, one foot on the running board, his arm across the door. The sensation of being in a trap strangled Jinny's words.

"I'm waitin', lady!" Now he was obviously sneering and her blood was up.

"I was driving through here," she said determinedly, "and I lit a—cigarette—"

"Oh, you lit a cigarette, eh? In this car?"

"No. In my own. It's a Buick, like this.

And as I passed this car I threw it away—"

"Whadda ya mean? You threw your car away?"

"Of course not. I threw the cigarette away. And it fell into this car, through this window. I couldn't leave it at that, so I came back, and I thought it might have caught, and I didn't know what to do, so I opened the door with my key and tried to find the cigarette. That's all."

"Oh, that's all. Well, well, well, what do you know about that? That's pretty good, that is. You say you were in a car?"

"Certainly. A Buick."

"Fine. Where is it?"

"Just ahead, there, right in front of—"

THEY looked together. A delivery wagon, a huge Mack truck, a magnificent olive green limousine, and a taxi filled in the space between them and the corner. There was no Buick coupé!

"Why—where's it gone? Who took my car?" Jinny's jaw dropped and her eyes widened; she stared accusingly at the policeman, but he only laughed, half cynically, half admiringly.

"Gee, you're some kid, all right!" he chuckled. "You nearly had me, there, for a minute! You'd ought to be in vaudeville, girlie, you'd make a hit, all right! I'll look for that car after I've reported this one, I guess. How about it? Will you come along, now, like a good girl? What's the use o' makin' a row? Do you want the wagon?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" cried Jinny. "Don't be an idiot! I tell you my car's been stolen! Just while I was in here!

Illustrations
by
OSCAR
HOWARD



Jinny stared at her father coldly. "I think you're all raving mad," she said to him—and her eyes were blue, narrow slits—"simply . . . raving . . . mad . . ."

I've got to find out—I've got to report it—can't you do something about it? Where do I go?"

The policeman's eyes were slits now; his voice had a snarling edge.

"Oh! I'm an idiot, am I? We'll see about that. Will you come easy, now, or will I take you out? Cut out the stalling. Cut it out. Do you get me? What do you think I am? Snap out of it!"

Jinny was thoroughly frightened by that time. This was serious. The loss of her car made all secrecy impossible. Father must be told.

She opened her mouth to say, "If you will call Walter



B. Harrison, of Harrison, Carter and Harrison, at 44 Rector Street—"when suddenly a fawn-colored Fedora hat pushed into the open door of the car and a brisk voice spoke.

"Well, officer, what's the idea? Who's the girl friend? Will you need my car for long?"

Jinny gasped. The policeman coughed politely and faced the tall, olive-skinned fellow with keen, dark eyes and a deep dent in his chin.

"This your car, Sir?"

"Very nearly," the young man answered, his eyes fixed on Jinny's frightened face. "I work off the last instalment next Tuesday, I believe. That's good enough, isn't it? What's the idea?"

"The idea is that if I hadn't been here, you'd have been shy one car, Mister," retorted the policeman smartly. "I find this kid inside, monkeying with it, and it don't look so good to me—"

"Liar!" thought Jinny angrily.

"—and I warn her to pull up beyond the hydrant, there—"

"My mistake, officer, my mistake," the young man interjected. "I saw a fellow I had to catch, and I took a chance.

I really meant to be right straight back."

"Yeah? Next time you'll know better. I got your number before I spoke to the girl," said the policeman significantly.

"Oh, well, all right—do you mean to say she was going to pinch my car?"

"Going to? She *had* pinched it!" cried the policeman.

"But where did she get her key?"

"Where they all get 'em, I s'pose," said the policeman. "According to her, it's the key of her own car, see? She sees your car burning up, see, and she jumps in to put it out—"

"What rot! How could it burn up?"

The man glared disgustedly at Jinny, who flushed angrily.

"Oh, she's got a slick alibi for that, too," crowed the policeman. "She throws a cigarette in, see, and then she stages the hook-and-ladder stunt—what do you know about that?"

"Holy mackerel!" said the young man. "Honestly, this town is getting to be the limit!"

"I'll say so," the policeman agreed gloomily. "they spring a new one on you every day, believe me! Well, that's what we're for, I guess."

"I'll have to hand it to you, fella. I didn't know you ever caught anybody," said the young man respectfully. He shot a swift glance at Jinny.

"**A**NYTHING to say for yourself?" he asked suddenly.

"I certainly have," she replied, "but I'd rather say it to *you*, if I could."

"Why?" he countered, briefly.

"Because," Jinny went on, "I don't happen to want any more publicity over this than I can help, that's all. If I give you a telephone number, will you call it for me? That's all I ask."

He looked at the policeman.

"How about it?" he asked. "Think she's bluffing us?"

"Aw, cut that out," drawled the policeman. "Do I think? No, I don't think. They all try that one. What's she doing in your car?"

"That's it—what is she?" said the young man. "What's all this burning-up stunt?"

He leaned over the window and studied her. She looked like a nice girl, all right. But then

lots of them did, he supposed. Little devil! And yet—her voice—her accent . . . still, all thieves weren't gutter-snipes. Pretty slick, some of them!

"I threw my cigarette away. It went right in at your window. So I came back. I couldn't leave it, could I?" Jinny's voice was a little husky and quite low. "And I tried my own key—and it fitted. What do I want of your car? I've got one of my own, I tell you!"

"Oh, you have? Then where is it?"

"Oh, heavens! I don't know. Somebody's stolen it, I suppose. It was just ahead—"

He shook his head gently.

"Really, you know, that's a little *too* thin, isn't it? See here, Miss—what's your name, by the way?"

"I'd rather not say," she murmured, searching his eyes desperately. Wasn't there a chance? He seemed, somehow, just possible—

"Why not?"

"Because my family will just about kill me, if you must know!" she blurted.

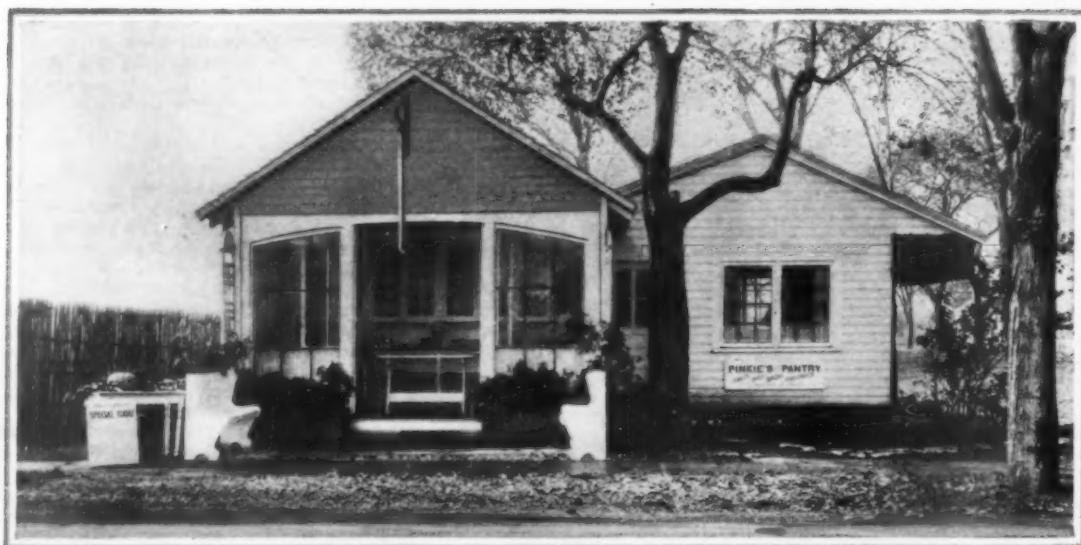
"Aw, that's what they all say!" the policeman snorted. "Look here, Mister, give the girl in charge and let's go! I ain't got all day for this. If you knew these birds like I do, you wouldn't let 'em fool you so easy. I got my duty to do."

"You've certainly done it, up to now, officer," said the young man. "I won't forget that."

The officer looked angrily at the interested onlookers already gathering around them.

"Clear off there, you, clear off!" he snapped. "There's no accident here! Whadda you think this is, Coney Island? Beat it!"

[Continued on page 82]



This is the famous "pantry" that hand tailors, sells and serves Pinkie's bread and candy and doughnuts and cookies. How it makes your mouth water!

Just a Roadside Pantry

*Women Who Dream of Doing
Something and Who Never
Do It Should Read This*

By
Ann Hark

BENEATH a group of shady trees it nestles—a shining wayside stand, spotlessly agleam with white enamel, and from its roof-tree swings a sign that bears this alliterative legend—"Pinkie's Pantry."

Stop, and your nose tells you the rest. Out of the little place comes a thrilling fragrance—of fresh baked cakes and cookies, of homemade bread and cinnamon buns, of doughnuts, pies and all the good old-fashioned pastries that mother used to make.

How your mouth waters as you see the rows of homemade jellies on shelves dressed up in black enamel and pink oilcloth.

You simply must have something to eat!

Already at the door, smiling a wide-eyed welcome, is a yellow-haired girl in a frock of rosy organdie. The pink of her oven-heated cheeks matches the color of her dress. Yes, this is "Pinkie" herself, owner of the "Pantry" and author of those irresistible odors that lure the weary traveller like an unexpected siren song on this New Jersey highway.

Four years ago Pinkie was just an average girl of the stay-at-home, domestic variety. Today she owns a shop that has been called "America's finest wayside stand," and she is, incidentally, one of the busiest young women in the country.

And all because she wanted a trip to Europe!

Pinkie, who answers—when she must—to the name of Norma M. Bamman, had always wanted to travel abroad.



Pinkie, herself. She built a better layer cake—and the whole world crowded up to her wayside stand

Such a journey, however, takes money, and Pinkie at twenty-four had never earned a penny in her life. She had no business training and, aside from helping her older sister in her work as a concert manager, there was nothing for her to do but keep house.

So, in a New York studio apartment, she cooked and baked and dusted. Occasionally she sent up trays of cakes and pots of coffee to the struggling young artists on other floors.

These "first aid" refreshments became increasingly popular, and one day Pinkie found herself waited upon by a committee who wanted her to let them buy her wares.

At once a modest little trade sprang up, and Pinkie decided then and there that she was going to earn enough money for that trip abroad.

Then some one wrote a "piece" about her in a New York paper, and soon the little makeshift studio kitchen, known to every one in the building as "Pinkie's Pantry," was turning out orders at top speed

all day long and every day.

That was in the fall. During the winter months that followed, Pinkie, flushed and happy, bent above her little oven, thrilled at the thought of having actually become a business woman.

Day after day she baked and cooked and kneaded, and by spring she had cleared three hundred [Continued on page 95]

By
HARRY
CARR

Untold Tales of Hollywood

Careers that promised much and failed tragically... Small beginnings that were of tremendous importance... This is the fifth of an amazing series from Harry Carr's note-book of memories

THE year I returned from New York to Hollywood was the year of the "foreign invasion"—when stars and directors poured in from Europe.

It brought me two new friends, who were among the most interesting and extraordinary characters I have ever known—Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch.

Pola has known life in every phase—the highest and the lowest—yet she remains as naïve and direct as a child. I made a friend of her by panning the tar out of her in a newspaper.

Pola arrived in Hollywood as arrogant as a newly rich boot-legger's bride. She was pretty awful. One of the first articles printed about her in Los Angeles failed to please her regal fancy. Imperiously summoning the studio publicity man, she said, "Send for the newspaper critics. I am going to tell them what I think of them."

The publicity director let the fact filter through to her cosmic consciousness that the critics might be like the spirits of the Vasty Deep. She might summon them; but would they come? She found that they wouldn't.

WHEN Pola was shown over the Paramount studio for the first time, she saw a bungalow dressing room—the first of such elegancies that Hollywood had known.

"What is that?" she demanded.

"A dressing room," said the producer nervously.

"Whose dressing room?"

"Gloria Swanson's."

"Who is she?"

"Who—um—er—she is one of our greatest stars."

"Get me a dressing room just like it," ordered Pola briefly.

They had to throw the whole scenario department out of their quarters to obey the edict.

She and Gloria—as was inevitable—promptly "mixed it." It might have been over anything. It happened to be over cats. Pola was superstitious about cats.

"Take those cats out of the studio or I refuse to act," said Pola.

"Leave those cats in the studio or I refuse to act," said



Was Elinor Glyn the real discoverer of John Gilbert? Certainly the world woke up and rubbed its eyes at the dashing vision of Gilbert in Cossack uniform, making love boldly to Aileen Pringle in the Glyn picture, "His Hour"

Gloria. It was finally settled by a frenzied compromise.

Pola did not like the stories they gave her. At that time the mania in all the studios was for pure heroines. They even tried to purify her as the heroine of Robert Hichen's "The Garden of Allah." Pola had brains enough to realize what it was going to do to her. One day she had an attack of screaming tantrums on the set. "I won't do it," she cried. "I don't want to be beautiful. I don't want to be sweet. I want to act."

At length Pola got to the place where she needed sitting upon. I let her have it with both barrels in a newspaper. It tamed her at once. The first time I met her after that savage "roast," she came up with gracious sweetness. "Let us forget it," she said. "It belongs to our past."

One day we took a long automobile ride out through the country. She told me, among other things, that she had had so much bitter sorrow in her life that she would not be able to endure going on except for one thing. She believed in reincarnation, and consoled herself that she was paying some debt, wiping out the sins of some past life by her present suffering. In the next life, she would have happiness.

I liked Pola. She was a brilliant woman with the eager interest of a child. She peppered you with questions: "When you were at the war front in Germany how did you manage without speaking the language? Were the officers arrogant? How many prisoners did you see? How did you get your articles home?"

There was no bunk about Pola. I sat in a projection room one day with her. Every time she saw herself in a good scene she frankly applauded with naive delight. I asked her what was the best scene she had ever acted. She said it was in "Gypsy Blood" where she told Don José that if he didn't like the way she lived, he could get out—and there was the door. "And," she added, "that was one of the best scenes anybody ever acted."

Norma Talmadge is a great booster for Pola. She told me that the best acting she ever saw on the screen was in that same picture.

I once asked Charlie Chaplin what he considered to be the best acting he ever did in his life. He said it was in "The Gold Rush," where he thought the girl on the balcony was flirting with him, then found it was somebody else she was vamping.

POLA'S diversions were going to fortune tellers and having love affairs. There was a famous crystal gazer at Santa Monica whom she consulted every day of her life, until he guessed wrong on her love affair with Rudolph Valentino.



The arrogant Pola Negri of "Gypsy Blood." The romantic Pola believed there was divine necessity for all her sorrows



Garbo, the girl who preferred the smell of horses and the color of sunsets to a Hollywood garden party

Her first great passion in this country was Charlie Chaplin; it was the only affair of the heart that didn't cost him anything. Charlie was interviewed by a Los Angeles newspaper. He said he did not think he would marry Pola because she might prove to be too expensive. Pola did not appreciate the joke and sent his presents back.

With great glee Pola told me the sequel. The manager of the studio begged her to let Charlie come to her house to square himself. She consented.

"When he came up the walk," said Pola, "he was accompanied by the manager of the studio; and a herd of reporters and newspaper camera men. I fled upstairs to my bedroom. Finding me gone, Charlie wept on the shoulder of the manager. I happened to look out of my window and saw the newspaper men all lined up, taking in the weeping through the

open window. I refused to go down to take part in the free show. Finally Charlie burst into my bedroom—alone this time. I was very angry until I saw his nose all red from crying. He looked so funny I had to laugh, and then of course I could not stay mad. I had to forgive him."

A bewildering succession of suitors followed that affair. Rudolph Valentino fairly galloped into her heart.

One day, talking to a young actor, who happened to be the current swain, I suggested that we go to lunch together.

"I think I have an engagement for luncheon," he said. "Pola seems to be making mighty preparations in her bungalow."

An hour later, I met him, grinning but rueful. "She called me in," he said, "but not to luncheon. She pointed over to a corner of the room and said, 'Anthony, I now love him.'"

The gentleman thus elevated to high romance was Valentino!

Just before his fatal illness I said to her one day, "Pola, you look so lovely everything must be O. K. with you."

"Business—very good; love—very bad," she said. She had quarreled with Rudolph!

A state secret—which I doubt if Pola ever knew herself—was that her heart-broken trip across the continent to Valentino's death bed and her subsequent mourning, was encouraged by some wise-cracking film magnates who wanted to keep the affair on the front pages of the newspapers long enough to hustle out some of Valentino's most famous pictures.

One of the most courageous things I have ever known was Mary Pickford's bringing Lubitsch from Germany to direct her in "Rosita." The first German pictures since the war had just been shown in Los Angeles. The police had had to fight the mob which wanted to tear down the theater. In the face of that, Mary announced that her next picture would be made with the most famous director in Germany.

LUBITSCH arrived—scared, nervous, depressed—very much a stranger in a strange land. I think I was one of the first friends he made here. He is one of the most charming and lovable men I have ever known—in a studio or outside.

He is one of the most infallible judges of pictures I have ever known. When I was stuck in my work as a critic I used to go to him.

One of the times I was stuck was when Douglas Fairbanks made "The Thief of Bagdad." There was something the mat-

George Billings, an immortal Lincoln. The strange resemblance began and ended his brief career





A cracked head was the knock that opportunity gave Wesley Barry, but he failed to survive the gawky age as a picture star



Zasu Pitts was picked as a Pickford double . . . a practical joke on Mary. As a real comedienne should, Zasu laughed last



Jackie Coogan was the baby star-of-stars. But why do we reject little girls on the screen, and make fortunes for boys?

ter with it and I simply couldn't tell what it was.

Lubitsch took me off behind the laboratory. "Confidential?" he stipulated, pronouncing it "Gonfee-denshaw! Jess?"

"Sure, confidential," I said.

"It is those beautiful sets which cost him so much money. Bagdad, she should ought to be all queer musty smells. Jess? How you going to make audiences think it is musty with those so bootifool white sets? No?"

In one of his early American pictures Lubitsch plumped Clara Bow on to the map. She had been hanging around Hollywood quite a while, but nobody took her seriously. She was just a little mad-cap. The directors liked to have her around—not for what she did in the pictures, but for what she did on the sets. She kept the stars good-natured with her antics. Lubitsch saw at once what she had. This time he took me around behind the scenery. "Dos leetle girl with all that foolishnesses—she vill be one the greatest stars pictures has ever known."

Clara told me, only the other day, that everything she knows about acting she learned from Lubitsch in that picture. "Before that," she said, "I spread it on too thick. When I winked in a picture I all but cracked my eyelids. He showed me that there was really more wink in a little wink."

SOMEWHERE around this time I was drawn—by a set of curious circumstances, into a company that was making "Abraham Lincoln."

It was there that I first met Frances Marion and her husband, the late Fred Thomson, who were to become my closest friends.

One day the Rockett brothers, who were producing the picture, came out to her house with a man to play Lincoln. He looked exactly like him; it was an astounding experience to plan a play about Abe Lincoln with Abe Lincoln sitting there. The man's name was Billings. He said he had once been on the stage. As I remember, he had been the hind legs of a prop mule.

He had an astonishing view of the ancient art of acting. One day he and I went to lunch, and he told me of his life's ambition which was to become a contractor and builder. "Of course," he said, "you can't get one of them jobs right off; so I might have to keep on acting for a while."

I reminded him that he was considered an acting genius. "Huh," he snorted scornfully. "You know why I am a good actor, Mister? Because I am a failure in life. Do you think that anybody who hadn't been licked by life could let some feller tell him, 'Now you are sad; cry,' and leak tears all over the place? And then say, 'Now you're happy; smile,' and turn it on to order?"

He gave one of the greatest performances in the history of the screen. It was naturally to be supposed that it would lead

to fame, fortune and stardom. It was his finish. He looked too much like Lincoln. No casting director can steel himself to the point of asking Abraham Lincoln to act the part of a gangster in a tough saloon.

IT WOULD seem to be some distance from Lincoln to Baby Peggy but I worked with that illustrious infant next. I was studio manager or something for Sol Lesser, who had made a young fortune starring Jackie Coogan, and was trying to do the same thing with Baby Peggy.

I mention this experience only that I may comment upon an eccentricity of the American theater-going public. They make fortunes for little-boy stars of the screen—Wesley Barry, Junior Coghlan, Jackie Coogan, Ben Alexander, and the little fellow who played with Al Jolson, but they turn up their noses at little-girl stars.

There has never been a girl infant prodigy on the screen who got to first base. On the speaking stage it is just the reverse. They adore little girls but will have none of little boys. Mary Pickford, Elsie Janis, Helen Hayes, Della Fox, Lillian and Dorothy Gish—all won fame as child actresses. If you can figure this out, the cross word puzzle belongs to you.

My time at this studio was not, of course, taken up exclusively with Baby Peggy. We were making a picture from one of the novels of Harold Bell Wright. I had known him many years before when he was a green country circuit-riding preacher, just beginning to write unsophisticated novels. I took him to the first vaudeville show he had ever seen. It was one of those terrible bills that make shivers crawl down your spine, and suggest to you the propriety of laying for the actors at the stage entrance with a club, to kill them as they come out. Mr. Wright was simply entranced and wanted to go again the next night.

He was hard to work with in later years. His opinion of the film business was about forty degrees below zero. Try as I might, I couldn't figure the motive that lay behind the hero of "When a Man's a Man." We asked Mr. Wright and, after some embarrassment, he confessed that he couldn't remember the motive himself.

While making the picture, we discovered a new star. One day I saw a little extra girl in a one-reel prize-fight picture and persuaded Mr. Lesser to send for her.

She said her name was Grizelda Gotten. With the exception of Lucille Langhanke, this was the most unpromising name I had ever heard for screen purposes.

Miss Langhanke changed her name to Mary Astor; we changed Miss Gotten's for her to June Marlowe. She proved to be one of the most charming girls I have ever worked with in any studio, although like Fay Wray, Carol Dempster and several others, her great problem at first was to learn to let herself go.

[Continued on page 114]



Drawing by John Held, Jr.

PITY THE POOR WORKING GIRL

What's Wrong with Your Game

41

*A Gay Little
Story about One
Solitaire Too Many*



A
**WOMAN Around
the
HOUSE**

By
Frank R. Adams

"THE store detective has been watching you for ten minutes."

The startled customer looked up to see who had spoken. The voice could have come from no one but the salesgirl directly in front of him, although her face displayed not the slightest sign of interest in him. Her attention was centered on a tray of diamond rings, which she had removed from the show case only a moment before to show to a young lady, now waiting for her purchase to be boxed and sealed.

Another guarded warning came from her all but motionless lips. "He's coming toward you now and it would be hard luck if you had anything on you when he takes you to the office. You'd better put the ring back on the tray."

"The ring?"

"Yes. You've got one in your pocket, haven't you? And hurry. You've only got a second."

The man laughed. "Here's the ring with my compliments."

Copyright, 1930, by Frank R. Adams.

It was a good trick even if the store detective isn't in this department at all. You're a fast thinker."

Amelia was so glad to get the diamond on the tray that she had nothing further to say, at least not until all of her stock was safely under glass. Why, that ring was easily worth a thousand dollars, and while the company was insured against theft still its loss might very easily have cost her her job!

FOR some reason or other the man did not move away from Amelia's counter. Instead he stood there as if waiting. Amelia could not help looking at him. He was not tall and consequently did not have to look down very much at Amelia who was quite tiny. But he was broad and sort of hard looking. This applied even to his face which was not improved in appearance by a broken nose that gave him a turtle-like expression.

She was just thinking what a nightmare she would have if she ever dreamed of that face, when it crinkled into a boyish grin and a pleasant voice said, "Just as I thought, there isn't



"What's the idea?" the beautiful girl asked. "Has he brought home something he found in the alley?"

Illustrations

by

H. R. BALLINGER

any detective around here. But it was a darn clever trick. Now if you'll give me back my ring I'll be going along."

"Your ring? I like your nerve. What do you mean?"

"Just what I said."

"Do you want me to call a policeman?"

"No, not particularly. I think you'll give it back to me without getting the police in on it after you've checked up your stock."

Amelia looked at him with suspicion in her nice young eyes. Did he expect her to put that twenty-thousand-dollar tray up on the counter again?

She shook her head.

"Well," he decided philosophically, "perhaps you're right, but listen! If you think I'm a crook why don't you call the house detective? There must be a button you can step on back of the counter that will bring one of Mr. Pinkerton's celebrated flat-foots on the run. You wouldn't want to let a shoplifter or a kleptomaniac wander around at large in the store even if your own department is safe, would you?"

Amelia giggled. He was rather an engaging young ruffian.

"You'll have to go along," she told him. "I'm not allowed to talk to any one but customers during business hours."

"Then how do I get my ring back?"

"You might buy it."

"How much?"

"More than you've got. Now, see here, I've saved you from jail once but I'm not going to take any more chances. The least that I can lose is my job and I happen to need that. If you're at all grateful for not being arrested you will please go now and let me alone?"

He tried to prolong the conversation but she resolutely turned away, and in a moment or so another customer gave her a legitimate excuse to pay no further attention to him.

Finally he moved away and Amelia breathed a sigh of relief. She was afraid of him and fascinated by him at the same time. He was so engaging, in spite of that ugly face of his, she feared that if he should ask her for that ring again she might be tempted to give it to him.

That night, on checking over her stock before putting it in the vault, Amelia Wilson found that there was one diamond ring too many!

She went over her inventory again and again but there undoubtedly were three solitaires in a certain newly popular mounting where there had been only two that morning.

There was no question but that she was one diamond to the good and she knew how it had happened. The granite-faced young man had been telling the truth. It was his ring all the time!

Amelia made a written report of the circumstance and filed it along with the diamond with the stock clerk who had charge of the jewelry vault. That took time, too.

So there was scarcely any one about when she finally left the building. Spring though it was, a veil of dry, stinging snow was whipping through the air and she stepped back into the shelter of the entryway to fasten her coat a little more firmly around her neck before plunging into it.

AS SHE came out of the doorway the second time a figure detached itself from the shadow of the wall across the way and came toward her.

It was a man. In fact it was *the* ugly young man! He was not wearing any overcoat at all and looked much as if he might be freezing.

"Pardon me," he said very courteously in spite of chattering teeth, "but are you the young lady who sells engagement rings—but I see you are."

"Yes," Amelia admitted hastily, "and I found out that you were quite right in what you told me. I'm so sorry that I mistook you for a thief."

"Then, did you bring the ring?"

"Why no. I couldn't have brought it with me."

"But I've got to have it," he explained, almost panic-stricken. "There's a girl who is expecting it. It's her engagement ring, you see, and I was bringing it for tonight. That's why I've waited out here for you all this time. Can't we do something?"

Amelia thought a moment. "Wait here. I'll go back and if the vault clerk hasn't gone yet—" She was off without completing the sentence.

But the vault clerk was gone and the vault was closed.

The night watchman in that department was checking up on the locks. Amelia implored him to open the safe. He laughed. "I don't know anything about the combinations. My instructions in case of emergency are to notify Mr. Sprey, the manager."

But the doorman said Mr. Sprey had been gone ten minutes. Amelia went out and communicated the bad news to the young man who seemed terribly dejected.

"What can I do?"

"Well," Amelia suggested practically, "all I can see is to give Mr. Sprey time to get home and then telephone him to come right down again."

"Do you think he would?"

"Well, he might."

"Isn't he a married man?"

"Yes. That's why I think he might. And that's also why it will be best not to talk to his wife on the telephone. We'll wait until he gets there himself. In the meantime we had probably better get something to eat."

This suggestion awakened the young man's dormant social instincts. "Come with me to the Ritz," he invited.

"To Childs you mean," she corrected.

"No, I have no account at Childs. I can sign the check at the other place."

This was obviously a joke, in the face of the fact that he was not wearing an overcoat on one of the winter-like spring days that March so often brings forth, and Amelia giggled appreciatively. But she led the way to an inexpensive restaurant nonetheless. He seemed to welcome her assumption of the management of the party.

IN THE bright light of the restaurant Amelia had an opportunity to study the fish which had come into her net.

His face looked as if it were pressed hard against a pane of glass and he was looking through it at you. His clothes were nice, however, even if they were not pressed any too well, and he wore a cap instead of a hat like most of the clerks in Mayfield's. Clerks and floorwalkers were the highest types of masculinity in Amelia's social calendar so far.

Amelia knew that synthetic gems are often more elaborately mounted than the real ones but she had not thought that the same idea might apply to people. She, herself, was more carefully manicured, more recently marcelled, than most of the ladies she waited on. Incidentally she was also better looking, but that was not the fault of any beauty parlor.

"Why," she asked him over the meal, "did you give up your ring so easily?"

"Well," he admitted sheepishly, "you told me to and I couldn't think of any reason why I shouldn't. It really would have been awkward if the detective had come along and found me with it in my pocket."

"But it was your own."

"I know but I don't know if I could have proved that, especially as you had some just like it."

Amelia knit her brows "That reminds me. Just how did you happen to have a ring exactly like our new stock loose in your pocket?"

THE answer is a little complicated. I was expecting to get engaged last night, and I took a ring over to the girl, and she said it was an old-fashioned setting, and that she wanted another kind like she had seen at Mayfield's. So I said I'd get the stone that I had reset. You see the diamond had been my mother's—probably I couldn't have afforded as big a one as that myself. Well, I took it to a jeweler and told him what I wanted and he fixed it up. It cost quite a bit for the new setting and—

"Is that where your overcoat went?"

"In a manner of speaking—yes—but just temporarily. I work for my father you see and he thinks I spend too much money, so I couldn't ask him for any salary in advance. Anyway I brought the ring to the store here to see if it was exactly right. The jeweler said it was the same identical mounting, but I had to make sure because this girl is fussy."

"She must be."

"Well, there I was. You spoke to me just after I'd got through comparing my ring with the ones you've got in stock. I'd used up all my noon hour and had to get back to work, so I couldn't spend the entire afternoon explaining things to a roomful of dumb policemen. I could have called up my father and fixed it, but he doesn't like this girl anyway. So I let you have it. I thought you'd find out your mistake later, so I hurried down from the office to lay for you as you came out. You see it is terribly important to deliver the ring tonight."

"Why?" interrupted Amelia practically.

"Well, you see there's another fellow and—"

"Oh. It's a race, not a love affair."

"No. No. I love Rummie—"

"But does she love you?" Amelia asked insistently.

Would You Trust This Man?

Connie, an American girl living in Paris, did. And every one said she was a fool. Was she? Read "Made in Paris," a thrilling short

story by Phyllis Duganne, in the next issue of SMART SET and decide if you would trust him in an identical set of circumstances.



THE MAN *was* a FOOL
about WOMEN—but
THE GIRL *wasn't* a FOOL
about ANYTHING



"You've got a good racket," said the young man with the pushed-in face. "And now that you've done your stuff, you can give me back my ring!"

"Ye-es, or at least on two or three evenings a week when I'm with her. Of course, when we're engaged it will be different."

Amelia shook her head. "With some women that's not the way to be sure of 'em."

"What is, then?"

"I can't tell you. I'd be arrested. And besides you aren't

the kind that would do it. No," she sighed, "I can see that you won't learn anything except by experience. I'll call up Mr. Sprey right from here. He ought to be home by now."

There was a telephone at the cashier's desk but that was all the good it did them. Mr. Sprey's line was out of order.

She told that to her companion.

"This is my lucky day," he said. [Continued on page 124]



Illustrations by
CLARK AGNEW

There was trouble in the air that night. It crystalized when Ross had a quarrel with Martha—and left her, alone, at a table in a restaurant. She was there for almost an hour before he came back

Manhattan Nights

How the Devil Must Have Laughed at This Metropolitan Whirligig of Love and Hate and a Sky-scraper Murder Shrouded in Darkness and Mystery!

By William Almon Wolff

PETER WAYNE had been in bed since half-past one—tossing and turning—vowing to himself that he was through with Martha Thayer—and then—at three o'clock in the morning—the telephone rang and Martha's voice was saying in his ear, "Peter, can you come up here right away? I've just come in. Something frightful has happened. Some one's killed Tack."

Peter called police headquarters, then dressed and hurried up to the Thayer's pent house apartment in the East Fifties.

The entrance hall, the elevator, the roof were guarded by policemen. Charley Mitchell, plainclothesman took Peter in charge until Inspector Connolly of the homicide squad was ready to question him.

While Barclay, from the district attorney's office, was inside grilling Martha, Peter sat on the parapet, watching the sun come up over Long Island and thinking of the strange way in which Fate had tangled his life with Martha's.

PETER had known Tack Thayer years before in college, but he had completely lost track of him in the years that followed. They had been busy years for Peter. He had gone in for chemical research, perfected an alloy that sold for a young fortune, and had then come back to New York to play around a bit.

He had met Martha, Tack's wife, for the first time at Teckla's, a popular night Club, where Tack, who was very drunk, had insisted on leaving her in Peter's charge when he went home.

Later, when Peter was taking Martha home she had impulsively asked him to go back and give Benny, one of the doormen at Teckla's, her emerald bracelet for a debt.

Peter had refused to do that—but offered to raise the necessary five hundred dollars before Teckla's closed.

So their friendship had started.

Often after that Peter had dined with the Thayer's. Tack liked and trusted Peter as much as he hated and distrusted Evan Ross—whose name the town gossips persistently linked with Martha's.

Peter—more deeply inter-

ested in Martha than he himself realized—tried to shut his eyes and ears to all that sort of thing, but he couldn't keep from knowing that Martha and Tack quarreled constantly.

He had taken Martha home one night after one of these quarrels and the sight of her—so worn out—so unhappy—was too much for him.

"YOU can't go on this way—you can't!" he said. "Anything would be better than this. I—oh, what's the use? It's not as if you and Tack cared—as if either one of you cared! I wouldn't tell you then—but Martha—don't you know I love you?"

"Peter, don't," she said. "I—yes, I know. I knew it before you did, I think. Peter, this is the meanest thing I've ever done! I knew and I let you go on, because I needed you. When I knew, all the time, that I didn't care for you—when all the time I was in love with some one else—"

"But—" he said. "Tack—I thought—"

"Tack!" her voice rang out, almost hysterically. "Tack! Oh, no. No!"

"Martha, don't!" he said sharply. "You sound—it's as if what they said about you were true—about Ross—"

"But, my dear—of course it's true," she said.

THE incredible thing was that, in effect, they let it go at that, for the moment. But the truth was that they had no choice, either one of them. Martha was utterly worn out; her exhaustion was evident in her voice, in the sagging of her whole body. At any moment Tack might have come blundering in.

"My dear—" said Martha. "I'm so sorry—so terribly, terribly sorry. I've been a perfect beast—and I suppose I'll go right on being one. But I can be honest with you, at least—I owe you that much. Only—not—not now—"

She spread her hands wide, in an appealing, almost child-like gesture, that made Peter catch his breath. He wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her. Anger was gone



Sunya was as mysterious as she was attractive. People wondered what was between her—and Evan Ross

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clean out of him for the moment; all he felt was tenderness, and pity, and a great longing to help her.

"Oh, Martha—my dear—it's all right! You haven't done anything—it's all right. You're not a beast. I—I'm going, of course. We can't talk now. You—you're tired. Tomorrow—"

"Yes, tomorrow," she said. "I'll tell you all I can—everything that doesn't drag other people in. I want to—oh, I do!"

She was standing up, by that time, and he went to her, and took her hand, and kissed it. She snatched it away.

"Oh—" she cried, and her voice broke, in a sob. "Oh, Peter—don't!"

He turned away from her then, and went, without looking back once. When he got home, he got into bed, and fell asleep at once, as if he had been drugged.

He woke up early, with his mind clear and active, and coldly, resolutely angry and determined. He breakfasted in a heavy dressing gown, with the windows wide open, and the cool, crisp, winter air filling the room, so that Manuel, waiting on him, shivered, although he showed all his white teeth in a grin when Peter kept calling for more toast and coffee.

DELIBERATELY, Peter glanced through the papers; then, settling down snugly into his chair, he started to try to think this business out.

He was in love with Martha. That was, it seemed to him, the chief thing. She was married; she was, by her own admission, in love with another man, not her husband. All right! Bad dope, but it couldn't be helped. The chief fact, the only one, indeed, about which, as yet, he could be certain, was that no matter what Martha had done, he loved her. He couldn't imagine any conceivable thing she could tell him, when he saw her, that would alter that.

He thought of Tack, and ruled him out, without much ceremony. He couldn't see where Tack came in, no matter how you approached this business. The things Tack had said to him that night on the roof, the night he'd talked about how easy it would be to jump off, had, somehow, a new significance. He didn't feel that he was being disloyal to Tack in loving Martha and telling her so.

Peter scowled as he let his mind work around to Ross. He never had liked the chap, and he'd passed, almost insensibly, from not liking him, to disliking him, but he thought his dislike was based upon something besides jealousy.

He closed his eyes to evoke a sort of mental portrait of Ross. A handsome chap—tall, lean, with thin, delicate features, a strong, well made body—sullen, dark eyes, a rather Roman nose, and a bad, cruel mouth. The sort of man women go mad about. He wasn't disposed to underrate Ross.

Something puzzled him, though—Sunya Zeitsoff. What lay between Ross and that girl? Peter didn't know much about Sunya. No one did. You saw her around, but she wasn't really one of the crowd. He didn't know her at all well himself, though he'd seen her often enough since the night he'd met her at the Thayers'. She apparently disliked Peter as much as he disliked her. He was sure that she was a factor in this business, but to what extent he lacked, as yet, the information to decide.

Martha? Well, there it was. When all was said and done, it began and ended with her. No one else really mattered. He got up, and went to the telephone.

For once, he was pretty sure it was he who had waked her up, although she denied it. "How do I feel? Terrible! You sound annoyingly cheerful."

"I am," he said. "I don't believe Kodi's any good at breakfasts. How'd you like me to send Manuel up to teach him something about the art of making an omelet?"

"Stop it!" said Martha.

"All right. But my mind seems to dwell on food. Going to have lunch with me?"

She waited a long time before she answered.

"If you like," she said, then. "Peter—do you know what you'd do, if you had any sense? Cross me off your list—right now. Go away—and stay away until—"

"Don't be silly," he said, cheerfully. "Suppose I pick you up and we go somewhere in the country?"

"Oh, I'd love to!" she said. "That—that's different, somehow."

So, a little after noon, he turned up, in his long, gray car. They drove out through the endless, drab outskirts of the city and came to open country with snow still white in the fields.

"Glad you came?" he asked.

"Very glad, Peter," she said. "You're sweet. I thought when I woke up this morning that I never wanted to see you again."

"That," said Peter, "is so absurd that it doesn't deserve to be answered. Only—you had about as much chance of never seeing me again as I have of not getting pinched if I let this car do its stuff on the way home."

"I suppose so," said Martha. "Only—I am such a selfish beast!"

"Why?" he said. "Look here. Let's both be sensible. I'm in love with you. And you—well, you say you're in love with Ross. I'm sorry. But I can't see why you should call yourself names."

"Because I've just made use of you," she said. "I started in the first time I ever saw you. I've been doing it ever since. If you're fool enough to let me I'll probably keep on doing it."

"All right," he said, evenly. "You can't be fairer than that. Cards on the table. If I keep on it's my look out, it seems to me. If I get hurt it's my own fault."

"Oh, that's so easy to say!" said Martha. "It sounds like sense—but it isn't. I don't want you to be hurt, Peter. I'm much too fond of you."

"That's something to go on with, you know," he said. "It—it's rather a lot, Martha."

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "It isn't. Not really. You don't know. You think you do, but you don't."

"That's to be seen," said Peter. "I'm taking a chance. I've got sense enough to know it's a big chance. The odds are against me. Ross—"

"He comes first," said Martha. "It—it's a relief to say that, somehow. Tack knows it, of course, and he loathes it."

"Right," said Peter. "Well, then—why don't you divorce Tack and marry Ross? That seems to be the obvious thing. It's being done all the time."

"I can't," she said, "for lots of reasons. For one thing, Evan hasn't any money, and I haven't enough to go very far. I cost a lot, Peter. And then—it would be a mean trick to play on Tack. Divorcing him, I mean. His mother'd never stand for it. It wouldn't matter that it wasn't his fault. She'd make him suffer for it, just the same."

"I see," said Peter, scowling. "That seems to settle that, then. Incidentally—it lets me out, too, of course, as long as old lady Thayer hangs on. Well, then—there's another thing. You're not happy, Martha."

"My dear Peter!" she said. "It's not a situation that makes for happiness, is it? I'm in love with a man I can't marry. And—" She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't go in for the other sort of thing, as it happens."

THE expression on Peter's face as she said that was one of such utter amazement that Martha laughed aloud.

"Peter, you are sweet!" she said. "You thought that—and still—"

"Well, I didn't know," he said, defensively. "The way you put it, last night—how could I tell? And—well—it wouldn't have mattered, in a way—"

"I think it would," she said, quietly. "Peter, don't get sentimental—that's the one thing I can't stand just now. If you start putting me on a pedestal—if you get the idea that the queen can do no wrong—"

"Don't worry!" said Peter. "I think the queen has pulled half the bones in the pack, and I think any time you get through a day without doing something outrageous it's because you're too ill to get up or use the telephone. But that's neither here nor there."

"All right," said Martha. "If that's the way you feel! It's true enough."

"It is," said Peter, flatly. "But there's a little more, too. You're in a bad jam. You're in love with this chap. You can't marry him. But that's not all. It's tied up with that



Martha found that, in moments of emotional stress, Dr. Zahn, the psychoanalyst, calmed her. He always made her lie down—he always stood behind her, asking soft-voiced questions

man at Teckla's—I don't know how, and I'm not asking you, unless you want to tell me—"

"I can't," said Martha. "That's one of the things that would drag other people in, Peter dear."

"Right. That's up to you. Well, anyway, I'm in love with you. As far as I can tell, I'm going to keep on being in love with you for quite a while. We're in the same boat—I can't have you, and you can't have Ross. There's a chance that things'll break. I'm not so sure you could marry Ross if Tack were out of the way—I think that's part of your jam. And I think you like me pretty well—"

"I do, Peter. I'm not in love with you, but I like you better than any one I know."

"Good. I'll take a chance on that and I have a hunch I can be useful, maybe. I don't know how or when. But I'm going to be on deck if I'm needed."

"You—you're rather surprising, Peter," said Martha. "I hadn't thought of you as being a discerning person."

"I'm not. Not as a rule. You're a special case, you see."

"Am I? I don't deserve to be. I don't want to whine, Peter, but I've had a bad time. There's only been one person I could talk to at all about things." [Continued on page 118]



This is the beginning of the sympathy trick. Mr. Stewart will explain just how it's played

April Fool!

Try These
New Tricks in
Your Own Parlor

By Donald
Ogden Stewart

there been so many opportunities for members of their sex as will be afforded this year on what is known as "April Fool's Day."

Glancing briefly down the ages (and what fun that is, too, now that everything is rather slushy underfoot) it is all too apparent that in the past most of the jokes on the First of April have been perpetrated by men.

Certainly no woman would be interested in such a foolish procedure as placing a brick under a silk hat, or pinning a "Kick Me" sign on the back of her luncheon hostess, and it has only been in recent years that the character of this important holiday has come to take on a more feminine tinge.

THIS delay has been partly due to the stubborn opposition of a small group of reactionary members of Congress who felt that making a fool of oneself was the exclusive privilege of the male members of society, and partly to the fact that the old tradition about woman's place being in the home did not give her a chance to exercise her real gifts in this direction.

But, with the coming of women's colleges and the vote, opportunities for women to make fools, not only of themselves, but also of others, have so increased that there is grave danger that this function, once the exclusive property of the male, will be completely usurped.

I, for one, will be sorry to see it happen, for it has always seemed to me that men are so much better equipped by nature to make fools of themselves than women that we are almost flying in the face of Providence.

However, that was once said about Christopher Columbus and look what happened! So I suppose that it is up to me to forget my old-fashioned ideas and do what I can to help the new movement. The old order changeth—

I TRUST that I am betraying no confidences when I say that never before in the history of womankind have

Let me, therefore, suggest a few of the many ways in which a woman can help make the First of April a huge success. Let us give a thought to some of the many jokes which she can play on that day.

Take, for instance, the opportunities afforded by becoming "engaged." Nothing is more laughable than a young man who thinks he is engaged to a girl when all the time she and her friends know that it is just a great big joke.

IN ORDER to carry this off most successfully it will be necessary to devote quite a bit of time during the preceding months to the process of bringing the young man in question up to the point of "proposing" and for this purpose nothing is quite so effective as what is known as "love."

As soon as you have selected your victim you should devote all your energies towards making him fall in love with you. This is done in any one of a number of ways, most of which are quite simple and have probably been in your family for years. Moonlight is good; gin is often effective; and a combination of the two is usually extremely successful.

Beauty of face or figure often causes love to break out in men, and a certain amount of brains is sometimes effective, although I would not recommend this in the majority of cases.

Perhaps one of the oldest and surest ways of getting a man to fall in love is what is known as the "sympathy method," which consists in finding some one who has just met with a disaster, or is very ill, and then "sympathizing" with him.

In case the young man whom you have selected as your April Fool victim is not suffering from either bad health or a calamity, it will be necessary for you to provide him with either or both, in order that your sympathy can be made effective.

A bad cold is possibly the quickest means of obtaining the desired effect, although care should be taken not to give him too bad a cold, because if the young man dies before the First of April the joke is more or less on you instead of him. Of course, if he dies on April Fool's [Continued on page 86]

*The Girl Who Is Able
to Sell Herself to
Herself Has the Per-
sonality Game Half Won*

**Says Elinor
Bailey Ward**

FORCING the world to pay homage to oneself is really putting the "plus" sign into one's personality, one's beauty, one's charm, one's ability.

I do not advocate conceit. No one likes a conceited girl. But I do mean developing a kind of intelligent respect for your own talents, your own good looks, your own artistic sense or business acumen.

If you have an inferiority complex about yourself, how can you expect to find the world at your feet, or all your dances taken the minute you walk on to the ball-room floor?

Self-consciousness has been the stumbling block to the social career—and even the romance of many a passing fair maiden. It has kept some girls in menial business positions, while others, who have overcome it, forged ahead and rolled up the bank accounts. It has made bachelor girls out of some, eminently fitted to be the kind of wives and mothers men would look at with pride!

One of the best ways to shed your self-consciousness this spring is to look at it squarely. In the first place, self-consciousness is quite out of date today. Isn't it rather inconsistent to have a new longshort bob and sophisticated, trailing, modern clothes and then wear an old-fashioned trait such as self-consciousness? It is altogether the wrong kind of accessory!

The best way to forget yourself and thereby overcome self-consciousness is to decide just what flowers of success you want to plant and cultivate this year. Then make a spring campaign for success. Look about at others whose harvests have come in, and get a few ideas from them about what seeds to choose.

If you crave being the life of the party—the kind of girl all other girls want to make their especial friend, because of your drawing power with men—social ease is the first essential.

You will do well to listen to Jerome, maitre d'hotel for the famous Sherry's since 1887. Jerome knew and served Society with a capital S when the original "400" was exactly "399." Jerome has watched three generations of girls at graduation banquets, debutante balls, formal and informal luncheons, gossip tea hours, wedding breakfasts and holiday festivities.

Forget yourself in being con-

Spring Cleaning

siderate to others— Never try to create an "effect" by calling down the waiter— Be yourself by taking things casually— Don't "high-hat" people—these bits of advice may be gleaned from his analysis of today's socially successful girl.

"It is a pleasure to see girls all easy with each other today—very democratic," Jerome told me. Suave, gentle, observant Jerome!

"Nowadays they never cause the trouble some ladies used to back in the 90's when certain ones would never be seated near this person or that. It is a marvelous age! Girls are themselves, care free and easy mannered. When I remember back in the 90's, each lady had her own mannerisms, so studied that you could often tell who a lady was, just by the way she held her teacup.

"Girls today are easy to serve and so considerate. Young women do not complain to waiters just for the sake of impressing some other folks nearby. They never seem embarrassed.

"I like the new naturalness and informality. I think young women today have a better time than they used to, just because of it. In the old days so much was done for effect, like the cotillions that gave forty people a chance to dance, while the rest had to sit around watching.

"It seems to me that the girls today are so busy enjoying life that they haven't time to think of themselves long enough to get self-conscious."



Sue Paul Allen

See Yourself As Others See You

THAT'S a mighty difficult thing to do.

Perhaps I can help you, as I have helped hundreds of young women in the social world, in the professions and in business. Send me a letter, telling me the greatest problem in your own personality, together with a photograph—full length, if possible, and an addressed, stamped envelope, and I will do my best to help you. Your communication will be considered absolutely confidential. Address your letter to me, care of Smart Set, 221 West 57th Street, New York

Elinor Bailey Ward

MAYBE social self-consciousness is not your misfortune. Maybe you want to make good on your job so you can put money by for a trip to Paris. Do you take your job seriously enough, or are you thinking of yourself instead of it? Your poise on your job depends on your attitude towards it. Perhaps your attitude is wrong.

If you think your employer has no idea of what you are thinking of your job, listen to what Channing R. Dooley, Personnel Manager of Standard Oil Company of New York, has to say on the modern girl who is making good.

Mr. Dooley sees the young woman, not as one who has the hiring and firing of her, but as an expert, surveying the scene from an efficiency viewpoint.

"Today's girl is impersonal in her attitude towards work, often taking it with surprising seriousness. I have seen a secretary park her young man in the reception hall on a Saturday afternoon with a magazine to read while she finished her work. No one told her to. She just 'wanted to get it done.' And her young man appreciated her feeling of responsibility, perhaps admired her for it.

"This [Continued on page 136]

Who's Got Whose

By Forrest Wilson

WHEN Nancy's father, Old Man Hollister, told the love-sick Bunny Allen that he must not see Nancy for a whole year, that young gentleman nearly went out of his mind. Here was something to drive any real lover to the dogs, let alone to the goats . . .

A DESPAIRING bleat—a jar—and the taxicab in which Mr. Bunny Allen was sleeping peacefully came to a stop so abrupt that it woke its passenger.

"What is it?" demanded the startled Mr. Allen in the manner of one who is roused from a well-earned rest.

Disgusted answer came from the chauffeur ahead.

"We've bumped off a goat," said he.

A care-free year in Paris had taught Bunny Allen numerous French expressions not included in the phrase-books, but this utterance of the chauffeur was beyond his powers.

Cautiously Bunny raised himself from his seat in the open car and peered overboard. It was not yet daybreak, and along the grassy boulder-strewn ramparts of outer Paris there are few street lamps, but in such faint illumination as these afforded, Bunny seemed to see dark forms huddled below—an impression of horns, of lop-ears and twitching stumpy tails.

He lowered himself weakly to the seat. Was it possible that two bottles of champagne—two mere bottles—could do this to a man?

"Of more," said the chauffeur, "he has made to bend my axle. The sacred dirty pig!" he hissed. The epithet hisses in French.

Bunny thought it time for himself to descend. As he opened the taxi door and stepped down to the cobbles, there was a scattering of hoofs. Unquestionably these were goats.

"Regard that roller, Monsieur," besought the chauffeur eloquently. "All in fact ruined!"

Bunny went around into the lights and examined the wheel indicated. Half beneath it was the supine cadaver of a brown goat from which the last kick had departed. The wheel itself was bent inward several degrees off perpendicular.

"It's cock-eyed, all right," agreed Bunny.

FEET came thudding down the slope of the bastion, bringing into the headlights a man who seemed dressed in burlap. He was accompanied by a runty, sagging dog, lean as his master and as devoid of points.

"Camel!" the man burst out at the chauffeur. "Thou hast assassinated my goat."

"Dirty pig!" the chauffeur came back at him. "Thy goat has ruptured my taxi."

The burlapped man dropped to his knees before the corpse. "My best goat!" he mourned. "My little Chouchou—completely overturned!"

"Guard thy vermin then off the pavement at night," counseled the chauffeur wrathfully, "unless thou put lights on them—"

The goat man jumped to his feet.

"Is there of justice?" he demanded. "Can a polluted conductor of a taxi squash unpunished a goat of a quality suchly enormous?"

"And my taxi, animal?" bellowed the chauffeur, thrusting his face into the goat man's. "A carriage of luxury, all in fact new, and now shattered by thy disgusting beast. Say me, is thy garbage there worth my new axle?"



"Camel!" sobbed the man in the burlap smock. "Pig! Thou hast assassinated my most beautiful goat!"

The goat man fell to his knees again to weep over the goat. "My poor little jewelry in zinc! My canary of the Indies—"

Bunny was touched by this strong man's tears.

"Hold everything!" he roared.

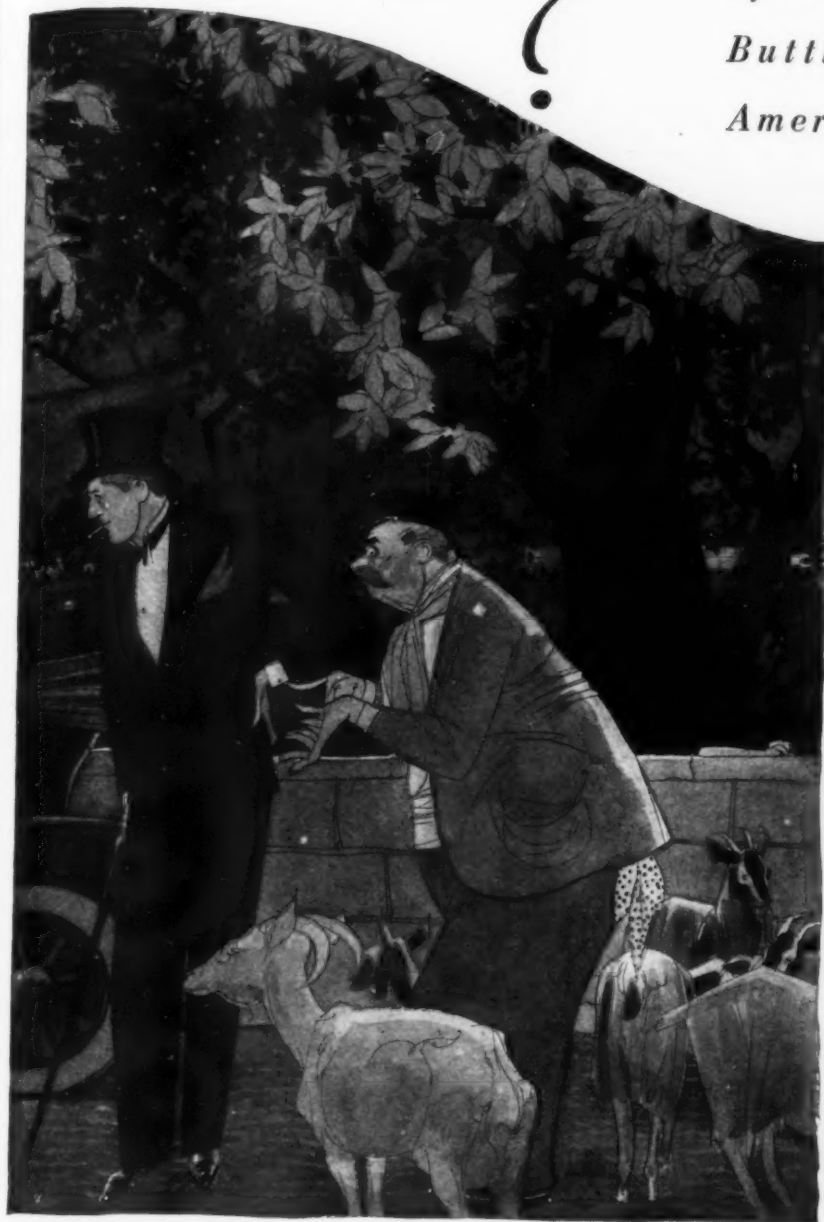
"What is it?" queried the chauffeur truculently.

"Peace, Theophraste!" Bunny soothed him. "Do you believe in love?"

The chauffeur was a short, thick man with bulbous eyes,

GOAT?

*JUST Think of a Herd
of Parisian Goats
Butting into a Nice
American Love Affair!*



a home-trimmed mustache, and a two-days' growth of beard.

"I do not call myself Theophraste," he informed Bunny. "I call myself Louis."

"Eh, well, Theophraste or Louis, what difference?" Bunny passed on. "The point is, do you believe in love?"

"I do not understand, Monsieur."

"Human amity," explained Bunny. "A helping hand to a brother—"

"What? To this bandit of Corsica, this dead dog of an Algerian, this—"

"Dirty person!" called up the goat man from his knees.

"Gentlemen, be tranquil," Bunny chided them. "And dry those tears, old one," he said to the swarthy man. "I am going

to pay for the loss of your goat."

"You, M'sieu? You will pay?"

Bunny did not remember ever having seen the quotations on goats. He slipped a thousand-franc note from his purse and handed it to the mourner.

"If this will square it," he qualified in English.

Comprehension came slowly to the goat man, and then an unearthly light began mantling his features. Chattering in a strange tongue, he scrambled to his feet and made for Bunny.

It flashed upon Bunny that he had perhaps offered this child of the open a mortal offence by undervaluing his pet. Certainly, the chattering sounded like menaces in some such language as Chinese.

Remembering the strategy of the moujik chased by wolves in throwing out sops to interrupt the pursuit, Bunny thrust another bill of a thousand toward the oncoming fanatic.

"There, there, old one," he soothed him. "One did not intend to hurt your feelings. See there another grand! That goes better now, eh?"

AGAIN that dazed look, succeeded by a radiance positively celestial. The man made a dive for Bunny's hand and fell to his knees, kissing it.

"Maybe I overpaid him," thought Bunny uneasily.

The swarthy man rose and confronted Bunny with outstretched arms, teeth agleam. Bunny backed warily to the taxicab, jumped in suddenly, and slammed the door.

The goat man abruptly whirled and darted back into the blackness of the ramparts. Almost at once he returned, depositing on the taxicab seat a greasy chest with a metal handle attached to its closed lid. Bunny regarded this object with instant suspicion.

The man of the goats was also holding aloft his dog.

"Going to have him kiss me instead," Bunny estimated.

The goat man spoke strange words to the animal, which at once turned a pair of intelligent eyes upon Bunny and wagged a weedy tail. His master dropped him among the goats and pressed the backs of his clasped hands passionately to his lips, bowing to Bunny. Then he walked off down the path of the headlights, swaying as if slightly drunk.

Bunny watched this exit with fascination until he realized that the goats were still clustered around the taxi. The herdsman was departing without his flock.

"Hey!" Bunny called after him. "You're forgetting your goats, Mister. They'll be homesick without you."

The man paused under the nearest street lamp. Once more he salaamed—and was gone.

"He forgot his goats," Bunny complained to the chauffeur. "But no, Monsieur," that individual contradicted him. "He has sold them to you."

"To me? Hah! I would not buy them on a bet."

"Just the same, Monsieur," insisted the chauffeur, "they are yours. When you gave him that first sack, he has said that you might have the goats but not the dog. Then you have given him a second billet, and he has thrown in the dog and also his box of cheeses."

"Mmh," murmured Bunny, enlightened, moving farther from the chest.

"And now, Monsieur," began the chauffeur in a business-like tone, "what of my axle?"

"It's bent," Bunny informed him.

"And unfortunately," the chauffeur added, "my policy of insurance contains no clause of goats. Monsieur, you have paid one of the victims of this accident. What of me?"

"Véritablement, Theophraste, or—or Louis," Bunny answered him severely, "a dear one lost, that is one thing, but a front roller biased, simply because you choose to bounce around Paris killing goats, that is another, is it not?"

An ugly gleam came into the chauffeur's eyes. It was a tough region here along the fortifications, and at this hour deserted.

"And if I insist, Monsieur?"

Bunny noticed neither the gleam nor the desolateness of the place. He was caught up by an idea.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "The goats! They are yours."

The chauffeur recoiled as if he had been struck unexpectedly.

"No, Monsieur!"

"Yes, yes," Bunny insisted. "I give them to you—to pay for the axle."

"But no, Monsieur!" the chauffeur said. "One could not accept—"

He did not wait to finish his sentence. He simply retreated down the boulevard in the direction opposite to that taken by the goat man.

BUNNY sat staring through the wind shield. Presently he became conscious of a nebulosity over the street some distance down. The faint refulgence telegraphed a message to him. It spoke of some all-night caravansary, offering cheer to the belated traveler; and Bunny at once felt that his true place was there, rather than in an arid and derelict taxicab, surrounded by goats and cheeses.

Upon the chest at Bunny's side the goat man had deposited sundry small objects—a flat wooden instrument of some sort and several papers. Putting these into his pocket for future examination, Bunny stepped from the taxi.

At once the dog was about his profession,

nipping the sleeping goats to their feet.

"No, no, Fido," Bunny explained to the heathen animal. "You stay here, savvy? Right here by taxi—wait for—chauffeur—remember? You belong him now."

Having left these instructions, Bunny crossed over toward the sidewalk opposite; but midway of the crossing there was a patter of small unshod hoofs around him as Fido marshaled his wards out ahead of his new master.

"Now, Fido! Mustn't!" Bunny scolded the dog. He went back to the taxi, whereupon Fido restored the goats to their original parking place. "You be a good dog now and stay right here, and maybe Theophraste will bring you a nice big bone."

But Fido was under orders from higher authority than Bunny, for the second attempt of that young gentleman to depart alone was a repetition of the first. It seemed that everywhere that Bunny went the goats were sure to go.

Bunny decided to go on and divorce himself from his new possessions *en route*. The process looked easy, for it soon

developed that the goat field manual prescribed a standardized order of march.

Fido deployed his forces, always in the van, the herd trotting on as Bunny walked and not one ever looking back—not even Fido.

Observation of this behavior put a crafty idea into Bunny's head. At a dark place under the trees he turned and tiptoed silently back in the opposite direction.

But that past-master of herding, Fido, was not to be cozened by any ruse so childish. Before Bunny had taken six cautious steps, what he had intended to be escape turned into a simple countermarch. So he abandoned the tactic, and the procession resumed its advance upon the distant lights in regular formation. It was evidently going to take brains to foil Fido.

AN EXTRA large bole of a shade tree suggested a second plan. The nebula was near now, so near that Bunny could see it was indeed the halo of a lighted café terrace. He ducked behind the tree and held his breath. There was no sound—the deluded Fido must have gone right on. Bunny gave him time to drive his flock well past the café and then peeked out. Under his eyes was a clump of goats, snatching the opportunity for forty winks, while their guardian sat on his haunches beside them, patiently waiting for his eccentric master to emerge.

"Oh, well!" conceded Bunny.

THE café beckoned—a café with a terrace whereon one might sit in the cool of a summer morning and ponder one's problems.

And Bunny had his problems, least among them being his unwanted goats. The gladsome day now trying to dawn was, practically speaking, to complete a year of probation for Bunny Allen—a year, however, that seemed to have only reinforced, in a certain vital quarter, an impression that he, Bunny, from the standpoint of his eligibility to marry the palliest girl in the world, was a blot on life's fair page.

The quarter which held this view was old Asa Hollister, the soft-coal baron. The opinion, it may be said, was not general in the Hollister family. With Nancy Hollister, Bunny stood right at the top. She could see his faults; but nevertheless Nan did all her billing and cooing with Bunny. It was when the harassed authorities at Princeton had finally given Bunny the gate that Old Man Hollister began putting his foot down on the friendship between the scapegrace and his daughter.

"What do you think you're going to do with the remnant of life you may manage to spend out of jail?" Old Asa had bawled at the culprit.

"I don't know," said Bunny. "Thought maybe I'd sell bonds."

"Why don't you take up flying?" the coal baron suggested with deep guile. "All the smart young men are doing that now."

"Good idea!" pronounced Bunny.

On his first solo flight he crashed. Old Asa Hollister found two things about this accident to deprecate. The first was that Bunny himself was not even scratched. The second was Bunny's choice of terrain upon which to crash—the eighteenth green of Old Asa's favorite golf course. Bunny had been stunting overhead for Nan's benefit. The green had never been the same since.

"That's all," said Old Asa in a later interview with the daring airman. "Nan's agreed, too. One year—you don't see each other for that time. No letters, no telegrams. I don't expect you to show you're worth anything. All I ask is that you keep out of trouble for twelve months. If you as much as get pinched for a traffic violation, keep driving right on so far as Nan is concerned. After a year, if she's still idiot enough to think she wants to marry you—well, I'll see. But



Do You Lead a Double Life?

Half of the time a business girl—half of the time a married woman? If so, you're a "Working Wife," and you'll be interested in the vital problems of young married folk which Dorothy Ducas (a Working Wife, herself) has made the basis of a series of remarkable short stories from real life.

The first of the series will appear in

The May SMART SET

I don't promise a thing, mind you! Not a thing!"

It being impossible to remain in the same hemisphere with Nan Hollister and not see her, Bunny had taken ship to Paris, where he had for a twelve month lived a righteous and godly life. Only today—or, rather, yesterday—he had received the first word from Nan—a letter surprisingly not from America, either, but from some gosh-awful spot in Greece—Piræus or something.

AND what was Bunny's reward for nearly a year of Spartan self-denial? What was his meed for fifty weeks of watching his step? Only to hear that Old Man Hollister was more set against the marriage than ever—thought that Nan had forgotten that foolishness.

However, the two were following to Paris hard on the heels of the letter, and tomorrow—no, today—Bunny was to meet them at lunch at the Ritz, where at least they would have a showdown. That, wrote Nan, was something, though she could hold out little hope of bringing her dad around.

Naturally, since Bunny expected henceforth to be spending most of his waking hours with Nan, there had been farewells to bid, and these had occasioned the first cocktails.

After that, one thing had led to another until, at five o'clock in the morning, on the terrace of a borderland café, with a bevy of goats waiting for him on the sidewalk, Bunny was ordering a brandy and soda from the sleepy waiter who alone staffed this place. It was that low hour when all prospects seem black and all retrospects cheerless. He yawned, his head drooped—

Somebody was shaking his shoulder. Bunny opened his eyes and received three impressions: one, that day had come; two, that it was raining; and three—this with a sinking feeling—that rain was exactly the appropriate setting for the interview with Nan Hollister's old man.

Exterior force again agitated his shoulder.

"What is it?" demanded Bunny.

"Monsieur," said the café's proprietor, who was now on the job, "my clients arrive for their morning coffee, and they are misprizing your goats."

Then recollection came. Looking down, Bunny saw, asleep at his feet, one white and seven brown goats. Fido lay there too, his chin on his paws but his eyes watchful.

"Why not chase them away?" Bunny asked crossly.

"One has tried, Monsieur," answered the proprietor, "but your dog will not let them go from you."

"All right," Bunny grumbled. "What do I owe?"

HE RECEIVED his change and stood up. Instantly Fido was at the sleeping goats, and so efficiently did he work that the rising movement of Bunny and his livestock was almost military in its precision.

"Fours left!" commanded Bunny, moving out to the street.

"Sergeant," he addressed Fido, "take your men over to that grass for breakfast. It is raining, but rain's good for goats. Keep them out in it all you can—that's my parting advice. Now march, for I want to be on my way."

Sergeant Fido was deaf to the order.

"Beat it, mutt!" Bunny yelled, charging at the dog.

The nearest goats scattered delicately away from him, but

Illustrations

by

RUSSELL
PATTERSON



Nan's eyes were wide and staring. "There's something wrong," she said. "Tell me—are these your goats?" "They think they are!" Bunny confessed miserably

Fido stood his ground, accepting tolerantly the idiosyncrasies of this master.

"You win," Bunny gave it up in exasperation. "Come on. But you can bet your sweet lives I'll find some way to shake you."

Under a light rain he went moodily up the boulevard. At the scene of the accident he noted that both Theophraste and the city street-cleaning service had evidently visited the place in his absence, for there was no taxicab there, nor any evidence of the late carnage. Fido ranged across and sniffed at the spot X, but having paid this tribute returned at once to the stern demands of his calling.

They were coming into a residential region when Bunny felt something hard in his coat pocket. He drew forth the flat, wooden object which the goat man had bequeathed to him. It was some sort of calliope whistle. He practiced a descending scale. At once heads began to pop from apartment windows. A trim little housemaid in black frock and white apron came running after him with a pitcher.

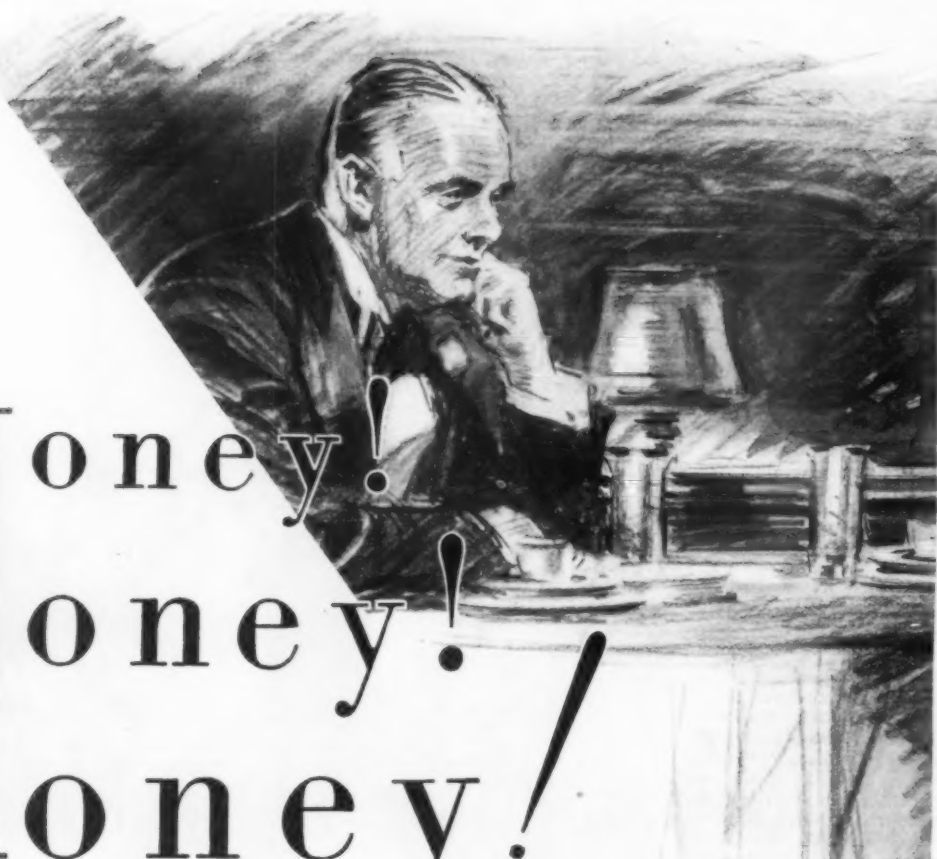
"Monsieur the Goater," she reproached him, "you passed me!"

"It hardly seems possible," said Bunny, approving her pretty face. "However, let's see—I have a rendezvous at noon—"

"Two cheeses," she ordered.

"No cheeses today," said Bunny. [Continued on page 102]

Money! Money! Money!



FLORA TOWERS had never known what it was to need money. She was the only child of the wealthy Cecil Towers, and besides she had a private income from her mother's estate.

But riches sometimes have a way of vanishing into thin air, and within twenty-four hours of the time that Flora learned that the trustees of her mother's estate had so mismanaged it as to leave her penniless, she learned also that her father, Cecil Towers, had died suddenly, leaving his entire fortune to Annette Percy, the adventuress whom he had married only a week before.

But Fate had a still worse blow in store for Flora in the seeming desertion of Andy Court, the handsome, poverty-stricken solicitor's clerk who, thrown out of a job with the firm that had handled Flora's private fortune, had romantically trailed her across Europe.

He had won Flora's heart completely, and never having been poor, she could not understand why Andy, who had said he adored her, left her at the first sign of trouble!

HOW could she know that this ardent, impulsive, and far too proud young lover, was so far forgetting his pride as to go to Cecil Towers' widow and beg her to give Flora a share of her father's fortune?

She only knew that he had left her—and that the only friend she seemed to have in the world was William Haagen, a wealthy, sophisticated young bachelor who had been her father's friend.

He, secretly in love with Flora, arranged with Bettine, Flora's maid, to defray their expenses to America, where Flora foolishly believed that, with Haagen's letter of introduction, she could obtain a lucrative position.

So it was that Flora sailed for the States on the very day

that Andy decided to patch up his quarrel with Annette, who had flatly refused to give Flora a penny. He hated this mercenary creature as much as he adored her stepdaughter, but he would eat humble pie from her hands forever if, by so doing, he might serve Flora.

ANNETTE was lying back in the same wicker chair in which he had left her the day before, when Andy, fierce with humiliation slowly climbed the ladder and came aboard the yacht.

She was thrilled through! He had fallen, in spite of the way he had left her!

She regarded his slow progress towards her along the dazzling white deck. The same suit that wanted pressing—yes, and cleaning too—same wilted brogues that had never been, even in their heyday, supremely excellent. She had Andy Court valued to a fraction.

But he was "de-vine." And that new knowledge of financial power tingled in her. She no longer had to cultivate only wealthy men. She could condescend to a poor one if he pleased her fancy.

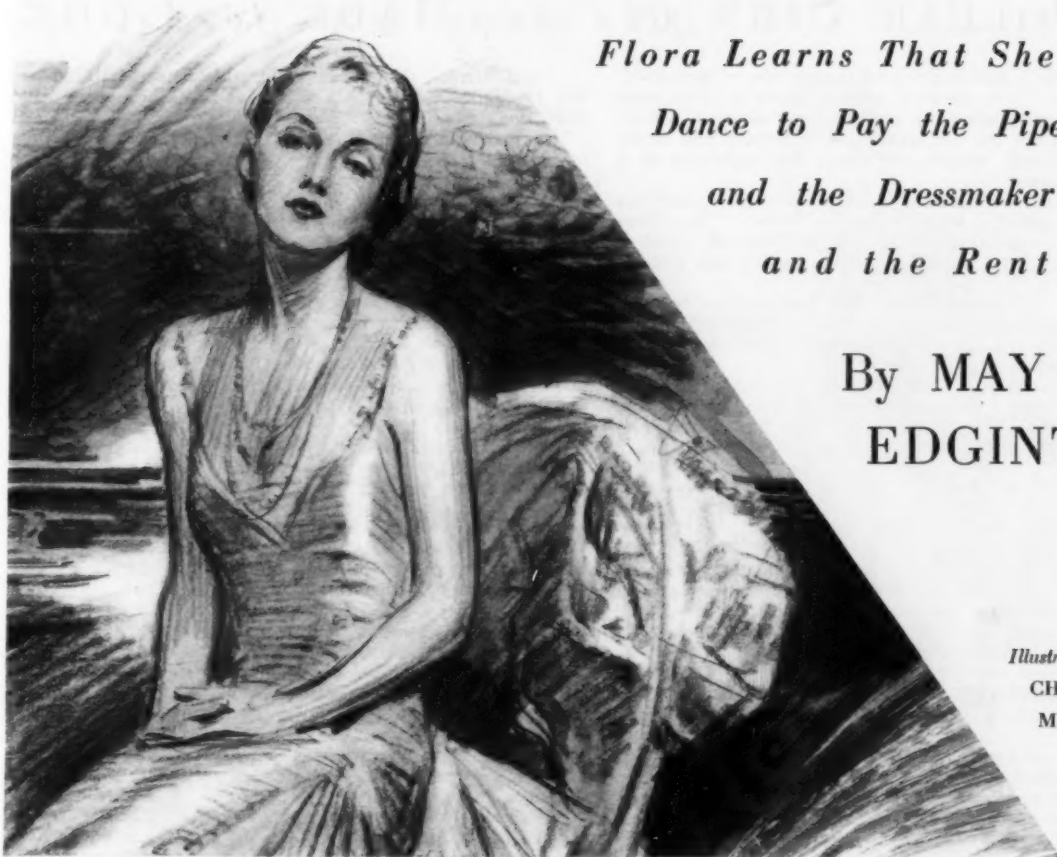
She waved a hand. "How do you do, Mr. Court?" He stood before her, unable entirely to conceal his chafing rebellion, and yet with a propitiatory smile struggling about his lips and eyes. She believed that smile to be genuine—not being quite clever enough to know the hatred with which he forced it—and a little spasm of exultation vibrated in her.

"I had your nice note," she said, softly and huskily.

"It is very kind of you to permit me to come."

"You didn't give me a chance to send a refusal!"

He had forgotten, when, in his extremity, he had sent that note by a fisherman, that it was so. She wouldn't have known where to find him. He seized this adroitly, and answered, "I took care of that!"



*Flora Learns That She Must
Dance to Pay the Piper . . .
and the Dressmaker . . .
and the Rent . . .*

By MAY
EDGINTON

Illustrations by
CHARLES D.
MITCHELL

When a fatherly old broker is interested in a girl, it doesn't mean that he wants to adopt her. But Flora believed Mr. Oessler when he said, "Darling, my wife and I get on so well you'd never know we were married!"

"How clever men can be!" said Annette, drooping her black eyelashes almost on to her cheeks. "You knew perfectly well that, as I couldn't reach you to tell you not to come, I could excuse my feminine curiosity, which would make me want to hear what you would say after your exhibition yesterday."

He sat down beside her. "Aren't you going to forgive me for that?"

"I will forgive you utterly—if you tell me that you really see my point of view about my stepdaughter."

"Absolutely I see your point of view."

It was true. He saw it, and hated it and her.

She sighed, gratified. The subject of Flora, though agreeable to linger on maliciously in private, was mere waste of time here and now. She wanted this young man to forget it; as she wanted him to forget everything save herself while he was with her.

"Now we can have a happy luncheon," she said, "at least, as happy as possible under the circumstances—"

"Remembering her widowhood just in time to save face," he thought.

And almost as he thought it, she turned to him, and murmured impetuously: "You must think I ought to be sadder. I'm afraid my poor husband's lawyer thought it; and the English clergyman and this sour captain of mine—I'm sure they think I'm heartless. But—" her eyes sought Andy's. "But I'm not. I am all heart. And that is why this mar-

riage would have been tragedy for me if—if it had lasted. I'm young and poor—and very lonely—and he persuaded me into it. And I was sorry for him—his ill-health—his loneliness too— Oh! but all the same, there was going to be tragedy if— Well, it is over. A terrible shock—and yet— Do you know that I always have had a sense that I am under the very special protection of Heaven!"

Let her run on. He had to stand it if he were ever to reach Flora again. And reach her he must now; now that he knew the certainty of her destitution, the fight she was going to have with life; knew that she might be safer after all, with him beside her if this she-devil really wasn't going to share her loot.

ANNETTE had provided for him the most epicurean of luncheons. The dining salon smelled of the roses that had been used lavishly for table decoration. He led the talk to the subject of his pressing need. Annette was asking exactly what he intended to do next, about life, about himself.

She listened sympathetically to his seemingly reluctant confession that he didn't know. What he had in mind in seeking her that morning was, secondary to apologizing for yesterday, that possibly she might be able to use her influence for him in the matter about which he had intended to approach her late husband.

These mendacious statements came to his lips with a readiness that surprised, and would have shamed him, had he not thought, "I would fight for Flora; die for her; can't I lie for her if I must?"

Annette doubted. What exactly was the nature of the recommendation he had hoped for? He invented immediately a situation and a non-existent business combine. She was very regretfully sure that she wouldn't be able to do anything. It was no doubt her poor Cecil's personal touch that might

A DOLLAR SIGN *Can be* MADE to LOOK

have assisted Mr. Court in obtaining the position he mentioned.

But she said, "You know—I want a secretary. I'm going to travel. A man would be useful to me where a woman wouldn't. I'm not the competent sort of woman who thinks she can do entirely without the advice and assistance of a man." She paused.

Into that pause were crammed things that were tremendous for him. He arranged his attitudes, his words. "Mrs. Towers! You've really taken me aback! Do you—of course it would be a wonderful privilege—do you suggest that I might be of service to you?"

"Why not?" she answered, dropping the words softly.

Andy was aware that he held the situation in his own hands. Only hesitation was a necessity if one was to hold one's ground with such a woman.

"But what would your plans be, Mrs. Towers?"

"I say to travel. I don't want to stay here any longer. The yacht can go back to—wherever my poor husband used to keep her. Perhaps I'll sell her. I don't know. What is a yacht worth?"

He did not know. How should he know—poor, untraveled, until so lately a London clerk? But he calculated adequately, "This yacht, Mrs. Towers, would probably fetch forty thousand pounds, if you found the right buyer."

Her eyes glittered. "Forty thousand pounds! Oh well, I'll see. That isn't the most pressing business, is it?"

Her eyes gleamed at him between their black lashes. "I'd pay you, Mr. Court, I suppose, about three hundred and fifty or four hundred pounds a year."

HE INTERRUPTED her with courteous gravity. "I don't like to—simply can't—bargain with such a charming lady, but—"

"Four hundred a year." She settled it quickly.

"I do appreciate your offer."

"You'll take it, of course?"

"I should be honored, Mrs. Towers, if—"

"If?"

"Where are you thinking of travelling?"

"I don't know." She gave the question superficial consideration. "I'm tired of the Mediterranean. I know North Africa—I mean the smart places, of course—and the French and Italian Riviera like a book. I'm sick of reading the book."

"You've been to the States, of course?"

"The States? Why, no!"

"You ought to go. You'd be such a triumphant success there!"

"What a wonderful summer you could have at Newport! Cross by liner, and let the yacht follow. She's an ocean-going vessel. You'd be a riot at Newport, Mrs. Towers."

"You've been there? You know?"

"As secretary to Lord Porthrock," he lied readily. A fictitious name that would please her with its sound. He had a moment's gratification in thinking, "You may imagine you read me, but I'm reading *you*."

"It would be an idea. Yes, I'd like to go to America."

"You've had so much trouble; you need a change. The City of Rome is sailing this week, I believe."

She began hedging about time in Paris for clothes. He waived that. "You'll lose the Newport season. And New York could supply any vital deficiencies—if there are any." His look flattered her.

Suddenly she said, "I'll go!"

It was too splendid for ready belief, but he knew she would go. She had many reasons for being sick of Europe.

"You'll wish me to make all arrangements for you at once?"

"I suppose so! But are you quite ready yourself?"

He placed himself at her mercy. "I haven't even a second shirt here to change into," he said.

"Why haven't you your baggage?"

"I left it in the hotel in Algiers." He smiled deprecatingly. "A man on his own doesn't much care what he gambles, you know. He can always make out somehow. I extended my holiday too long, and then I couldn't pay my bill, so I left my kit."

Annette could have cried, "How often I've had to do that!" But she didn't. Such things were behind her.

"I understand," she said. "We'll cable money. It can be sent to Marseilles, and be put on our boat there. We call there, don't we?"

"I'll make all enquiries and arrangements. You're really too good—"

"It's settled then?"

"If you feel happy about it all, dear lady."

"You've no ties—no difficulties to get over?"

"I had only my mother. She died three months ago."

A little later there was the slight jar of taking the substantial sum of money that she advanced him. Her manner was so much the manner of a patroness of men. But he took it and kissing her hand, he told her, "You've been very marvellous." The launch whisked him ashore where he was concerned with a dozen activities for the rest of the afternoon. In the evening he found a cheap café where he could dine alone and think of Flora.

ANNETTE, back in her long wicker chair, lazy as a cat, thought, "De-vine. He is de-vine!" And just as Potts brought tea she was told that Mr. William Haagen had come out to see her.

They did not speak of Flora at all.

"You in Naples!" said Annette.

"I'm on my way to Paris on business, and then I sail for the States from Cherbourg within a week."

"That's funny. I'm off on the City of Rome this week. Going to do a season in Newport. I'm sick of the Mediterranean. After all, why shouldn't I clear out and have a good time there, Haagen? No one at the other side of the Atlantic will know that poor old Cecil just died. After all, Haagen, what's the good of moping and grieving? Why shouldn't I—"

"My dear, enjoy yourself. You always do."

"Look me up in America, won't you? I'm going to have the yacht follow me across. Say, it's wonderful to have a real ocean going tub, isn't it?"

"I'll certainly look you up, Annette."

"Cos I'll be quite lonely by myself," she languished at him.

After all, why mention the acquisition of a male secretary? It was never her tactics to talk of one man to another.

"The charming Mrs. Towers will have lovers by the score," he replied.

"Always room for you, Haagen. But—you never did, did you?"

"I never did."

She would not speak of Flora, though she was highly curious, maliciously curious. What she thought was, "So Haagen's left her cold, too! She'll be surprised the world is treating her so rough!" But she never spoke of another woman to a man either.

BETTINE'S wits were all at work, and all her French shrewdness came to bear upon Flora's future. As they stood together on the pier at New York, after the Customs had passed their baggage, the maid ingratiatingly took upon herself the office of adviser. She shepherded her mistress to a taxicab saying, "Ritz-Carlton, mademoiselle, of course? For the moment, anyway?"

They had no reservations made. Bettine would, have pressed for these, on the boat, but had anticipated a struggle for economy from Flora were there time to think.

As for Monsieur Haagen, his responsibilities concerning them seemed to have ended when he saw them off at Naples, garnishing Flora's stateroom with sheaves of flowers.

"See, mademoiselle, it is essential for you to have a nice address. Let me attend to everything. I will not be too extravagant, knowing your anxieties. And we can move in a day or two if we must, to some smaller place."

Thus Bettine. They ascended therefore to one of the Ritz-Carlton's most charming suites.

Flora felt brilliantly alive, not tired at all. This abrupt transition was the temporary stimulant that, after her father's death and her lover's desertion, her shocked nerves needed. And there was no fear in her.

After an alarmingly expensive dinner served in her sitting room, Flora flung herself upon a couch while Bettine unpacked.

as SINISTER as a SCARLET LETTER



Annette was waking to the fact that she could adore Andy Court—he thrilled her! As usual, she faced the fact, boldly

Flora was reflected here and there in the mirrors about the room, and at these reflections Bettine glanced wisely. She herself felt more secure in their mutual future than did Flora, and she had no doubts as to the way life must develop.

She handled the clothes very delicately with all a Frenchwoman's affection. Monsieur Haagen knew! "Keep your wardrobe," he had said. The longer a woman held on to her personal delights, the longer she would wish to hold on. A most clever gentleman!

IN THE heat-misted morning the city still seemed enchanted to Flora. Its white façades glittered, rising up out of the faint haze as beautifully as they had at night. And languid with the heat, but stimulated by the determination to face the new life as soon as possible, Flora rose early.

It was of no use for Bettine to protest, "But, mademoiselle, if you really do go to seek an engagement, no one will be ready to see you yet. Not for hours and hours, mademoiselle."

"I don't know what to wear," said Flora, obliviously.

"The black chiffon, mademoiselle. Black is always so right."

They breakfasted mostly on some wonderful fruit which figured exorbitantly in the bill later. Bettine fussed about Flora, pouring her coffee, and telephoning imaginary complaints down to Room Service—"because one must not seem too easily pleased in this city, mademoiselle. One must make

oneself important. I have been here before so I know."

Bettine also urged, "Of course mademoiselle will hire herself a car with chauffeur?"

But Flora would have none of that. About twelve o'clock—Bettine having restrained her from going out earlier—she took a taxi to the address Haagen had given her.

Dream Garden was perhaps the best cabaret and supper place in New York at that moment. It was a roof, so large that it could provide space around each table. There were some alcove tables set all alone. The walls were silver, the soothingly dimmed lights gold-shrouded. The floor was perfect. Here, high above the white blaze and the eternal roar of Broadway, were glamour, comparative privacy, comparative coolness, and ingenious cooking.

Flora emerged into the cool spaces of Dream Garden, and saw Marcus, the clever Pole, directing the mural work of an artist, who was painting long green ripples of waves along the silver walls.

Marcus turned at Flora's entry, and the familiar "What the devil!" that was rising mechanically to his lips remained unspoken as he stared at her. [Continued on page 127]



B R A S S

*Men Are
Not the Only Ones
Who Dream of
Becoming Pirates*

been a champion wrestler, and for all his fat retained his sinews, and an unholy cold bloodedness which permitted him to break bones without scruple at first attack.

Three gangs, strangers to each other, made night hideous within the low rambling shack. They had all arrived during the day in a junk, a ketch, and an old brig, from three different directions. Their first meeting only resulted in their foregathering, and drinking in fellowship. Liquor had separated them into their rightful groups. A big Russian, who had tried to knife Kyung-Ito about noon, lay under six inches of sand down the beach, his back broken. There had been a pause in fighting talk after that, but it was beginning to get noisy again.

Kyung-Ito started his orchestra—three native fiddlers. And he brought out from his private apartments a dancing girl whose first appearance cut short the uproar.

Kyung-Ito hissed, and the girl whirled out upon the floor, a madcap.

IN A dim corner, beside a bamboo table, sat a man who belonged to neither gang. He had drifted ashore down coast from the settlement, alone in a ship's boat, starved, parched, ragged. So far as he knew he was the sole survivor of the steamer Rotana, abandoned sinking in Banda Sea. He had suffered during the drifting; but he had a money belt about his body with a few gold coins, and anybody could buy food and drink of Kyung-Ito if he had money.

Geoffrey Bingham was full fed and glowing with just enough liquor to have wiped out the memories of his ordeal. He had listened to the tall talk all afternoon, hoping to hear some word of sanity which would indicate perhaps a way out for him, a sheer castaway. Some of the talk had made him uneasy. He was not a brawler, though able to take care of himself.

He had about decided to slip out and find some soft, sandy spot for a bed, when Kyung-Ito sent his dancing girl whirling across the filthy floor.

Like magic the floor space was widened; men drew back—all except a gorillalike Swede, who swept aside two leering ruffians and set himself in front, where he could touch the girl as she danced past him.

Bingham's eyes glittered too. His had been a clean life,

A SOFT breeze blew down the beach, making the palms clash; half a dozen native craft swung lazily to anchor in the harbor; there was coolness after a blazing day. The native part of Ternate was sleepily at peace.

There was noise and terrific heat inside Kyung-Ito's thatched palace of pleasure, that had bloomed since the successful piracy of a steamer or two in the Banda and Celebes Seas had brought about a revival of profitable rascality.

Ternate, without being in any way sympathetic to the revival, found itself harboring queer characters, whose only point of contact was evil, whose only place of gathering was Kyung-Ito's dirty groggery.

Kyung-Ito was fat, lazy lidded, seemingly indolent; but his roughest patrons only tried their hands on him once. He had

KNUCKLES

By
CAPTAIN
DINGLE

Illustrations by
R. HOWELL RANSLEY



R. Howell Ransley

as sailors' lives go. For him there were two kinds of women, and this girl was startlingly of the other kind.

Painted she was—her lips were like a stab wound for redness—and her eyes and lips laughed a challenge. Yet Bingham saw beyond all that—he saw beyond Kyung-Ito's hissed command—he saw outraged decency, innocence made wise, stark terror not quite driven desperate, but right on the line. Moreover, she was a white girl—real white.

There had been much talk of a new, terribly efficient, white pirate making history in the islands. None here had actually met Gentleman Julius, but all knew of him. Mostly they spoke of him in awed tones, for his reputation called for awe. But the gorillalike Swede had got tired of hearing the praises of this unknown sung above his own blatant boasting. Any pirate who wore gloves, carried a cane, and dressed to match, promised to be easy victuals for a he-man. So the Swede had been proclaiming, when the dancing girl flashed across the murk of the place.

Bingham stole from the corner and waited outside at a rear window until the girl finished her first dance, and, panting, tried to go back to her room. He contrived to utter a word that reached her astonished ear above the hubbub.

"Carry on, kiddie! I'll get you out of here. Trust me!"

He slipped away into the darkness, knowing that the gorillalike Swede had seized the girl and taken her on his knee, bawling to Kyung-Ito to bring the girl a drink.

He knew, also, that she had caught his drift—that she wanted to believe him. He knew that hope flamed anew in her eyes, even while she was laughing down the Swede's too precipitous wooing.

BINGHAM had no very clear-cut idea as to how to make good his boast. Just before the girl was thrust forward to dance tall talk down, the hubbub had all centered around a stranded derelict somewhere down east of Ombi. At first there seemed to be no connection between this wreck and the Rotana, for the steamer had been abandoned sinking in the Banda Sea, and that reef east of Ombi was distant from where

Like magic the floor space widened—men drew back and began to lick their lips and to grin, while their eyes flashed signal fires of desire. For the dancing girl who whirled across that filthy floor was white

she was abandoned. But some of the dope sounded clear enough; especially a remark to the effect that Gentleman Julius was on his way to loot the steamer, and was first coming to Ternate to pick up a gang.

That the Rotana had found her way through reefs and shoals, past islands, from the Banda Sea to a reef east of Ombi was queer, but no queerer than a thousand other sea happenings in those mazy archipelagoes.

Bingham would have liked to cut in on the looting of his old ship, but that seemed wide of possibility at present. He had a real frenzy for that white dancing girl—a frenzy to haul her out from among that gang and give her a chance.



He wandered around the shack, seeking the shore. Voices came up from beachward, and he sank into the shadow of a sea grape while two men dragged up a boat and made their thirsty way to the bar. They grumbled as they blundered up the dark path.

"Like hell I'd stay aboard while all hands is shakin' a leg in here!"

"Let the brig watch herself, says I. What's to harm her, anyhow? Ain't everybody ashore out of every craft here?" the other man chimed in.

"It's a silly job, anyhow, waitin' here for this here Gentleman Julius. Why don't we go after the steamer ourselves, an—"

The cane blind fell behind them, and Bingham heard no more. But he had heard enough to give him an inspiration. A quick glance at the sashless window showed him the girl dancing again. He also saw Kyung-Ito ward off the Swede's attempt to grab the girl from the floor. For awhile she would be safe, simply because her master willed it so.

Bingham ran to the small, fat brig's jollyboat, and dragged it back to the water. The tide was full. In ten minutes he was alongside, in two more aboard the brig, and the boat lay to a short painter. Bingham was a sailorman from the toes up. That he had been third mate of the Rotana was nothing against him. That had been a job offering him a chance to get home for the first time in ten years. That the steamer had suddenly developed a leak, which defied steam

Although the deck was clear and sea birds fluttered in the sunshine, Bingham knew that the moment of battle was close. "Better go below, Myrna," he said, "things are going to warm up very soon!"

pumps, was a chance of the sea. That something had stopped the leak before she foundered was but another miracle of the wide waters.

Geoff Bingham was a sailor of sail when it came to a question of ready wit, resourcefulness, quick decision. He knew by the feel that the brig was deserted. He slipped aft and into the saloon like a ghost.

There he struck a match from his waterproof case and lit a lamp. As he made a swift survey of the cabins he still heard accented periods of that hellish honky-tonk ashore. But he rummaged with an expert eye, and in fifteen minutes he found the very last item in the outfit he lacked, and put it on. Then he stepped out on deck with an exaggerated swagger.

He dropped into the jollyboat, sculled to the beach, and hauled the boat up beyond tide mark.

Before going up to the bedlam that Kyung-Ito's now was, he closely examined by hand a thicket of canes until he found one having a natural crook. He cut that, and rubbed it in the sand, then polished it between two immense leaves of sea grape.

TWO minutes later there stepped upon the floor of Kyung-Ito's grogshop a dapper, newly shaved, white duck-clad stranger, wearing no headgear save his own curly hair, but sporting a natty cane and wearing white gloves.

"Haw, haw, das mus' be Yentleman Yulius his own self!" bawled the gorillalike Swede. The dancing girl on his knee was terrified.

At the Swede's table sprawled four hulking ruffians, leering at the frightened girl. All hands, even the girl, stared at the clean-looking stripling who entered so coolly.

"Step up and drink. I'm shouting," said Bingham sharply. His eyes flashed around the suffocating den. "That means you too, Squarehead!"

The shack held silence for the first time in hours. The girl peered at the newcomer as if eager to recognize him. Bingham tried to find a chance to send her one little eye-flicker, but could not be sure that he succeeded; for the Swede suddenly dumped her on the floor, lurched to his feet, facing Bingham. Kyung-Ito slid around the bar-end. The girl picked herself up, and went to the only untenanted spot there was, beside the seaward opening.

"Ay can take Yentleman Yulius apart und—"

The Swede moved as he spoke; but Bingham moved faster. He had formed his plan, and there was nothing allowed in it for hesitation. He stepped nimbly aside as the Swede advanced, stepped forward swiftly and his gloved fist hit the Swede once, on the chin. The Swede fell forward on his face, and lay without a quiver. Kyung-Ito's small black eyes almost opened wide.

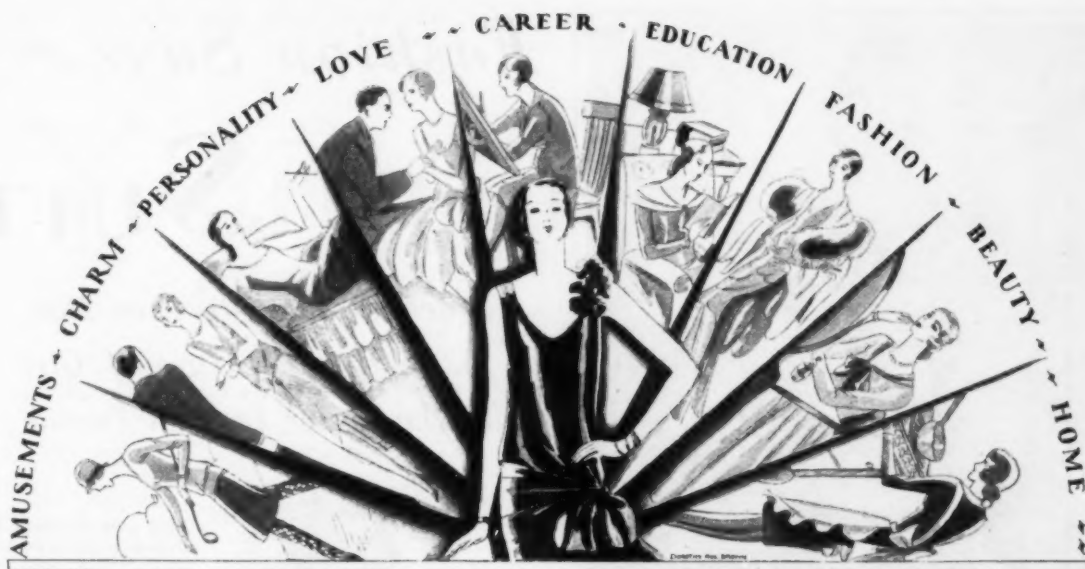
"Yumping Yimminy!" muttered the nearest crony in an awed voice.

"Gentleman Julius!" the murmur ran. Bingham daintily wiped off his gloves, stirred the Swede with a hesitant toe, and ordered quietly: "His jaw is broken, take him aboard his vessel. If anybody knows enough to set a jaw, better hop to it. He'll die otherwise."

Muttering, seven men picked up the Swede and bore him to the beach. Bingham watched them take the fallen gorilla off to the ketch. Sure of that, he returned to his play.

First he managed a quick whisper to the girl. Then he swung around to Kyung-Ito. "Who owns that brig? I'll need her to freight some stuff. I'm Gentleman Julius, if you have any doubts about it, and I'm taking that brig down east of Ombi tonight. Kyung, I need stores. And how about that drink I ordered for all hands?"

Kyung-Ito had seen that terrible blow that broke the Swede's jaw. Even he could never have done better than this clean, dapper stranger, who, if he really were Gentleman Julius, might be worth while cultivating. The girl slipped out while the proprietor set out liquor. [Continued on page 107]



Smart Set's Service Section

Edited by
Ruth Waterbury

A YEAR ago last December, SMART SET started a campaign advocating time off for shopping for the business girl.

An hour a day off, one day a week. That was our platform. That hour might be tacked on the lunch hour, or the girl might be permitted to arrive at her office an hour later than usual, or leave an hour earlier, once a week.

We didn't care how employers worked that out. But we did argue for shopping time for the working girl in the interests of her efficiency and economy.

Now, time having elapsed, we are beginning to see results. Letters have come in to us from all parts of the country, praising the plan wherever tried. Most of these letters have been from girls who have benefited thereby. Still, many an employer has written us, too, thanking us for the suggestion.

Just to show that we believe service begins at home, we put the shopping plan into practice in our own SMART SET offices.

What has happened has made us glad—with beautiful selfishness—that this magazine is run entirely by women.

For our young stenographers, book-keepers, and filing clerks have looked so smart, and been so well-groomed, and so generally good natured since the plan went into effect, we know that if there had been any men around the place, they

would have married those kids right from under our noses!

WHILE we are in the boasting business, we'd like to give a loud toot on the SMART SET horn for the way letters have been pouring in to Elinor Bailey Ward. All our service writers get much mail, but Mrs. Ward's letters have made the mailing room look like the land of the great snows.

If you are one of the multitude who have written in and haven't yet received your personal analysis from her, don't get discouraged. Your answer will come. The delay has been due to Mrs. Ward's not anticipating that she would be called upon to reply to several hundred letters daily and that is exactly the task that has confronted her.

But now we've fixed her up with a whole battery of blonde secretaries so that you will never be able to swamp her again.

WE HEARD a tragic story the other day that makes us want to start another campaign. It was an event that made one New York firm rescind its rule that no married girls could be among its employees.

This organization hired a telephone operator. She was young, charming,

with a voice that smiled, and quite the best operator the firm had ever had.

One day a fellow employee, passing, noticed the girl's pallor. In response to his query, the youngster made some remark about not feeling well.

The next day she was visibly upset and desperately making personal calls whenever she had a free wire. Questioned again, she stammered that she was calling the hospital to inquire about her kid sister.

Just as the office manager was about to tell her to go home and rest, a message came in. At the sound of it, the girl fainted.

Then the truth came out. The girl was not only married but a mother. It had not been a sister she had been in agony over, but her own year-old baby. And the baby had that moment died.

That girl wife had needed work. Confronted by a rule that might keep her jobless, she had lied. Later she had been afraid to confess.

Such rules seem to us entirely unjust. So some day we hope to start a fight about it—not a private fight but a nice public fight that everybody can join.

Equal wages for equal work—and a girl's right to her private life, regulated by her business life only as a man's is—on the basis of decency and common sense. That's going to be our campaign. Will you join us?

R. W.



Joel Feller

Nothing's wild this spring, but everything's certainly wooly. Chanel designed this most correct suit from blue basket-weave cloth. It has a gay little sleeveless blouse and a better basis for a clever girl's wardrobe couldn't be imagined. Sponsored by the Wool Institute

Courtesy of John Wanamaker

SUIT yourself. When I wrote that title at the head of this article I felt just too smart for any human use. "That's very good, Georgia," I said to myself. "Suit yourself. Shows all your bright readers that they ought to purchase suits, and also shows that they ought to dress their own moods and personalities. Honestly tells the spring style story in two words. It's really swell."

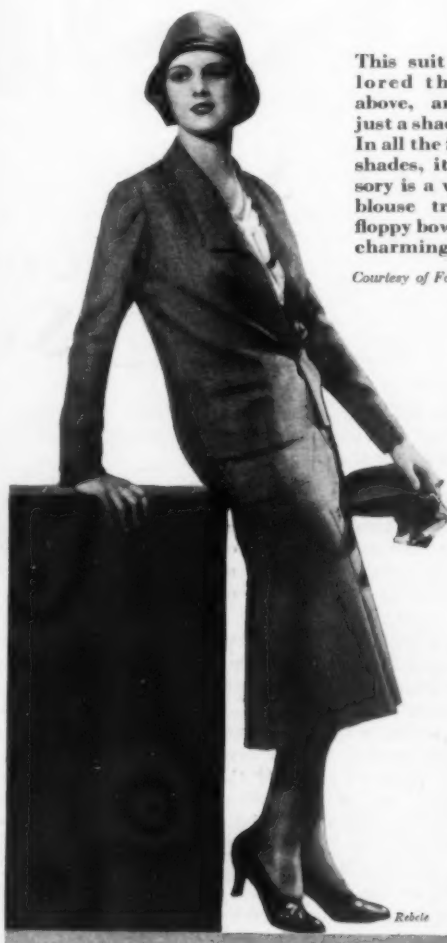
Well, I might have known I couldn't be that clever exclusively for next day no less than three leading New York newspapers popped out, using exactly the same title over various department store ads—which just goes to show!

Still and for all, that line does express something very important. I realize that the idea of advocating suits for spring is not the newest one in the world. It's been done for springs and springs. But this year it's all different!

One thing is the new prominence of woolen fabrics. I don't know whether that is due to the new inexpensiveness of silks—rayon and Bemberg being as lovely as they are for their very moderate prices, and when things get moderate they rarely stay smart—or whether it's just the new exquisiteness of this year's woolens.

Fashion Says ~ SUIT

*Practical Suggestions on How
to Be the Best Dressed Girl
in the Easter Fashion Parade*



Rebels

This suit is more tailored than the one above, and therefore just a shade less dressy. In all the favored tweed shades, its only accessory is a white-tuck-in blouse trimmed with floppy bows. \$29.50 and charmingly practical

Courtesy of Foremost Sportswear

But either way, woolen suits, coats and dresses for spring are infinitely smarter than silk ones, and the way they are tailored is enough to knock any bank account for a row of zeros.

Honestly, they are perfectly exquisite and I can't imagine anything more chic and practical for the average girl, either.

There I go again on that word "practical" but I can't help it. I try to dress smartly on as little as possible and I can't think of fashion in any other terms. You see so many over-dressed girls and women. I think there is less of it the last few years than ever before, but there's still enough left to

T YOURSELF

By

GEORGIA MASON

Short girls often prefer coats and dresses to straight suits. Here's a very clever canary-colored coat with a draped collar, leather belt and original button trimming

Courtesy of the Wool Institute



Rebelle

grumble about. And how I love grumbling!

Simplicity is always smartness and with a little clever shopping, simplicity can also be economy. And isn't it fun to save enough on one outfit to buy another? I think so.

Now woolens for all young women, except those who live far south of the Mason and Dixon line or southwest of the Rockies, will be wearable from now until June. They are so beautifully made they don't require much pressing. They very rarely have "lingerie" touches, so there's nothing to get easily soiled. They require few accessories—no fussy beads or



Just Peter

Now here is a dress coat as is a dress coat, with suave princess lines and a soft, rippling collar of black and white galyak fur. It is not to be casually worn but for formal dressing it has great distinction

A Wool Institute Model. Courtesy of McCreery & Co.

chains, thank you—but just a smart handbag—smart, plain pumps and the right hat—and you're dressed like an heiress.

This is equally true of both suits and dresses. They are quite unlike any woolens you have ever seen before. The fabrics are very soft in weave and very delicate in colorings. When you use the word "tailored" to describe their lines, it's rather inadequate. In one sense these woolens are tailored. Certainly they have a beautiful simplicity. But they are miles away from that old masculine harshness we used to associate with that term. This year's suits are as unlike the old spring suits as a lump of coal is unlike a diamond. Both coal and diamonds are the same substance but—

It comes down to this. When you look back upon your much older sisters, you realize that when they grew up, they had some fun about it. They put down their skirts and put up their hair, and became mysterious and glamorous almost at once. But when our generation grew up, our clothes weren't much different at eleven or sixteen. Most of us didn't change our hair in any way, except to cut it a little shorter. We never went through that phase of being mysteriously, alluringly feminine. We went tomboy, good sport-ish.



Here's one of those serviceable dresses to be worn with or without a coat, at work or at play. The dress with its natural waistline and full skirt is quite plain, but the embroidered sleeves add dash and color. In navy, black, raspberry, green or beige \$29.50

Courtesy of Park Lane Dresses

Roble

What appears to be a separate bolero is actually part of a one-piece dress of green flat crepe. The bolero is attached to the skirt at the back where it blouses gracefully. It is outlined by small green soutache motifs. Another \$29.50 buy

Courtesy of Pickwick Dress Co.



Roble

This is the first year in a good long while that girls can be girls, can be ladies or can be boys—and yet be equally correct. It does beat Big Sister's time in that we can be all three. Late spring and the entire summer will find sports clothes to the fore as conspicuously as ever—in fact, more so. From the advance showings I've seen, I know the beach clothes are going to be adorable and brief. Tennis clothes, golf clothes, all those things will retain their simple, short lines. That's the boyish mood.

Mornings and afternoons in town or at business comes the girlish influence and here the woollens step in. Suits and woolen dresses show vast variety. Plain suits and dresses, suits and dresses with capes, with bows, with little collars, with touches here and there. Definitely you can garb your every whim. Most definitely you must express your own personality.

The time and the place will have a marked influence on our skirt hems. Down they go, all day, until they touch the floor at night. From the informal sportswear, to the slightly formal woolen wear, you glide into the super-feminine, unbelievably romantic, silken evening clothes.

No danger of evening clothes looking like sports' frocks this season. And equally no danger of sports clothes looking like evening wear.

Each set of clothes must be different from each other set. But don't you get a thrill out of being so capricious, and feminine, and changeable, all by way of your wardrobe? I do.

My advice to the girl with the limited budget would be just this:

Decide, first, how much you're going in for sports. (You ought to go in for them, not alone on the basis of health. They really are the smartest thing both from the standpoint of the friends you make and the clothes you wear. Sports have just got to be in the modern girl's scheme of things—if Elinor Bailey Ward doesn't mind my telling you so.)

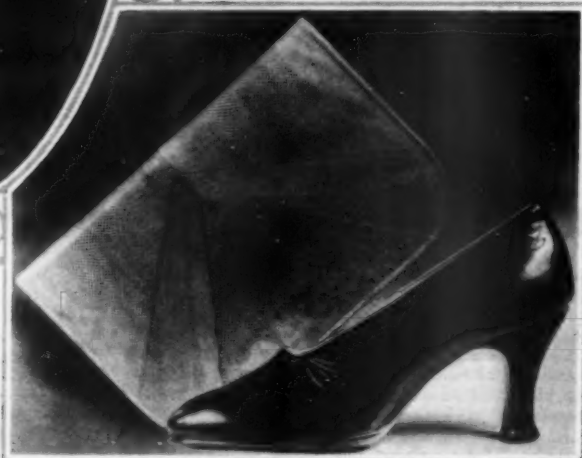
If you only go in for sports moderately, wait until June or July to stock up on the right clothes, but do save aside some money for them if you do nothing but sit on the beach while others swim, or watch while others serve tennis balls.

Next figure out just how many dresses and coats you must have to be well dressed. You'll probably discover that you need lots less than you fancy. If you shop well, one dress or suit will do the work of ten carelessly assembled costumes.

Tall, slim girls should choose suits without

You'll need a snakeskin purse with your spring outfit, and for more formal afternoon occasions you'll find this opera pump with its contrasted kid appliquéd trimming an effective complement to your ensemble. Purse, \$10.75; Shoes, \$5.00

Purse, Courtesy of Michel, Makis and Fellman; Shoes, Courtesy of A. S. Beck



Roble

Follow Georgia Mason's Shopping Tips Each Month and You'll Save a Third of Your Usual Clothes Cost

hesitation. Take whichever model you like best, add enough blouses for everlasting freshness of appearance, get the right hat—it should have a brim this spring—the right shoes and purse—and you are dressed for months.

Shorter girls will do better to choose tailored, one-piece woolen dresses. Follow the rest of the advice in the paragraph preceding. Add a fur scarf in either case, if you can afford it. It's a good touch.

ALLOW yourself some money for evening clothes. The amount depends upon your social life. I know girls outside of New York do not dress formally as often as the young lady of Manhattan—but most of us do need an occasional dinner and dancing frock, no matter how casually we go about. Besides it's a shame to cheat ourselves out of the perfectly delectable frocks for evening this year. I don't see how we are ever to get a chance to look and feel more romantic, or swish about more. They make you feel like a princess at her first ball.

Any extra money you've got put into hats, shoes, gloves, bags and lingerie, with the emphasis on the hats.

With that planned out, learn your hem lengths. Here they are: Two to four inches below the knee for sports' wear.

Fifteen inches from the ground for woolens, tweeds and such.

Ten inches from the ground for tea gowns (if you wear those fancy things).

Ankle length for dinner gowns or dancing frocks.

Right down to the floor for evening frocks such as you wear at Princess Blankblank's reception.

IN MY selection this month I've tried to choose models which illustrated these tendencies pretty well. I didn't show you any evening clothes because I know you will be wanting to buy those later in April, when the first spring brides appear, or in June for wedding, graduation and prom dates.

Note particularly the three models I chose from the Wool Institute's show held in New York. I do not recommend that you buy these three models—the smart suit and the
[Continued on page 116]



Robe

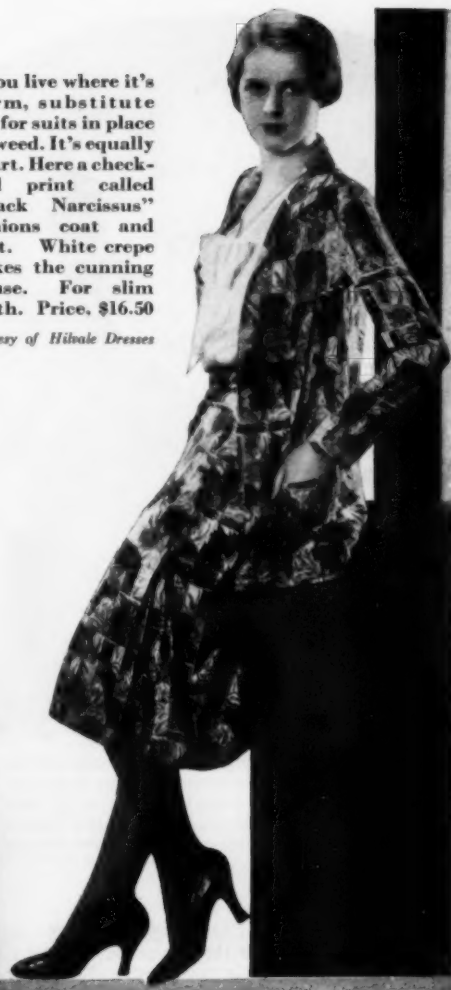


Two evening slippers in the Fifth Avenue manner. The first, white moiré, trimmed with gold and silver kid, the other, silver brocade, banded with gold and silver. Price for either pair, \$5.00

Courtesy A. S. Beck

If you live where it's warm, substitute silk for suits in place of tweed. It's equally smart. Here a checkered print called "Black Narcissus" fashions coat and skirt. White crepe makes the cunning blouse. For slim youth. Price, \$16.50

Courtesy of Hibale Dresses



Rebels

You must have a cape costume if you want to prove you know all this spring's fashion rules. This one's delightfully girlish and inexpensive. Skirt and cape of dahlia flat crepe, blouse of white crepe printed with tiny dahlia flowers. Yours for \$29.50

Courtesy Pickwick Dresses

Write Miss Mason at Smart Set If You Want Personal Advice on Fashion Problems. She Knows All the Answers



Most girls are eternal experimenters when it comes to cosmetics. But most information about beauty products is very vague. Here's definite, authoritative information to help you make the right choice

FOR a long time I've thought somebody ought to report new cosmetics as they come out on the market. (I'm one of those little angels who always hopes the other fellow will do the work.) But nobody has told about new beauty aids—and there are more of them daily. So, finally, driven to it, I've decided to break down and tell all. I'm sure thousands of other girls must have suffered the bewilderment I feel when I go up to a department or drug store counter, see rows upon rows of the most delightful look-



A manicure kit with excellent liquid polish, put out by Coty, for \$5.00. It assures you of unlimited better-than-professional manicures

The TRUTH

ANNOUNCING~

*A New Department of
Service for Every Girl*

ing preparations, read the miraculous promises of their labels—and yet find myself unable to learn anything about them without spending two or three dollars in experimentation.

Now the old days of the cosmetic "racket" are quite dead. The Government is very stringent in its laws regarding harmful ingredients. The better advertising agencies will not exploit products they hold worthless—no matter how profitable.

Moreover, every good magazine, including this one dedicated to young women—has its rigid censorship on beauty advertising. So a girl may be assured that most preparations are what they claim to be.

But, granting the purity of the average article, there are still factors that make one product agreeable to one girl and disagreeable to another. Some of us like light creams. Some of us can't abide them. Various fragrances are important.

I REMEMBER some years ago a friend of mine—a chemist—created a new soap. He sent me a package of it, asking for my opinion. Using it, I felt it to be a very superior soap—but it had to me an unpleasant scent.

That soap went on the market. Strangely enough, stores soon found that most men liked the smell of it. But no women did. The soap was a failure, since most cosmetic buyers are women.

It's just such things that I want to tell you monthly. Most girls today use cosmetics. (The ones who don't are raving beauties, or in love, or something strange like that.) Yet for all the advertising and chatter, there is certainly a vast silence about which product is which and why girls buy it.

Hereafter I'll put the news of the beauty world after my regular article on some phase of beauty care. This month I wanted to take all this space to tell you about the department,



This is Yardley's new "all purpose" cream, scented with lavender. \$1.50. The jar deserves a beauty prize

ABOUT COSMETICS

BY MARY LEE

and assure you that I'll be glad to answer letters on any product you want to know about and advise you definitely as to which I believe best for your particular problem.

What I'm really attempting is to "review" cosmetics as a critic reviews books or movies.

The critic doesn't go into a lot of dull stuff concerning what the books and plays are made of, but he does tell what they're like, whether they do what they claim they'll do, and whether they're worth the price.

So, hereafter, I'll give you my personal reaction to the new products as they come out—and a review of some of the old ones. And I do hope you'll write and tell me if it's being of aid to you.

Now to get down to it:

In the lower left hand corner of page 64 you'll see a photograph of Coty's new manicuring kit. You know Coty's powders and rouges, of course. But Coty going into the manicure trade is pretty new. This manicure kit retails for five dollars—they have a smaller one for four dollars I believe—and while this may seem steep for finger finishes, I think you'll find it an economy in the end.

The outer box is a heavy orange cardboard, covered with an amusing design of nail buffers in gold and black. The interior is simply swell. It has a fitted manicure tray of lovely bakelite—it's removable—containing liquid polish, polish solvent, cuticle remover, manicure cream, nail white, emery boards, a nail file that really does file, cotton, orange wood sticks—these last two in a glass tube—and a nail brush. The liquid polish is really slick and doesn't have that sickish odor so many of them possess.



Hudnut's DuBarry line is very smartly packaged. The skin freshener and the cleansing cream are particularly slick

Opposite the Coty kit, observe the jar of Yardley's "all purpose" cream. The Yardley company is that old English firm that was going strong when the Prince of Wales' great grandfather was a little boy. This cream has all that old English solidity.

In fact, I think it has a bit too much solidity. The chemical idea behind it is, that while it is light enough to be a cleansing cream, it is heavy enough to be a nourishing one. Of course, this is all a matter of the personal equation. Personally, I find it so heavy it is hard to handle. But its lavender fragrance is grand and the little jar, itself, would be an ornament to any dressing table. I've used it quite a bit as a hand cream and I unreservedly recommend it for that.

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DRESSING TABLE BLUES

SO MANY girls suffer from them so needlessly—since Mary Lee can help you cure them all. Skin troubles? She's written a booklet of advice on that subject. Diet and Reducing? She has a booklet on that, too. Or do you want individual advice on special problems—the hair, the eyes, the hands, becoming colors? Write Miss Lee at SMART SET. Don't forget the stamped, addressed envelope please

YOU'VE probably been hearing about the Hudnut DuBarry line over the radio.

Their packages are swanky as can be. All the bottles are long, slim things with smart glass stripes down their sides. The corks are covered with old rose and tied with gray-blue bows. And the stuff inside is *tres* good. I particularly like their skin freshener and cleansing cream.

As a matter of fact, I keep both of them in my office so that I can dash to our tiny dressing room in the late afternoon and polish the toil of the day from my countenance. I find this tones up my whole skin and I'm sure you'd find two minutes a day, so expended, worth your while.

Finally, for real cleansing, look at Yardley's bath bowl. If you adore hot baths, you'll find this a real blessing. The bowl is the cutest wooden affair that goes bobbing around in your tub with you. Full to the brim with most gorgeous soap—creamy and softly scented. You get a little brush with the bowl to work the soap into your skin. Sounds rough, but isn't! It's really grand! This is another five dollar product, but there's soap enough to keep you clean till Christmas.

If you want to make cleanliness really swell, try Yardley's bath bowl of delightful soap plus a small skin brush. The soap lasts months. \$5.00



LET'S GO TO A

*It's a Glamorous Experience for
the Girl Who Would Be Smart*



Seen at Germaine Lecomte's—an evening gown of lemon yellow taffeta with bolero and skirt lined with taffeta in palest green and gir-dle made of green velvet pressed into leaf patterns. The perfect gown for a lyric mood



At Cyber's Miss Miller selected this deceitful afternoon dress of blue crêpe de Chine. Why deceitful? Well, the bow down the front is really a continuation of back panels

PARIS Spring Openings! You've heard about these all your young lives, of course. But, oh, what a thrill it is for me to be right here on the scene to describe them to you. For although I've lived in Paris so many seasons, I'm still an American girl myself, born and bred. So when I see the new clothes I see them with your eyes and know, more or less accurately, what you will and what you won't accept.

How I wish you could all be here. For spring in Paris, for a woman, is simply one of the loveliest experiences possible. The whole city seems to pause, waiting and palpitant, like a young debutante on the eve of her first ball.

The corner markets on the Boulevard are heaped high with great, golden bunches of narcissus. The little old flower women move among them, selling glorious bouquets to every passer-by.

The vivid contrast between the antique and the modern world is everywhere—the very aged, exquisite French buildings, the very new motor cars, the very exquisite modern French women. The Rue de la Paix glitters in the pale, lemon sunshine. It is late March and the very air seems to tingle with excitement. For Paris is staging its annual show!

Inside the great dressmaking houses there is the hushed suspense of



Sketches by
FANNY FERN
FITZWATER



Three frills used in two ways. On the blouse they go sedately down the front. On the dress in the lower sketch they frame the face; they edge the waist and yoke the skirt

PARIS OPENING

By
DORA LOUES MILLER

(Smart Set's American Correspondent in France)

a theater just before the curtain rises. The most beautiful girls stand prepared to model the gowns that the best designing brains in the world have created. The settings are ready! The lights are focused!

Outside, the buyers and the fashion writers, with their very exclusive cards of admission clutched in their hands, wait for the doors to swing back. I can't tell you how proud and happy it makes me, knowing I am admitted to these houses just to report the mode for you SMART SET girls back home.

IF YOU could have stepped inside with me, these past few weeks, I'm sure you would have wanted almost everything you saw. For the new mode is as beautiful as the season itself. In fact, both colors and lines are a frank imitation of springtime. The lines are soft and swaying, the colors are the gentle, young pastels of early April in the country.

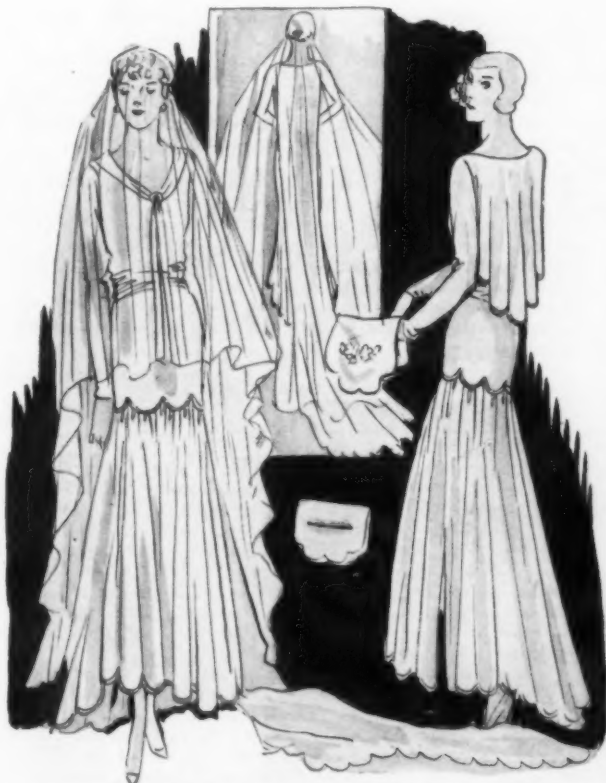
I saw soft greens, blues and yellows, the daintiest pinks, the many deepening shades of green. These with black and white, and the shades of brown make up the color scale of the next few months. "No middle shades," Fashion seems to be saying and offers either soft, delicate tones or deep, dark colors.

Those colors were the first things I noticed. Next I observed that while prints are with us again, particularly in small, conservative patterns, they are outnumbered by the plain fabrics.

I saw more woollens than I have seen shown in spring [Continued on page 113]



When is a coat not a coat? Answer—this year when it has a cape. And it must have a cape to be really smart. This little model is of gray crêpe de Chine



For the most important gown in any girl's life, Molyneux chooses the most luxurious fabric—white velvet. Both bride and bridesmaid wear it, but the bride's train is left off the other gown and a muff substituted for her veil



A double cross made worth while on a black and white silk and wool dress from Tollman, trimmed with collar and cuffs of white faille and very tiny jet buttons

The Party of the Month

APRIL SHOWERS

By

Edward Longstreth

Illustrations by L. T. HOLTON



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A Game for the End of APRIL

Can you think of more than four words in English, in addition to the word April, which end in "ril"?

For each word in the list below, there is a word ending in "ril" that can be fairly substituted. If you can't guess them you will find them listed on page 101.

1. danger
2. olfactory orifice
3. tendon
4. set at hazard

Copyright, 1930, by Edward Longstreth

NOW that the April and June brides have set the date and are standing confidently on the threshold of married life—poor innocents—their friends will begin to throw shower parties for them.

Perhaps it is a harmless tradition, yet sometimes a practical shower smacks of revenge. Possibly it is a sort of reprisal for afternoons spent watching the bride-elect bending over her Hope Chest, dragging out and flaunting items of her trousseau.

But so long as girls decide to become brides, and their friends want to spoil their dreams of living happily ever after by giving them omens and portents in the shape of kitchen utensils, china and brushes, just so long will the shower party be in high demand.

As a matter of fact, it has been in demand so long now that familiar ways of showering a girl friend are mostly all wet, and new ways are hard to find.

It is too floppy just to gather a crowd together and have them hand the gifts to the guest of honor and then file in for a session of bridge. If the shower is not featured, there is a sense of futility and disappointment about the whole thing. A shower party ought to be fun.

The ideal shower is one in which all those who bring gifts find themselves involved in a scheme which gives them something to do, and yet focuses the whole event on the person

showered—the guest of honor. The Ultra Modern Shower does just that.

The decorations of the Ultra Modern Shower should be gold and silver combined with dark blue, or black, or cerise.

The sandwiches and other refreshments may have odd geometrical shapes, and the table on which they are served may be crossed with geometrical patterns in colored papers.

THE invitations are written in lines crossing or meeting at angles in a bizarre way. The guest is cautioned to be promptly on time and given a word or two of instruction. Thus she gets in advance the impression that something new is on foot and arrives at the party in a pleasantly expectant mood.

The idea of a treasure hunt adapts itself perfectly to such an occasion. Preparation for it must be made in advance and the instruction given in the invitation is brief, perhaps something like this:

"Plan a treasure hunting clue,
Write it down and bring with you,
All the house will hiding do."

It is, of course, perfectly permissible to write doggerel that is worse than the above (if you could possibly write worse).

Each guest arrives with her gift wrapped up, her name and some word of greeting to the guest of honor enclosed. She also brings her treasure hunting clue all written down and ready for use. Having been forewarned in the invitation, each guest has planned in advance where in the house she will conceal her gift. (The hostess may, of course, place certain restrictions in the invitation and rule out of bounds such places as the kitchen and maid's room.)

A simple sample of a clue in cipher such as the guest brings with her, would be one which reads "Hey diddle, diddle, etc., etc." This is an easy clue to the fact that the gift is concealed, as the last line of the Mother Goose rhyme would suggest, somewhere among the dishes or spoons.

As the guests arrive at this shower party, they are told to go hide their gifts, one at a time, while all the other guests are [Continued on page 101]



To keep a bridal shower from being all wet, hide the gifts in quaint places, as under Uncle Ebenezer's bed, for instance

Why let your room be drab and dreary? Paint will work miracles. You don't have to be an artist. And painting's more darn fun!

Pepping Up with Paint



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Your Own Room

By

ETHEL LEWIS

WHEN the spring of the year comes around there is always an inner urge to do something about the house—to make slip covers or new curtains, to repaper the guest room, or to repaint an old chair. If that urge is really strong, make the most of it and your own room will profit thereby.

Decide just what needs doing first, and in which direction to apply this spring energy.

There is so much that can be done with a paint brush, even by the greatest novice, that that seems an excellent starting place. Moreover, it is fun! I believe that nearly every one likes to dabble in paint and to see a shabby old piece of furniture come out looking like new. So let us get out the brushes, the turpentine, the brightly colored paints and the shellac.

You can do over the whole room if you are really ambitious, or you can paint just one little stand, if that is as far as your painting spirit will take you.

First, the walls. Perhaps you need a new wallpaper—one of these very smart modern designs that blends so nicely with what you already have, even though you think your furniture is somewhat nondescript. Or it may be that a quaint little Colonial paper will add to the spirit of the room and make it more charming.

In either case, the

**SMART
SET
SERVICE**

woodwork, including the doors, must be painted to harmonize with the paper. Sometimes we select for the woodwork a tone that exactly matches the paper. Occasionally we use one that is a little deeper, but it is only when we want something quite different and unusual that we use a strongly contrasting color.

If your Colonial paper has an ivory background and a floral design including a soft blue, then the woodwork can all be painted to match that tone of blue. Of course, it makes the trim of windows and doors seem unduly important, but in this particular case, that is a decorative asset.

With a modern paper which is almost plain, except for slight shadings, repeating the deepest tone for the woodwork will give you more of a contrast, while the middle tone is the one to use if you want it to be inconspicuous.

Be very careful to see that your woodwork is just right, for if there is any amount of it, it becomes one of the most important decorative items in the whole room.

A painted wall is never such a problem, for then the trim is usually the same tone as the wall. For fabric walls, or walls of rough texture, special kinds of woodwork are needed, so we will not stop to [Cont. on page 106]



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Got an attic with an inferiority complex? Build in chests under the eaves. Open up the old chimney flue. Dress with inexpensive, painted furniture—and look. A paradise, that's all!

SMART
SET
SERVICE



The customer is always right. The voice with the smile wins. Silly mottos just to hang on the office wall? Try to violate them and get anyplace these days

"Is Mr. Jones In?"

*Many a Business Girl Has Been
Made or Broken on Her Manner
of Answering That Simple Question*

ONCE in an office of the great Standard Oil Company, a shabbily dressed, inconspicuous little man approached the new clerk in the reception room. "I'm Mr. Jones," he said. "I'd like to see the first vice-president."

This request, coming from such an unprepossessing looking individual, seemed to the young clerk almost an effrontery. Nevertheless she received him with the utmost graciousness and carried word to the vice-president that "A Mr. Jones is asking for you."

To her great surprise the vice-president said, "Show Mr. Jones in at once. We are waiting for him to call the directors' meeting to order."

Now this Mr. Jones was one of those wealthy old gentlemen of the type who is proud of his odd appearance. Yet because of this Mr. Jones had met with a lot of discourtesy, and he was so pleased with the young clerk's manners he asked for her services on all his personal work thereafter.

GOOD manners are the greatest asset a business woman can have today. Any high grade firm is willing to pay well for them. It is the courteous girl who is chosen to sit at the reception room desk, where the stranger gets his first impression of the firm. It is the stenographer who can be depended upon to be courteous in any situation who becomes the vice-president's secretary.

"It's the girl with the pleasant manner who gets the job," said the manager of the largest employment agency in the world, when I asked him about this matter. "When a prospective employer can see at a glance that a girl is obviously well-mannered, he knows she will be a definite asset to his

Says

HELEN
HATHAWAY

organization. Of course, she must produce the goods in order to hold the job. No one wants a typist who can't type or a filing clerk who has never seen the inside of a filing case. But it is her pleasant way of approaching others, her pleasing voice, her agreeable manner that first puts her on the pay roll."

The superintendent of one of the largest hospitals in the country says it is the nurse with the pleasantest man-

ner who is in demand for the best private cases, and who becomes head nurse on her floor.

All of which proves just one thing! Manners in any business or profession pay—and pay handsomely!

The higher type the firm, the higher type its courtesy. The firm of J. P. Morgan & Company, which probably handles more of the world's wealth than any other firm in the world, puts courtesy on a par with honesty, and discharges a girl as quickly for petty rudeness as for petty theft.

Good firms expect courtesy not only to clients but to fellow employees. The manager of a large restaurant in New York once told me, "I have just discharged one of our most attractive hostesses. Her manner to the public was faultless, but she was rude to the waitresses who worked under her."

Good business manners are shown in the very tone of voice in which the operator says, "Good morning, this is Brown and Company," or, "Number please." A rasping telephone voice that can be heard all over the office disturbs every one as well as antagonizing the person who is calling.

It is bad manners to use the office phone for personal calls during business hours. If a girl doesn't know this herself, she deserves to be told so by her employer. Few employers object to short, infrequent personal calls [Continued on page 117]

A Straightforward Talk to Independent Girls with Dependent Families

SMART
SET
SERVICE



Why double duty for daughters? Many families expect girls who work at business all day to work all evening at home

The Courage of Your Own Career

By

HELEN WOODWARD

THIS article is for the girl who finds her career blocked by her family. Either the family has one idea about what she ought to do and she has another, or the family is more or less dependent on her.

There is the girl in the small town who wants to go away to a big city, while her family wants her to stay at home. Unless somebody is ill or helpless, the wise girl will go where she can make a good living, because in that way she can help her family better than she can by staying at home and obeying orders.

Of course, as I said in an earlier article, she must not go to a big city unless she has sufficient funds to live on for a couple of months, while she is looking for a job.

THEN there is the girl who wants to become an artist, while her mother wants her to become a bookkeeper. There are few artists who make a good living, and even fewer real geniuses. Before you give up the certainty of a good job, make sure that your drawing is acceptable to critics or to buyers of art work. The really great artist will find her way to her work regardless of opposition about her.

In some ways the girl who would like to be a clerk, but whose family insists on making of her a great musician or painter, is worse off.

Unfortunately, parents see their children through the eyes of dreams. The mother, who wanted to be a singer when she was young, finds comfort in the thought that her daughter will sing instead; and sometimes she forces her to try to

accomplish that dream when there is no hope of success. It takes courage to refuse to live up to such expectations.

But the most serious situation, on the whole, is that of the girl who has to support her family. It is amazing how many girls in the United States help support their families—and this means not only husbands and children, but mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers. Apparently such a girl is no worse off than a man who supports a family, but in reality she is. In the first place she is not getting as much pay as a man would for the same work and in the second place, she does not get the consideration at home which a man gets.

A girl works hard in an office all day and uses her pay envelope for the rent. Yet when she comes home she washes out her stockings and underwear and usually helps with the cooking on Sunday morning.

A MAN, on the other hand never thinks of helping with housework or laundry. Nobody expects him to.

A woman who supports her family should be treated at home and in her office like a man who supports his children. She should get the same money at the office and the same consideration at home.

To be sure, the girl who supports members of her family is, usually, of such a disposition that she gets pleasure out of being helpful, but she should be sure that she is helping and not harming.

Take the case of Mabel Dakin for instance. She was an excellent business woman who had [Continued on page 115]

The HOUSE PARTY MURDER

By
Shirley Seifert

Illustrations by H. M. BONNELL

*Here is the Whole
Story—the Mystery
and the Solution*

THE week-end was spoiled for Mary Lou when she discovered that the Glenhaven cottage was closed, the gas and electricity cut off, and Mrs. Yawley, the housekeeper, among the missing. It mattered not a bit that Mrs. Yawley's nephew had just been murdered, nor that a young woman had also been found dead in the village a week before. Mary Lou was characteristically intent upon securing her own comfort.

Jake Hopper, the old gardener, let us into the house, and Mary Lou immediately phoned to her husband, James Forbes. He promised to come down from Philadelphia at once so that we need not stay there alone. Mary Lou's mother, Jane, was somewhere on the way and we had to wait for her.

A similar call brought Henry Croft, the wealthy bachelor friend of Jamie's, who had lent this cottage to my pretty half-



sister for her week-end party. With his arrival the week-end was spoiled for me—because I recognized him at once as Joseph Leoni—the man I had known and loved in Italy seven years before.

That affair had ended tragically for me—when I discovered that marriage played no part in his plans for our future. The only tangible evidence of that experience was a costly string of carnelian beads that I always wore—and a piece of property in Perugia, Italy, which Joseph Leoni had deeded to me in such a way that I could not return it.

His first glimpse of me undoubtedly spoiled the week-end for him. He had had no means of knowing that Mrs. Forbes' sister "Deedie" would be the Edith Rockford he had known.

I promised that I would not reveal what our past relationship had been, but I broke that promise the next day when I found that under cover of his friendship for Jamie, Henry Croft was making love to Mary Lou.

She was terribly upset when I told her my tale and insisted on wearing my carnelian beads that night, when we went to play cards at the Fordyces', leaving Mr. Croft at home.

Had I known that she planned to steal back melodramatically to confront Croft with her new knowledge, using the beads as evidence, I should never have let her have them.

AS SOON as I missed Mary Lou I went after her. What with two recent murders in the neighborhood, and the knowledge that some one had been watching every move we made since our arrival, I was afraid.

Just as I reached the steps leading to the Croft cottage



Mary Lou came tearing hysterically down the path. She stumbled and fell headlong into my arms, and it was some minutes before I could make out that Henry Croft had been drinking and she had had to struggle to get away from him.

When I quieted her, and persuaded her to come back to Fordyces with me, we discovered that she had lost my carnelian beads. They had always seemed unlucky omens and before that horrible night was over they seemed doubly so, for we returned to the cottage to find Henry Croft dead—murdered—in his own library—and the ill-fated beads were in his hand!

Of course, the usual police investigations had to be gone through with, and I think I should have gone out of my mind with grief and worry had it not been for the moral support of Richard Burley, the assistant state's attorney, whom I had met only a short time before. With us it had been a case of love at first sight—and in all the turmoil that followed I was thankful many times over that he had come into my life just when he did.

THE next morning at the coroner's investigation every one in the village who might possibly shed any light on the latest murder was cross examined mercilessly—the neighbors—Mrs. Yawley, the housekeeper—Jake Hopper, the old gardener—even his daughter Elizabeth, who was brought in to swear to her father's alibi.

I thought my heart would stop altogether when the coroner's jury filed in with their grim verdict—

"We find that the deceased, Henry Croft, came to his death

The old man was livid with rage. He shook his clinched fist at his daughter. "You never had any goings-on with Bennie Colcutt? You daughter of Jezebel!" he screamed. "You dare tell me that . . . now?"

on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1929, from a blow on the right temple, caused by an unidentified weapon presumably in the hands of one, Mary Louise Forbes, at Glenhaven on the twenty-fifth at or about ten-thirty p.m."

I wasn't sure that I understood.

"Edith! Edith!" whispered James fiercely. "Help me!"

Mary Lou had fainted.

WE CARRIED her to a table in the coroner's private office. That good man himself worked over her, brought her to, but only to a state of babbling incoherence. She didn't know what was going on. She didn't even recognize Jamie.

The coroner stood back and fingered his watch chain. He was as nervous as the rest of us for some reason.

"Complete nervous collapse," he pronounced. "I should advise the hospital at once."

So in a room on the second floor of a private hospital at Wynford, Mary Lou was put to bed.

"Sedatives for the present and complete quiet. As much sleep as possible," said the doctor. "She's a strong girl. She ought to rally."

"Rally to what?" I might have asked—I who had been known to think that it would set the world straight if Mary Lou were ever punished for her folly!

Even Jane was distraught.

"What shall we do, Edith? Where can we go?" she asked.
"We'll stay right here," I said, "as close to Mary Lou as possible."

Wynford was a place of at least ten thousand inhabitants. There must be good hotels.

"But the people!" said Jane. "We are so conspicuous!"
"The people don't matter," I told her. "All that matters now is Mary Lou."

But other people in the world did matter to me. Otherwise I should not have flushed and trembled when a messenger came a few moments later, with a note, asking me to return with the bearer, if possible, to the office of the state's attorney.

I told Jamie what was in the note, and his reply was a bitter—"Give him my regards."

"Jamie, don't be unfair! Last night the police would have arrested Mary Lou except for Richard Burley's intervention. He even offered to ask his release from this case on the plea of friendship with the parties involved. I asked him to stay on. I thought it better to have a friend in his position than a stranger. I still think that."

"Well, we'll see how good a friend he proves to be!"

He was a little unreasonable it seemed to me, even though I know his deep hurt. I hoped he would never learn how near Mary Lou had come to betraying him. Held to her side by her possible need of him at any moment. Jamie was hurt to the point of madness.

MEANWHILE, Richard's messenger waited on a bench near the desk in the office of the hospital. As I came out from the reception room, he arose and I recognized him as Mr. McElhinney, the keen, dark-eyed policeman whom I had seen twice before this. Only he was not in uniform.

"We're going to Mr. Burley's private office," explained my guide.

This was in an old frame house, bravely painted in white with green trim. It stood flush with the street, but walled enclosures that might be gardens flanked it on both sides.

A plump, cheerful woman in a white Hoover house-apron ushered us in. Mr. Burley was dictating to his secretary, she said, and would call us the minute he was through. Mr. McElhinney and I sat down on chairs done in glazed chintz covers, as prim and starchy as Victorian petticoats.

In about ten minutes a girl, hatless, wrapped in a loose coat, went out with a big pile of notebooks under her arm.

In a moment Richard appeared.

"Hello," he said to both of us. "Come in, will you?"

The policeman entered the office with me. Richard placed a chair for me and sat down with his back to an old secretary desk.

For a moment he said nothing, just looked at me; but I thought I understood. He was appealing to me to understand his formal handling of my share in this case.

"I asked to see you for several reasons," he said finally. "In the first place, because you have shown complete willingness to co-operate by giving full and free testimony on this case—you have told us everything you know, haven't you?"

He darted one of his quick, penetrating glances at me. "Everything," I said.

"Then we think you are entitled to know the full details of the situation as the police have reported it." He reached back to the desk and took up some sheets of paper. "Will you read the report, or shall I sum it up for you?"

"You tell me, please," I said.

"Well, then, when Sergeant Wylie came at your call last night, he discovered Croft, lying back in his chair with the chain of carnelian in his grasp and his face discolored from a violent blow on the right temple. The medical examiner,

arriving just before twelve, said he had been dead at least an hour, perhaps a bit longer. The room was in violent disorder. One arm chair was upset with the leg broken off—the leg that you saw in the coroner's court this morning. A glass carafe lay at his feet on the hearth, broken. It had contained brandy but had been empty for some time. The carafe was quite dry but faintly discolored and faintly smelling. The room was dark, as you and Bob Fiske noticed. The candles, however, may have been extinguished by the wind from the open doors."

"Oh!" I said. "Then the doors were still open when the policemen came?"

"Yes." Richard's frown deepened. "When Wylie intimated that they might have been closed, he was trying to be clever. The door was open and the candles were extinguished. As I say, that fact may have been due to the wind, though one candle had fallen on its side at the base of its holder. Your sister's replies to questioning and the rest of the evidence you know."

I sighed softly. This was tending somewhere. Richard raised his tired eyes and looked at me again, but there was a veil between us.

"I've talked to the coroner's jury since the inquest," he said, "and they, together with all but one of the police officers making the report, inferred from the evidence that Croft was dead when your sister left the room. Their reasoning is, that if he had not been dead or disabled, he would have done one of two things. He would have tried to follow her, or he would have closed the doors against the wind before he went back to sit down."

"Their hypothesis is that your sister killed him when she came to the house, for reasons probably concealed from you. They think she has not given a completely true story."

"But the beads!" I said. "How did they come to be broken? Her neck was cut where they had been pulled off! She couldn't have done that."

"In the instant that Croft became aware of her intention he might have made a defensive movement, and caught hold of the beads."

"No," I said. "No! Mary Lou couldn't have hurt anybody that way!"

"But you see," said Richard, "how the jury reasoned."

"And they didn't think anything of the missing bead?" I asked.

"They said, 'Likely she still has that!' Could they be right?"

"No. I was with her every minute from the time that she came out of the house. I helped her undress. She didn't have it."

"Well, you have that to start on—that and the fact that a coroner's verdict is in no sense a conviction, not even a formal indictment. That waits on the meeting of the grand jury."

"We'll know who's guilty before that time," I said.

"I hope so."

"Listen!" I cried. "He could have been killed just after she left the room. She wouldn't have seen or known, because she ran so. I could hardly stop her. He wouldn't have had time to get to the doors or to close them."

"That," said Richard seriously, "presupposes the presence of some one else in the house."

"Yes, yes!"

"It would have to be a person familiar with the house and the ways of getting into it, since we have no evidence of any one breaking in. Jake Hopper and Mrs.

Yawley both have water-tight alibis. There are, then, only the members of your party. Did you lock the porch door when you left for the Fordyce?"

"Yes," I answered. "Robert Fiske had the key in his pocket."

For a moment the Richard I loved broke through in a smile.

"I've done the only thing I could do to help you," he said. "Mr. McElhinney is the only one of the policemen who says that Mrs. Forbes could not have killed Croft. Mr. McElhinney is an unusual officer of the law. He's a student in the extension department at Yale—"

Self-Consciousness Can Be Overcome!

Says one of America's
most famous psychol-
ogists in an extremely
helpful and interest-
ing article in the

MAY SMART SET



Jamie knew moments of madness as he sat brooding beside the white, still figure of Mary Lou. He wondered whether that figure would ever move again

I turned and put out my hand gratefully to the young man. "We have arranged that Mr. McElhinney should go into plain clothes and have assigned him to the task of completing the evidence on this case," said Richard.

"I thought you would like to go back to Glenhaven to look about. And so," he said, "I've detailed Mr. McElhinney to go with you. You are at liberty to search the premises in his company. I'm sorry I can't go myself, but I am held here for a while and I thought you'd be impatient."

"I hope you'll get some sleep," I dared to say and was rewarded by seeing him startled clear out of his legal aplomb.

MR. McELHINNEY held the door of the study open. I preceded him decorously, but when we reached the entryway, I said abruptly, "Wait just a minute!" and I went back. I found Richard sitting at his desk, staring into space.

"Richard!" I said. "Richard, there is something desperately important which, in defiance of legal etiquette, I must tell you!"

"What's that?"

"I love you—awfully," I said.

And before he could reach me, I had rejoined Mr. McElhinney. I stopped at the hospital to tell Jane where I was going.

"How can you bear to go back to that dreadful place?" she said.

"Well," I evaded, "somebody has to go back to pack our clothes, if for no other reason."

So I left her believing that I would get all our possessions together and have them brought over to Wynford.

By noon we were on the road. Mr. McElhinney produced a box of lunch and I devoured my share with surprising appetite.

When we reached Glenhaven there were people on the sea wall looking up and pointing to the place. Across the way I thought I saw Mrs. Wilson in her white skirt and blue sweater.

"Mr. McElhinney," I said, "it seems strange that nobody saw anything happen at this house last night. Couldn't or wouldn't the neighbors furnish any evidence?"

"Nobody seems to have been out or looking this way," he said. "Of course inquiries were made."

"It's like a bad dream," I remarked.

"I know it must be to you," said the young man sympathetically. "But it will come out all right. I'm sure of that."

"It must," I echoed. "It must come out right. Let's go in the back way. Shall we?"

[Continued on page 130]

By and About Women



"ONE of the great troubles with our young people today is their lack of respect for authority and law. . . . They want to kiss their way through life."—*Samuel Insull.*

"A MAN can enjoy being made fun of; a woman cannot."—*D. L. Ghilchek.*

"WOMEN generally get the best of everything. The jewels, the adornments, the extravagances of life are largely for them. American men yield to them their homage and their pocketbooks."—*Charles Evans Hughes.*

"LOVE is so evasive
To wishing child of man
That only God's great compass
Can trace where it has been."
—*Final stanza in Edith Rockefeller McCormick's latest love song.*

"THE new silhouette is more educated. It has personality. A woman may look like an individuality in it."—*Jacques Worth, Parisian couturier.*

"I BELIEVE I am as little vain as any actress in Hollywood."—*Clara Bow.*

"THIS is what makes progress—man trying to satisfy woman."—*Anne Ellis.*

"WHEN I went to college the girls looked like hour glasses with shoes; now they look like sacks with legs."—*Booth Tarkington.*

"IT SEEMS to be a positive obsession with the average man to marry a girl who is too young and unsophisticated to 'understand'—and then go off and hunt up a woman who *isn't*—to relieve the boredom."—*Helen Rowland.*

"THE symptoms of love," says a Munich doctor, "are indubitable. The eye is blurred, the face becomes pale, the heart palpitates, sleep is irregular, and the sufferer loses weight." "Yeah, doc, but good lands! Look how the poor simp enjoys it."—*Macon Telegraph.*

"MR. COOLIDGE and I are particularly fond of pets and had not been married long when we decided that we must have a cat."—*Grace Coolidge.*

"I ALWAYS look on the dark side of everything."—*Marilyn Miller.*

"THERE'S nothin' smart about winnin' a girl. Shakin' one is the real test."—*Abe Martin's Town Pump by Kin Hubbard.*

"YOU find two married persons faced with the important problem of getting an evening out. But the problem really is to get an evening out without letting the other one get it too. The result is that they spend the evening in boredom, consoled only by the knowledge that the other is equally bored."—*Bertrand Russell.*

"HAPPINESS in marriage is a growing, living thing. Boredom is rare for the glamour remains because of the very fact that women are women."—*John Cowper Powys.*



"WHILE a girl, she is a curse to her parents; and when married, she is a burden to her husband."—*Paul K. Whang on Chinese women.*

"WHEN we go camping we must keep the place neat. We must be very careful to put out our fire. This is God's country. Don't burn it up and make it look like Hell."—*From schoolgirl's essay in a Montana Paper.*

"MEN are vain, but they won't mind women's working so long as they get smaller salaries for the same jobs."—*Irvin Cobb.*

"WOMEN are getting dumber as they grow smarter."—*Mary Garden.*

"I DON'T want to be a sheik on the screen. I don't want to be one of those men who wink at women, and take them away from other men. I would feel so foolish."—*Maurice Chevalier.*

"MONOGAMY is not the spirit of the age. I'm a modern girl. I don't believe any girl should be tied to one man all her life."—*Mrs. Hattie Byrnes, aged 19, arraigned for bigamy.*

"IF YOU are to have birth control on a large scale, you will have to add to your lunatic asylums for mothers."—*Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, England's most prominent mental specialist.*

"AMERICAN advertising writers use the supreme subtlety. They employ the feminine methods of indirectness to whet buyer appetite."—*Forrest Wilson in "Rich Brat."*

"NEW YORKERS will stand for anything but a woman in the subway."—*W. W. Scott in Life.*

"THE tendency in women's clothes is toward trousers or knickerbockers. To them, freedom of the knees is of more immediate importance than freedom of the seas."—*International Ladies Garment Workers Union.*

"AS I say, it matters little whether men or women have the more brains; all we women need to do to exert our proper influence is just to use all the brains we have."—*Dr. Florence Rena Sabin.*

"IT'S a wise man who knows his own stenographer when she is a brunette in the morning and a blonde in the afternoon."—*N. Y. American.*

"EVEN very beautiful legs are far more attractive if too much of them does not show. In this case suggestion is better than revelation."—*Gertrude Lawrence.*



"LOAF like a man. Women will never have achieved emancipation until they can relax, at ease, with their feet higher than their heads."—*Dr. Olga Stastny*

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In Hollywood alone, of the 521 important actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. And all of the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms, as well as 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York.

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When you write to advertisers please mention SMART SET MAGAZINE

Nothing But The Truth

[Continued from page 35]

"Speedin', I suppose," somebody hazarded and the group dissolved, irresolutely but surely, under the officer's scowl.

"You ought to tell me your name, you know," the young man began. "I don't see how you can expect me to believe—"

"Nor anybody else," the policeman interrupted. "an' if you're going to lose your nerve on this, I'm not. The lady can tell her name up at Headquarters, see?"

The young man frowned and stiffened.

"Easy does it, officer—easy does it," he warned. "You can't complain if I don't, can you?"

"Hub!" said the policeman.

"Maybe she *did* chuck a cigarette in here. She looks all right to me. I mean, I don't think she *talks* like a thief, exactly. Suppose I call up the number she says she can give?"

"Suppose nothing," said the policeman disgustedly, "are you giving this girl in charge or aren't you? What's the idea? Do I stand here all day while you call up phoney numbers? Say, where's your license, anyway? Maybe you're in this thing!"

Jinny stared eagerly at the young man, who looked at her with a new interest. Gosh, she was pretty!

He drew a leather case out of his pocket, his eyes still on her face.

"Here's my driving license; here's my passport and photograph; here's my keys, and here—" he pulled out a bill—"here's a little remembrance for a good scout. I hope it's not illegal or anything, is it? You certainly did a good job, all right."

"Thank you, sir," said the policeman. "That's all right. But I certainly think—"

"Yes, I know," said the young man, "see here, my dear girl, if you're on the level, I'm sorry you got into this jam, and if you're not, for Pete's sake, don't ever do this sort of thing again, child. You're much too nice! Now, beat it!"

He pulled the door wider and Jinny, scarlet and shaking, slipped out. She raised the grateful blue eyes in Manhattan to his, but all she could say was, "Oh, thank you—thanks awfully!"

ACROSS the street and into the side door of the big department store she flew, hardly daring to breathe until the crowd of shopping women swallowed her up.

The relief was so intense that for a moment she could only be thankful, but too swiftly remembrance returned. Her car!

Stumbling against the current of the crowd, she made her way to the front door of the shop, and moved toward the curb, to take the first taxi that went by. No use to try to keep it from Father. She was too tired and excited to be able to plan anything by herself. Scanning the Avenue, her eye slipped to the further corner and rested on—no! Not her Buick! It couldn't be!

But it was! Parked quietly, (around the block and back again it must have gone!) the friendly little coupé sat there, waiting, all alone.

"How—how did—who put that car there?" she demanded of the doorman.

"Oh, is that your car, miss?" he answered. "It's all right then. I was watching out. There was a fire 'round the corner, see, and the chief had it towed 'round. He figured you'd inquire inside, see, and we was warned at all the doors. It couldn't be helped. He ordered the street cleared both sides of that corner. I hope you weren't scared it was stolen!"

"Of course I was," she said good-naturedly. "Who wouldn't be?" She started for the car, then halted, baffled! Gosh! Her keys! Stuck in the lock they were, in *that man's* car!

She stamped her foot on the public pavement. It was too much. Had he kept them, or had that pig of a policeman pocketed them? Was she to hunt for the policeman and ask him for her keys? He'd arrest her surely, then! She imagined his face.

"Just watch it for me, will you?" she asked weakly. "I—I have to go back and— and telephone."

"Sure, sure I will," said the doorman, touching his hat smartly, and Jinny dashed into a telephone booth.

Expecting the well known, gruff, paternal, "Yes, what is it? I'm very busy, my dear!" she was surprised at the sympathetic quality of her father's voice.

"Ah, Jinny dear, that you? I suppose you're wanting your keys."

"Why, Father, how did you—"

"McGee's here with them. He's very sorry. He called the house, but you weren't in, then. I suppose you came back? He

thought he could take them to you wherever you were. It's all wrong—he's too careless, and I told your mother so."

"V—yes, indeed, Father. Thank you. Will you let me speak to McGee, please?"

He was trusty, McGee was. He'd never let Father know she'd taken the car out without her driving papers! Besides, he ought to have left the keys, and well he knew it.

"Yes, Miss Jinny, yes, I will. Right away. I'll be there in ten minutes. Sure, Miss Jinny."

Well, don't scold him. Remember the fix you were in, fifteen minutes ago! Gosh, you'd better be grateful, Jinny G.!

DRIVING soberly home (for she couldn't tackle Father this morning, she couldn't really!) she passed (though neither of them knew it) the dark young man in the faun-colored Fedora hat.

His eyes were on the traffic, but his mind was occupied with two bright blue eyes, surprisingly framed in a warm, bronze skin—a telling combination, any way you look at it. Well, he wasn't likely to forget her!

How many kinds of a fool had he been? Ten to one, she was just what the officer had thought—a slick operator. But she was so scared—All acting, probably! But she talked just like a girl you'd know—So could an actress, couldn't she? But her clothes were simple, but just right—Heavens, all women dressed alike, in New York, didn't they?

She certainly didn't try to make any date with him, just slipped away—But naturally, she would, wouldn't she, if she *had* been in bad? Why should she give him a chance to get her number? But a nice girl would have done that, too, in case that story of hers was straight—What an ass you are, Jerry! How could your car be on fire, all alone, there? Forget it, I tell you, forget it!

He parked in front of his club and pulled off the seat cushion to get at the extra pipe he kept in the tool chest. He liked that pipe, and he intended to smoke it in quiet and think the whole thing over. A rag dropped out from behind the seat cushion. He looked straight at the ugly, brownish hole, with charred edges. As he stared at it, he saw beside it a limp, broken cigarette.

"Holy mackerel! It *did* catch!" he muttered. "What do you know?"

Seizing the damp little rag he opened it carefully. It was a fine, scalloped handkerchief, burned through in the center, with a forget-me-not blue edge and a name, Ginevra, delicately embroidered across one corner.

He drew a long breath.

"That kid was on the level! Absolutely on the level! I knew it!" he stated aloud, and closing the car hastily he dashed up into his club.

There, to his great delight, sat Old Heffy, making up his date-book, as usual. When Old Heffy wasn't dancing at teas, he was ushering at weddings, and he knew every available girl in Manhattan, Westchester County and Long Island, which Jerry didn't, being a hard worker and not too fond of dancing.

"Know any girls named Ginevra?" Jerry asked him abruptly.

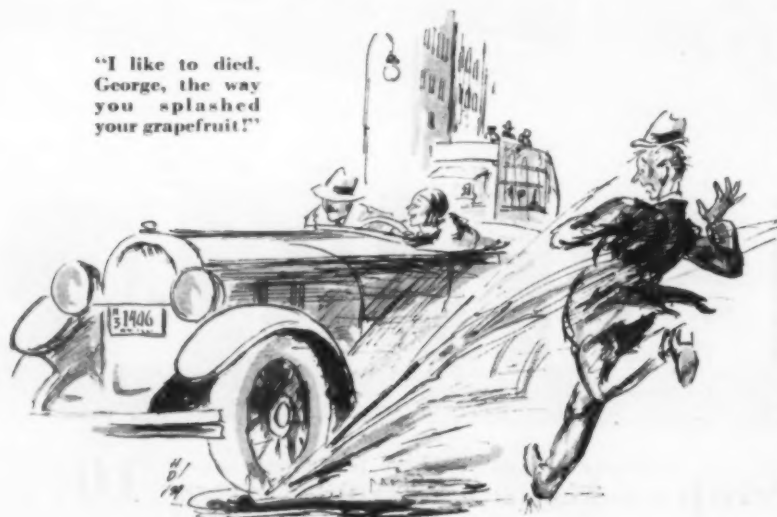
Old Heffy shook his head.

"Ask me another," he said. "Won't Genevieve do? Because I could help you out, there."

"No, thanks."

"Sorry," said Old Heffy, and went back to his date-book, from which he looked up suddenly.

"Except Jinny Harrison," he said, "but you know her, of course. Blue eyes. Bronze





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skin. No nonsense. Winter sports and all that."

Jerry's heart leaped up, but he shook his head craftily.

"Oh, no, I know *her*," he said easily. "It must be somebody else. Thanks, all the same, Heffy."

ONE of the greatest advantages of the Social Register, as opposed to the Telephone Book, is that each member of the family is listed there, and thus it was that Jinny found herself at one end of the telephone, at lunch time, staring into the transmitter as though it could bite her.

"But I don't know any Jerry Armstrong," she said nervously. Something in that voice, straightforward, jaunty, self-possessed—where had she heard it, lately? Not—not *him*! Impossible! That was over, thank goodness.

"Don't you? Think!" said the voice persuasively. "Anyway, I know *you*, and I have some keys of yours, and I thought you'd like to have them."

"Oh!"

"Yes. You do remember, then?"

"But how did you—"

"I found your handkerchief and the cigarette. I'm awfully obliged to you, and naturally, I want to apologize—"

"Oh, that's all right," she said stiffly, "although," with a flash of temper, "I think you should!"

"Oh, come now, my dear girl! How was I to know? You must admit—" there was a little laugh in his voice. Sort of dumb-bell he thought she was, did he? Probably he'd make a good story out of it!

"I admit that it would have been wiser if I had driven on, and let the whole thing go, undoubtedly!"

Silence. Then his voice again.

"See here, all this isn't getting us anywhere—can't I see you? Be a sport and say yes!"

"I can't quite see why we should get anywhere. Really, I'm afraid I must go, now. Good-by."

She hung up the receiver and went in to luncheon.

"Who on earth was that?" her mother asked curiously. This was odd, for Mother never barged in very much.

"A—a Mr. Armstrong," she said, flushing.

"He's—he's rather tiresome."

After dinner that night her father asked her to come into the library a moment.

"What's all this about Armstrong?" he asked abruptly. But his eyes twinkled and he put his arm around her.

"Armstrong! Why, what do you mean? What Armstrong?"

"Now, now, now!" he said. "Don't drag me into it! Especially as I don't want to fight. I think he's far and away the best of the lot, Jin. You've made no mistake there. Worth a dozen of these tangoists."

"But, Father, really, I don't see—I mean I don't know—" she caught herself up—couldn't say that, exactly—"I mean, I hardly know him!"

"Well, well, it's none of my affair," he said. "Anyway, here are your keys."

He held them out. She stared, confused.

"I see you know him well enough for that," he said slyly.

"But—but that was different," she began weakly. How much did Father know? She must find out.

"Did he tell you—"

"He didn't tell me anything," said Father patiently. "He just looked in at the office with the keys, that's all. He said you didn't seem to want to see him, just now. I told him that when he'd lived in the house with two women as long as I had, he'd learn to wait till the row blew over. He said that was his idea."

"Oh! He did, did he?"

"I don't pretend to keep up with these things," Father went on, "but your mother seems to think he's the one, and—"

"Mother! Why, Mother never even—" she gulped.

"She doesn't place him, exactly. She tells me—"

"(I should think not! She never saw him!" Jinny thought angrily.)

"—but she could tell by your voice, she says, when you had the row over the 'phone!"

(Oh, she could, could she? For heaven's sake! If they only knew!)

"Father, I assure you that I never expect to see Mr. Armstrong again!"

There. That ought to do it!

Her father looked straight at her.

"I'm sorry for that, Jin, if it's true. I like him very much. And I'm not so easy to fool, my dear. He's all right, that boy, and his family's all right, and his job's all right. Don't make any mistake."

"Good heavens, Father, you don't understand! I've hardly—I mean, I scarcely—why it's all too ridiculous!"

"Well, you know best," Father said, resignedly. "You're twenty-three, Ginevra, and things are very different from what they were in our day, of course. Everybody knew everybody that came to the house, in those days. But I don't know your friends, my dear. Your mother always said you could be trusted, when it came to—the one, and I thought this was it—from what he told me."

"I think you're all raving mad," she said, and her eyes were narrow, blue slits, "simply—raving—mad!"

"Well, never mind," he answered uncomfortably. "I suppose you won't mind, though, if he comes in tomorrow evening? He understands, of course, that we don't have a regular dinner on Sunday. He must have been here, though I don't seem to place him. He wants to clear this row up, whatever it is, and I think he ought to have a chance. These things happen, you know. We all know that. You don't really mind seeing him, do you, Jin?"

"Oh, no," she said in a flat, vague voice.

ON SUNDAY, at a quarter before seven, she came into the drawing-room where he sat alone. He was much handsomer without his hat. So, for that matter, was Jinny. Her powder-blue chiffon frock and turquoise earrings did marvels for her eyes.

"We might as well have this out, Mr. Armstrong," she said, meeting his eyes straight and trying to ignore the admiration in them. "What did you tell Father?"

"Nothing but the truth," he said. "Nothing. Only you'll have to say 'Jerry' won't you? You see, I called you, 'Jinny.' I had to."

"May I ask why?"

"Because if I didn't, he'd know I didn't know you as well as I want him to think I do, you see!"

"I suppose I've nothing to say about it?"

There are ways and ways of saying things, and this sentence wasn't so crushing as it sounds—what with the turquoise earrings and the smile she couldn't help.

"We-ell," he said, "in a way, no! I've simply got to know you, you see! And you threw me down so, over the 'phone, and I hadn't even told you what a sport you were about the car—you understand?"

"You weren't so bad, yourself," she admitted generously. "Honestly, yesterday was the most terrible day of my life!"

"I know. It must have been pretty bad for a while, there—"

He took her hands.

"You don't mind if they think we're old friends, do you, Jinny?" he begged. "Because, then, I thought pretty soon we would be, and then—and then—"

"And then?" she repeated, almost unconsciously. Her natural commonsense told her that this was dangerous, if she meant nothing by it, for this Jerry Armstrong was a violently direct young man and his eyes were very, very near her own.

"Why, then—" he said, low and deeply, all of a sudden, "then, Jinny, we—"

His eyes left hers, suddenly, and his face changed. He drew away from her suddenly. There was a step behind them.

"Why, then, we would be, I mean," he explained, in a light, sensible voice.

"I—I think perhaps we are—already, Jerry," she said and looked over her shoulder at her mother approaching.

"You remember Jerry, don't you, Mother?" she said.



"Horace, we never have nice conversations like we had before we were married."

"All right, it's a fine day, isn't it? Now you say something."

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You will be delighted to find how quickly Listerine overcomes ordinary cases of loose dandruff. When dandruff persists, consult your physician as the condition may require expert attention. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



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April Fool!

[Continued from page 50]

Day, the joke is on him, but does not come under this classification and will be discussed later under the head of "Other Jokes." A nice mild cold can generally be given any normal young man by exposing him to frequent draughts, or by hiding his hat, umbrella and rubbers on a rainy day.

IN CASE one lives in California, or other climates where rain is said to be comparatively infrequent, the same effect can be obtained by pushing the young gentleman into a lake or convenient river, although in these cases it must be remembered, no matter what the temptation, that a terrific cold in the head and not drowning is the real objective.

In any case, as soon as the victim is quite miserable, the process of sympathetic nursing should at once set in, and by the time he has been cured there is a very good chance that love will have taken the place of handkerchiefs.

In case a mere cold has not been effective, it is now possible to purchase germs of several of the more attractive diseases at any drug store, and with a few million germs (the germs for home use come in attractive

little bottles of 1,000,000 each) and a good hypodermic needle it is quite easy to send your caller away with a rollicking case of typhoid fever or rickets.

Of course, if the young man seriously objects to having a needle thrust unexpectedly into his arm, while he is at the piano or eating soup, he can usually be won over by explaining that you want to play a game called "Hypodermic Needle" which is all the rage in society and he is "It."

As soon as he comes down with the disease which you have selected you proceed to nurse him back to health, and out of gratitude he falls in love and proposes. You accept—he buys you a diamond ring—he arranges for a wedding and a honeymoon—and then, on April first, you tell him it was all a joke. Nothing could be more laughable.

SOME girls, however, prefer to carry the joke into the next stage which is known as "matrimony." In this prank a girl actually marries the young man who is in love with her, and it is usually only after several months that he finds out that the joke is on him.

This is even funnier than the "engagement" joke because the joker is aided in many states by our divorce laws and is thus able to prolong the jest over several years.

And then matrimony, in itself, offers so many fertile fields for humor that it is strongly recommended to all girls just for that reason alone.

For example, the "budget" joke, based on the fact that young husbands are in the habit of making out for their wives what is called a "budget"—which is supposed to give the little girl an idea as to just how much she is to spend during the year for food, rent, candy, clothes, hats, ink, white mice, etc.

The joke comes on April First when the wife says to her husband, "Darling, guess what."

The husband replies, "What?"

The wife says, "The most wonderful thing has happened."

He says, "Yes?"

She says, "You know that budget we made out last year?"

He says, "Yes."

"You'll be very proud of me," she continues, "I haven't spent a cent more than you said I could."

"Thank God!" he cries, and gives her a big kiss. And then she smiles very sweetly and says "April Fool" and hands him a large handful of bills. This particular joke really is a "wow."

Or take the "Leo" joke. On the First of April, when your husband comes home from work, you should greet him effusively. "Sit down, dear," you should say, "and let me get you a highball."

And then just as soon as he is comfortably seated in front of the fire you should place yourself in his lap and give him a kiss.

"My wonderful husband," you should exclaim—to which he replies, "My darling wife."

"To think," you should continue, "that I could ever look at any other man."

"Do you really love me?" he asks.

"Of course I do," you reply.

"And you don't care about any one else?" he breathes happily.

"Nobody in creation," you reply.

"Nobody?" he asks.

"Nobody," you reply.

"Oh, my darling," he cries, "you have made me the happiest man in the world!" And at that there is a cough in the nearby clothes closet.

"What was that?" asks the husband, instantly suspicious.

"April Fool," you shout gleefully. "That's Leo."

And as the husband tears open the door of the closet, out steps Leo, as big as life and twice as natural.

THEN there are, of course, the "Other Jokes," some of which I have suggested. These do not necessarily depend upon one's being married to the victim, and include, among the more standard varieties, the "Giving Poison instead of Aspirin" joke, the "Airplane" joke (in which, of course, the parachute fails to open), the "Blindman's Buff on top of the Woolworth Building" joke, and the "Whisky Made Out of Dunhill Lighter Fluid" joke.

Any one of these is good for a hearty laugh at the expense of the person upon whom it is played and this year, as I have said, the joke, in the majority of cases, is one which a woman can play just as well as a man.

Better, in fact!



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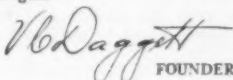
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Canapes and All a
Girl Needs to Make
Good Ones Is a
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Common Sense*

By
MABEL CLAIRE



'Helen you certainly shake a mean canape! Will you marry me?'

THERE'S one food delicacy any girl can prepare, even if she's not kitchen broke enough to know the difference between a frying pan and a butcher knife.

That's a canape and I don't mean something that goes over your head either. (You shouldn't pronounce it that way, anyhow. It's ca-na-pay with the accent on the last syllable.)

Canapes are those morsels which are served as appetizers before dinner, or luncheon, or as very smart refreshments in the evening. They lend an air of sophistication and make an occasion out of what might otherwise be just another party. And yet for all that, they are as simple and inexpensive as a button on a coat.

THE canape is passed to the guests just before dinner or luncheon is served, and usually with liquid refreshments. At these hours the canape should be eaten with the fingers and plates are unnecessary.

Small cocktail napkins or the new, very gayly colored paper napkins may be served with them if the guests are sitting. If guests are standing about waiting for their meal, a napkin becomes just a silly nuisance.

For late evening suppers, the canape should be served as hors d'oeuvres are usually served; that is with a plate and fork and, of course, with a napkin to go under the plate. For such suppers, canapes are smart and not so hackneyed as the commonplace serving of cake or sandwiches. They are best served with drinks that are not too sweet and—important note—most men gobble them down delightedly.

The foundation for the canape is usually toasted bread or toasted crackers. There are several prepared crackers on the market that

simplify things for you just as there are quite a few prepared butters and pastes ready for spreading.

The caviaretti is one of the nicest of these prepared crackers. It is a diamond shape and has a raised edge to hold the filling. As its name implies, it is generally supposed to hold caviar, but you don't need to let that frighten you. It can just as well hold anchovies or peanut butter or other mixtures.

Anchovy paste is one of the nicest prepared fillings, but there are numerous others, and if you want to treat yourself to a good time, go to your best local delicatessen and prowling about among the small canned goods. You'll get many a suggestion there that will make your mouth water, and make your friends wonder where you got so food-wise.

CAVIAR is by far the smartest canape. If you just must impress somebody—old Aunt Minnie, who may remember you in her will, or the best hostess in town, or some similar celebrity—caviar is your dish. It is expensive and yet in the larger cities the ten-cent stores carry tiny jars of it—and one of these tiny jars might be enough to make a good impression. For larger parties, of course, you had better buy it by the pound or half pound, and remember, that the imported Russian variety is better than the domestic brands.

The next smartest and very delicious canapes are made with anchovies. You can use the anchovies plain, in paste form, or combined with other ingredients.

One final point and I'll give you some recipes. A tactful hostess will also remember that tastes vary. Most canapes have a fish base—as witness the caviar and anchovy listed above—but there are many persons [Continued on page 129]

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This charm of a smart figure is one that is easy—actually easy—for millions of women to achieve. The important thing to remember is that the diet must be wisely and safely planned.

Haven't you known many girls who, after dieting a few days, complained of dizziness, of headaches, of listlessness? Who frequently lost their color and sometimes became seriously ill?

The trouble is that most reducing diets lack roughage. Without roughage, improper elimination inevitably occurs. Its poisons sweep through the entire system, undermining health and destroying beauty.

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In addition, it contains iron which helps prevent anemia and also brings the glorious color of health to cheeks and lips.

Eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN regularly and avoid the unsatisfactory, and sometimes dangerous, pills and drugs. You will enjoy the many ways it can be eaten without adding many calories. Soaked in fruit juices, with milk, in clear soups, on salads. Cook it in bran muffins, breads, omelettes. In these foods, important vitamins help balance the diet. ALL-BRAN is recommended by dietitians.

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Today's Virtue

[Continued from page 31]

I—I loved him, there has been no one else. But—Dr. Edwards, you must help me—you must—what am I to do?"

He misunderstood her. He said abruptly, rising from his desk, "I cannot help you. The ethics of my profession forbid it. You have come to the wrong man. Two courses, as far as I am concerned, are open to you. One is that you marry Powell. The other—"

"The other?" she asked breathlessly. "Is too difficult. Few women," said Edwards, "have the strength of character to undertake it."

Pamela rose. Coming close to him, looking up at him as he towered over her, a very tall, lean man, she said, "I think I understand. May I—come back to you—when I have decided?"

He smiled, held out his hand.

"Of course. But I think you will decide—for convention. You loved him. You must love him now." He thought, holding her hand a moment in his paternal grasp, that she must have loved Powell very much indeed. She made no answer, however, and he added, hastily, gravely, "But you understand, do you not, that you cannot look for another kind of help from me?"

She said, flushing, "I would not ask it of you, Dr. Edwards, nor of any other physician."

A MOMENT later she had gone. The doctor went back to his desk. A patient came to him. He listened to complaints and symptoms, comforted, encouraged, prescribed. But his mind was occupied with the girl who had gone out of his office. He said aloud, when he was alone again, "Poor little devil."

But of course she would come to him again and tell him that she and Powell were to be married. And that everything would be all right. "Would it be?" the doctor wondered, out of his vast experience of human nature.

It was growing late as Pamela left the doctor's office. She walked home slowly, preoccupied. Now that her doubt was certainty, now that her fears were realized, there seemed nothing more to fear—or to hope. She merely had to face her situation—to decide what she should do. When she had decided she would go back to Dr. Edwards and tell him.

She turned west, and finally, nearing Sixth Avenue, went up the brownstone steps of a house that had been converted into apartments. She lived on next to the top floor with Rachel James, who after the failure of the publishing house, had obtained a secretarial position downtown. Rachel might be home soon. It was Saturday afternoon.

Pamela went wearily up the long, narrow, rather rickety flight of stairs, and opened the apartment door with her key. There was a big, shared bedroom, a sitting room, a small, rather dingy bath and a deep closet, converted into a kitchenette.

The atmosphere was consciously bright and gay, with inexpensive chintzes and denims, a built-in divan and some bookshelves, filled with books belonging to Pam.

Scattered about the oddly shaped room were little things which Pamela loved, because of their association with her father and their nomad years together. Quaint pottery ash trays and a set of dishes, from an obscure Italian town in which they had spent one sunny, lazy winter; etchings from Germany; a tortoise-shell box from Florence; a silver spoon and a framed sampler from the Caledonian market; a bit of embroidery from Peking; a patch box from Paris. Each piece recalled some glowing and ineffaceable memory to the girl who stood quite still, in the middle of the room and looked dully about her.

She glanced at her watch. It was quite late; there was little light from the two high

windows. She switched on a table light and began to get some supper ready. Whether Rachel would be in to eat it or not, she did not know. Rachel rarely told her her plans. Their arrangement was one of friendly convenience. They got along well, but they were not intimate. Rachel had her dates, just as she, Pamela did.

Tonight Anthony was dining somewhere and Pam had arranged to go to his studio about nine o'clock. "Some of the gang may come home with me and then again they may not," he had told her over the telephone that morning. "Drop around anyway, darling, I want to talk to you about something important."

WALKING about the rooms, setting the table, turning the gas low, her actions were entirely mechanical, her thoughts in utter chaos.

Should she tell Anthony?

She recalled her first meeting with him. It had been at a party to which Rachel and the current young man had dragged her. Anthony had seemed so different from the rest of the overartistic or heartily wisecracking men. "Was different," her mind corrected her dully, loyally.

He'd seemed somehow like a flame—slim and broad shouldered, tremendously vital, his bronze-red hair tumbled, his rather pale face glowing, his beautiful, weak mouth smiling at her, his gray eyes searching her out.

He'd had too much to drink. But it hadn't affected him, aside from a slight, earnest stammer. He'd sat down beside her on a couch and asked the banal, slangy question. "Where have you been all my life?" and on his lips, it had sounded poetic.

She'd seen him almost every day after that, after work evenings. She had posed for him—for magazine covers, for pretty girls in silken hose, for girls in furs and girls in tennis dresses. He'd said, laughing, but with his eyes quite grave, "You've such a superb body—what a pity that you're a conventional little soul and one can't persuade you to—?"

Well, she hadn't been persuaded. Not that she was conventional. Not that she was prudish. But she'd fallen in love with him then, and although love gave her a desperate desire to help him, it gave her, also, a strange and chaste modesty. She didn't think he loved her.

But he did love her and told her so. And told her in his direct, exciting way that because he loved her he would have to stop urging her to pose for that great, never-to-be painted picture of his. "If I didn't love you, it wouldn't matter. But I do—terribly," he'd said.

She'd told him, breathlessly, that if he loved her, it would make everything all right. She'd pose, she'd do whatever he said—to help him. But he'd refused, kissing her hands, kissing her lips, kissing her throat.

They'd marry, he said, when his ship came in.

That ship was always sailing from some unknown port; it never made harbor, somehow. He managed to live on the advertising and occasional magazine illustrations. But he could do better than that. He was so talented. And when money came his way, he spent it, lavishly, gaily, generously.

THEN, last summer Rachel had gone away on her vacation, gone home, somewhere in the Middle West. And Pamela had been left alone in the little flat. During that time Anthony had come down with summer influenza, and some one had called in



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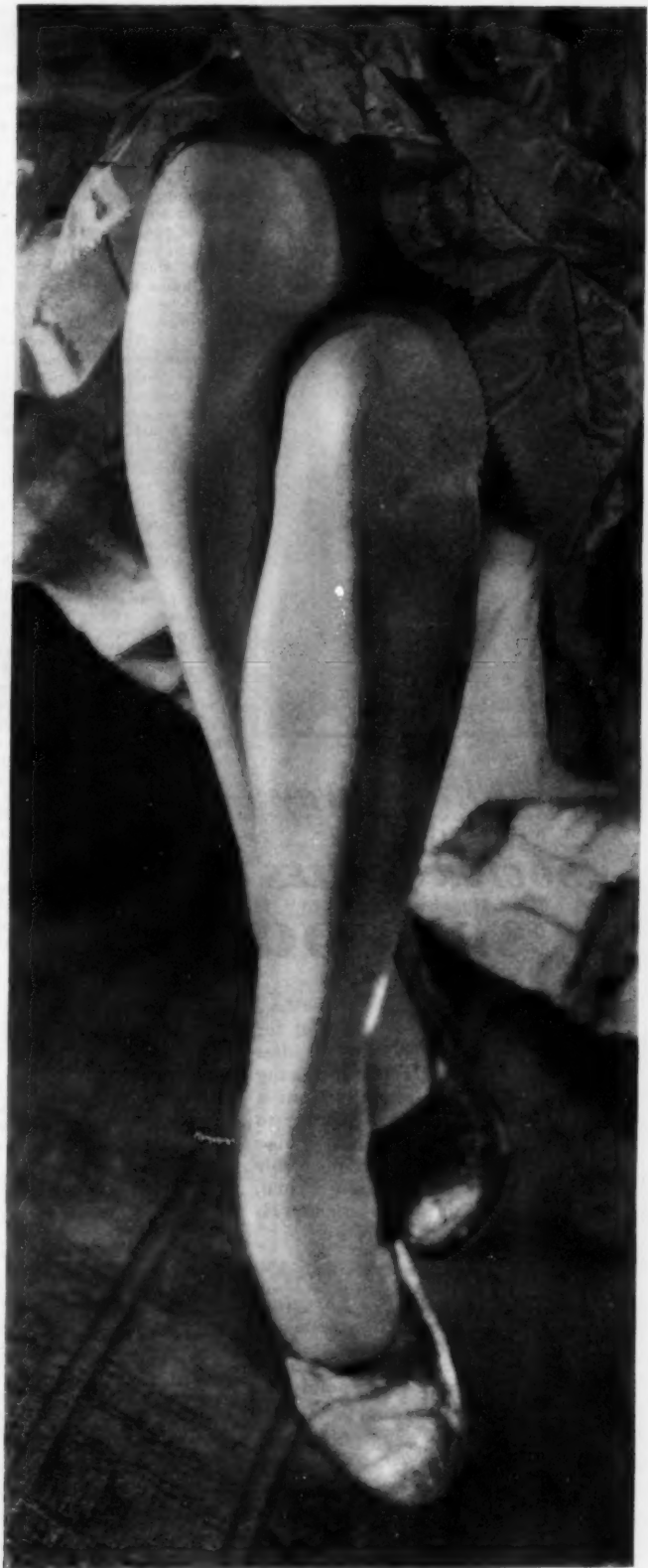
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Dr. Edwards. A nurse had been sent around, but Anthony couldn't afford a nurse for long, and only one, at the best, for a short time. So Pamela had gone to the studio and had taken care of him.

By the time the nurse had been dismissed for lack of funds Pamela too had a vacation. So she had moved into the studio, bag and baggage, and set herself to nurse Anthony back to health, over a tedious convalescence. When she had had to return to work, she had still gone there nights, despite the returned Rachel's expostulations. Rachel was not conventional either, but Rachel was not, as she herself put it, dumb.

"I know it's perfectly all right," she would tell Pamela, "and so do you. And Anthony. But there's enough talk about you two already. Anthony's perfectly well able to look after himself now. I think you're insane to do it—to wear yourself out, and drag yourself down. No man's worth it," said Rachel, "unless you happen to be married to him. And sometimes not then," she'd added pensively.

"Anthony and I are going to be married," Pamela had returned stubbornly.

"Sure. Of course. But when? You see, Pam, engagements down in this district aren't what they are up on Park Avenue or even on Front Street, back home. I mean, there aren't parties to announce 'em, and presents for the hope chest, and a line in the morning paper, and a fairly definite date set. Down here, people say, 'We'll be married some day.' They don't talk about engagements or betrothals. And sometimes they are married and sometimes they are not. And sometimes the term is just a convenient term for another arrangement. Oh, you know! You've lived here long enough; you know the bunch. Lots of the women we know are married and 'engaged' to some one else at the same time. When you are being the conventional fiancée with the conventional ring and the family's-so-pleased background, you can afford to bathe the revered brow, and perhaps spend the night under a shaded lamp counting respirations. You can afford to; but you don't. And in your place, you can't afford to. Anthony," Rachel said brutally, "had been 'engaged' before."

PAMELA had ignored all this. She'd known about Nina and Betty and Flo. Anthony had told her. He—hadn't intended marrying any of them. He did mean to marry her. Told her so, every day, every hour they were together. It was—different.

She'd informed Rachel that she didn't care, she had no social position to lose, if that was what Rachel was driving at. Rachel had looked at her rather oddly.

"No, that wasn't what I meant. But some day you may be sorry, that's all. Some day you may have some tall explaining to do, to some one who isn't Anthony. However, it's your own funeral. Don't say I didn't warn you!"

Pamela was remembering all that now; her own silent indignation; her mute repudiation of Rachel's implications. It had been sheer joy to take care of Anthony, to have him there, helpless as a child.

"Oh, God, a child!" her heart cried out, remembering.

Anthony had been petulant, demanding, in his convalescence. "Men were like that," she'd thought, tolerantly. He had demanded people, parties, callers, excitements. He had been patently bored, with just her. But she hadn't minded.

Nina had come and Flo. He flirted with them under her eyes; he'd asked them if they remembered this and that. He'd teased them a little. And she'd been hurt, watching them flutter over him, and make excuses to touch him, observing their cool, sidelong-glancing treatment of herself. She'd felt quiet, a little awkward.

She'd seen so much, then. His too shallow

sparkle didn't, as she'd thought, camouflage deep, quiet, unstirring profundities. Earnestness, save in love making, bored him unutterably. He was tremendously restless.

Then had come that night, not so very long ago, when they had been alone in his studio and the people who were coming in had failed them. Anthony had been up and about for a week or so, but still clung to invalid privileges: a brocaded dressing gown, which had cost him the entire fee from one of his pictures, and slippers.

It had been, she remembered, a marvelous night. Autumnal, clear, cold and the stars like golden frost. And it had grown late; and she had murmured that she must go home. But he had kept her there, in his arms, on the shabby divan, and had said she must never go. And had spoken of their marriage—soon—very soon—the ship must come in, loaded to the gunwales with fortune.

And because she had loved him so much, and because she was so sorry for him, and because she had felt, dimly, that the situation was her fault, entirely her fault, she had stayed with him.

When supper was ready, Pamela sat down with a book, which she did not read. She was tired. If she had not promised Anthony to go to the studio tonight she would have stayed home, practiced a little on Rachel's typewriter.

Rachel came in suddenly, like a small, dark whirlwind, a tiny, rather plump, ivory-skinned brunette. She greeted Pamela, refused supper, and dashed into the bedroom to change, chattering while she dressed.

Pamela heard very little. Her unseeing eyes were on the book. Her thoughts elsewhere. Should she tell Anthony? If she told him would he think she was trying to hurry him into marriage? Was it fair to keep it from him? Should she tell him?

She knew, definitely, that she did not want to tell him. Why? Was she afraid? Lately, he'd been—casual with her. Oh, dear, of course, and ardent and—grateful. Somehow she hated him to be grateful. But casual, with it all. And she hadn't said anything about—marriage. Before—before, she had spoken of it often. So had he.

When Rachel had left, in a cloud of powder, a whiff of perfume, and Pam's second best stockings—"You don't mind, do you, lamb, I have to make a hit tonight or never!"—Pamela put the things away and wearily redressed. Presently she was out on the dark streets, under the indifferent stars, walking rapidly, the few blocks to the studio.

She climbed the familiar stairs with unwonted heaviness. Once she had run up them, impatient that they kept her from him.

ANTHONY was alone. He'd prepared for the gang, however. The bottles and glasses were ready. He'd had a drink or two, waiting. The room was blue with smoke. He sprang up as she came in, a tall, good looking young man. A man who didn't look his thirty years but had about him that devastating air of youth, of innocence, which is so irresistible.

"Pam, darling, I thought you were never coming! I was getting the heebie-jeebies, waiting alone here for you."

She said merely, "I couldn't come before."

"Pam, I've something to tell you!" said Anthony, and his gray eyes danced with excitement.

"Wait," she said. Perhaps he was going to say that the contract with McCarter's Magazine for covers had gone through—the contract he had hoped for, and that, with that in prospect, they could afford to marry at once.

She must tell him first.

"Wait," she said again, while he stared at her. "I've something to tell you, too. Anthony. I saw Dr. Edwards today—"

"Well, what of it?" he asked impatiently.

Women were all alike that way, spoiling your fine moments, letting you down. "Well, what of it? Does he want his money? Well, he'll get it, soon." He smiled, from sheer excitement. Pamela watched him. That could only mean—the contract!

"It wasn't about that. I went to see him for myself, Anthony, I'm going to have a baby."

She said it quietly. He stared at her, not believing. He couldn't believe—he asked, incredulously.

"What—what did you say?"

"I'm going to have a baby," said Pam.

"Well—" he said stupidly and stopped. He looked at her, at the oval, paling face, the lovely red mouth held to such control, the grave blue eyes, black almost in that light. He asked, sharply, "Sure you aren't mistaken?"

"No, Anthony, I'm not mistaken," she said.

"But this changes everything. I can't go away now and have this worry—" he broke off as she exclaimed, urgently, "Go away? You are going away, Anthony?"

"I was going to tell you, when you stopped me," he complained absurdly.

"Preston—you know him—the man who does travel books? He's got a commission to prowling about Cuba. Wants me to go along and do the pen and ink sketches. Won't be gone long. Three months perhaps. Perhaps more, if he decides to make a longer thing of it—a sort of Lindbergh trail. The publishers abide by his choice of an artist. It's a great chance, Pam. Lord, how I want to get away for a time. I'm tired, I tell you. And now—this—"

WHILE she stared at him, unbelievably, he leaned forward and spoke to her in his most caressing voice, looked at her with his most pleading eyes.

"Pam, look here. I—we can't afford to marry right now. I mean—with the kid and all. Hospitals, doctors, nurses, a bigger place. Oh, it isn't possible! Look here, find out from Edwards what he can do for you. If he won't, I know some one—a man named Eisen, up in the theatrical section. He's safe and very clever. Expensive, but not in the long run. I'd meet that somehow. Doctors can wait for their money. Suppose you go see him, and settle it before I go off with Preston. And then, when I come back, we'll be married, darling—"

He meant it. He wanted to marry her. Had never wanted to marry any one else. But he didn't want to be hurried. He didn't want to be pushed into marriage by circumstances. He didn't want to marry under compulsion.

He stopped suddenly, in his racing thoughts. She sat so still, was so quiet. Could it have been—? He asked her before he considered—

"Pam! Look here! You're not just saying this to rush me, are you?"

Suspicion in the gray eyes, so close to her own—an ugly look about the weak, sensitive mouth!

She said, slowly, "No. Ask Dr. Edwards. I'm telling you the truth."

At her look, frozen, incredulous, he felt the suspicion leave him, and his heart lightened. He held her close again, and cried, gaily, happily, for it was worse to doubt her integrity than to face the truth. "I'll make the appointment with Eisen."

She let him kiss her, stroke her heavy, blue-black hair. She was perfectly impervious to his touch. Funny, she thought strangely, that love which came so suddenly with such beauty and pain, with such trust and such surrender, should go as quickly—no—more quickly than it came, leaving such a curious emptiness, such a sense of intolerable loss.

"You need make no appointment with Dr. Eisen for me," said Pamela.

He drew back, estranged, angry. Must he go over it all again with her? He said, quickly, "Don't be a little fool! It's per-

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Blonde, brunette or redhead . . . whatever your type . . . there is a correct color harmony in Society Make-Up for you. Discover it; learn the correct method of make-up; and you've at last found the way to double your beauty, your charm, your fascination. These secrets of make-up Max Factor offers to unfold to you. Accept this priceless beauty gift by mailing coupon now.

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Fair	COLOR OF LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		Age
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

Name _____

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fectly safe. You wouldn't be the first to—"

At her low exclamation he rose, impatiently, and poured himself a drink. He hated scenes, he told himself, savagely.

She thought, sitting there, quite still, "What have I done to my child to give it such a father—weak, selfish—unworthy?"

She had come to this studio, on this evening, after days and nights of doubt and troublous thoughts; had come wondering what she should do, shrinking from the thought of telling him, lest he should think her capable of using her knowledge to club him into marriage.

Suddenly, she knew what she must do! And because she was a woman, and very human, because the death of love is a tragic thing, and the death of faith more tragic still, because the future stretched out before her, an intolerably lonely and dangerous vista, she put her hands over her face and began to cry, very quietly. The tears poured down her face; her hands were wet with them; they were salt upon her shaken lips.

ANTHONY turned and saw her. He sat down his glass with a clatter. He detested a woman in tears. Serious tears. Eyes, dim above lips curving to a reluctant smile were meant to be kissed, but not the pain-wrenched eyelids of tragedy. He shrugged his shoulders and came over to her again. Pam never cried. It was one of the things he loved about her; her faculty for sparing him.

He leaned nearer, put his arm about her. "Don't cry," he said, with an effort at lightness. "You mustn't worry so. It will be all right, I swear it."

But she continued to cry, silently, painfully because her lover had failed her. She

was hating—not him—but herself.

Suddenly what patience remained to him, broke abruptly. He flung himself away from her, as petulant as a woman. In heaven's name what was wrong with her? Had he not counselled the only way out for them both? Many men in his situation would have repudiated her entirely. Was he not generous—magnanimous even? Did he not intend to marry her? Had he not said he loved her?

"Oh, for heaven's sake, shut up!" he cried at her, loudly. "Is it necessary for you to act like a schoolgirl?"

His hands crashed nervously among the glasses on the table. Pamela rose to her feet. There were tears on her pale cheeks but the direct look of her blue eyes was disconcerting. Her lips were steady. She spoke his name, almost in unbelief.

"Anthony!" she said, not much above a whisper.

He was sorry, then. After all, he loved her, in his fashion. He came back to her, held out his arms.

"I'm so sorry," he said, and smiled at her pleadingly, boyishly. "I feel temperish, I guess. Look here, darling, dry your eyes and be sensible. Say you'll do as I ask. And when I come back you'll meet me at the boat, more beautiful even than I will have been remembering, missing you. And we'll go to City Hall and be married."

Because she knew what she must answer, her heart was frozen within her and her small, shattering words were like sudden-dropping hail.

"It's over," said Pamela. "No, Anthony, I won't marry you. I'll never marry you," she said.

TO BE CONTINUED

What's Wrong With Your Game?

[Continued from page 41]

success of any given finesse. Of course, some unusual situation in that particular hand may make it advisable to try a finesse against the odds, or pass it up in spite of favorable odds; but unless some reason exists for varying the general rule, a finesse to catch a King should be tried when the Declarer has in his two hands ten cards of the suit or fewer. A finesse to catch a Queen should be ventured when the two hands have eight cards of the suit or fewer.

Another common error is the failure to draw inferences from a card that has been played. When a small card is the original lead against a No Trump, the partner of the leader not having bid, it is quite usual for both the partner of the leader and the Declarer to pay no attention to the size of the card led, whereas, if they had noted its exact denomination, they would have known whether it was the lowest of the suit, or whether the leader probably had a lower card of that suit.

That information would have told them that the leader either had opened a suit of exactly four cards, and consequently had no longer suit in his hand, or that it was probably a five-card suit, and that knowledge would be apt to be a firm foundation in determining the method of play to adopt for that hand.

It is not alone, however, from the size of the small card led that inferences can be drawn. When it is a high card it is apt to give even more accurate information. For example, the lead of a Queen denies the presence of the King in the leader's hand and, if it be against a No Trump, announces that the leader has the Jack; whereas the play of a Queen by a second, third or fourth hand (that hand not being closed hand or dummy), always shows that the player has not the Jack, but may have the King.

TO BEGINNERS the drawing of all these inferences may seem quite impossible; but just as the child learning the multiplication table has to start with twice two before he is able to multiply 12 by 12, so the Bridge novice must start with the easy inferences and gradually work up to the more intricate ones. If he is persevering he quickly finds that it is not as difficult as he imagined.

I urge the player who finds Bridge difficult, to remember that all he needs is application and concentration; he will find that his errors will disappear quickly when he applies sound Bridge principles to his play and concentrates his entire attention upon the game while doing so.

Solution of Bridge Problem

South should have made his contract. After the first trump lead showed that East had three trumps, and that North could not be put in the lead on the third round of trumps, South should have led the Ace and King of Diamonds to tricks 3 and 4, and to trick 5 a small trump, North playing the seven. This would sacrifice a trump trick, but would ensure a trump entry for North to cash his Diamond Queen and Jack, giving South two discards

Just a Roadside Pantry

[Continued from page 36]

dollars. A noble sum—but not enough to take her abroad. The studio building was to be demolished! The two sisters moved to Plainfield, and Pinkie took a really ambitious step.

She bought a dilapidated soda-pop stand by the side of the busy highway near her home, and by dint of much explaining, conveyed to lumbermen and carpenters the fact that her three hundred dollars just *had* to be enough to build the pantry of her dreams.

At last, beneath a gnarled old apple tree, the tiny shop stood complete. Wide windows at the front displayed tempting wares; window boxes lent a touch of restful green; outdoor seats of shining whiteness beckoned the hungry wayfarer to pause. The painting and decorating had all been done by Pinkie herself, and in the fall of 1926 the unique little stand opened for business.

By the following spring she had found it necessary to add a kitchen to the "Pantry," so that travelers could eat her products on the spot.

And then, to add the crowning touch of glory—the "Pantry" was acclaimed by a group of noted architects as the best roadside refreshment stand in the United States—winner over almost a thousand others in a "Better Highways" contest originated by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.!

Pinkie has not yet taken her trip abroad. She is too busy! The modest little bake-shop by the side of the road has never stopped developing. At first its owner specialized in certain homemade bread, cakes, pies, preserves and candies. But the motorists who stopped in ever-increasing numbers refused to be satisfied. Presently Pinkie was serving light refreshments.

TODAY a visitor to the "Pantry" finds the original shining little building only one part of a large and thriving business. On the lawn at the back, in the pleasant shade of more than a score of trees, cozy tables and pink-and-white canvas-covered chairs beckon invitingly to a full-fledged meal.

Pinkie herself is the presiding genius of the place. Only one problem seems to bother her—how to be at the front door of her shop to greet the guests as they arrive, and at the same time in the kitchen to decide the fate of pies and cakes.

Every glass of jelly, too—three thousand last year—every jar of relish or conserve, every pan of candy, every crisp brown loaf of bread, emerging from the ovens three times daily, is made by her own skillful hands.

"I make them all myself," is the proud slogan of the "Pantry," and faithfully Pinkie lives up to it.

Even in the winter time this young woman found herself swamped with orders. When the "Pantry" shut down in the fall, automobile parties drove up to the guest house and demanded food; hostesses brought their guests for bridge parties, and shops insisted on a supply of Pinkie's pastries.

Of late, however, Pinkie has suspended operations in the winter and devoted herself to wider fields. Her fame as a culinary expert has brought her interesting offers from firms of various kinds, and between seasons she has been advertising agent for a leading flour company, and commissary supervisor for a chain of highway hotels.

In the back of her blonde head there's a dream that now takes precedence over the once-coveted trip abroad—discarded for lack of time! A chain of "bigger and better" roadside stands, where the tourist may find good homemade food, properly prepared and charmingly served, is her present ambition.

And some day she is going to realize it!

Now in colors

Pink, yellow, green, are exquisite tints in which you may select Kleenex (white, too, of course). The box is ingeniously arranged to have two sheets always at your finger tips.



This new, smart safer way to remove cold cream

blots up unabsorbed cold cream without stretching or irritating skin

AVOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching *pulls* the skin, relaxes it . . . and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

Famous beauties know the importance of this rule. That's why you find Kleenex on the dressing tables of stage and screen stars, and in up-to-date beauty salons.

Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply *blots up* all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply *have* to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths" which drive germs and dirt back into the pores, instead of removing them.

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruining towels!

For handkerchiefs, too

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to reinfect the user and infect others.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. The coupon will bring a sample.

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It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that... it will stay any style you arrange it... even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.



Glostora

Flight

[Continued from page 21]

parleying with him. "How can I know you are a safe person to drive home with?" she challenged. "You're at a Platt Street dance, aren't you?"

He grinned and that turned the trick. Lynn had never seen a grin so transforming and so infectious. "That's right," he agreed. "Watch your step. But I'd take you home—safe as a hearse."

Again she amazed herself. She seemed unable to control her words. As she moved toward the door, she said audaciously, "A drive in a hearse wouldn't interest me, thank you."

He moved not an inch to follow her. "Ask Mrs. Shores, there at the door, about me," he drawled. "She knows me."

Lynn's step lagged. She looked back. "I'll do that," she said.

IN THREE minutes she was climbing into a rickety old car that roared like a thrashing machine.

"Swell night!" ventured her swain.

"Yes, I never saw the moon look so big," she said, somewhat breathlessly. She was furious with herself for being thrilled. Deep Valley had taught her no young nonchalance; the high city rooms, even less. She was not frightened, yet not at ease. She was gloriously happy! That was the amazing thing.

"Say—" the man at the wheel began hesitantly, "I'd like to ask you to drive a while—"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly. I'm supposed to be in before this."

She thought that was carrying it off rather well. It sounded in character—a maid, perhaps, who had slipped out for a bit of diversion.

"Okay. Say—it's none of my business—but why didn't you want to dance?"

"I don't know," she said honestly. "Somehow—I didn't want to. They were all strangers, you know." Then she blushed in the darkness. She was driving with a stranger, wasn't she?

"Yeah—you can't tell. But, look here, I'd like for us to get better acquainted. I got a pull at a garage where I keep this old boat—maybe I could borrow a better car and we could go for a drive. How 'bout it?"

Lynn wished her heart wouldn't pound so; it made her voice jerky and unnatural. "I—I never go about like that."

He grinned again, this time with a certain gentleness. Lynn thought he had the nicest profile she had ever seen.

"Time to step out, then, ain't it?" he drawled.

"I did step out—and you saw how it was!"

"Yeah, I saw. Me right in the gang with the rest. Some girls are naturally knock-outs."

She had never had a compliment like that in her life. It had a stunning effect.

"There's the apartment where I live! Please let me out at the service entrance."

"Look here," he protested earnestly. "You wouldn't drop me that way, would you? You're a queen, all right. Tomorrow night, can't you walk out that door at seven-thirty and meet me? Huh? I'd be here, all dressed up and with a swell car. You didn't mind the ride in the hearse, did you? I been a gent, ain't I?"

Wanting to laugh, wanting to cry, adoring his crude gallantry, his English stinging her consciousness like bees, she said, "Yes, you have. Thanks for bringing me home. But I can't go again."

"I'm coming anyway, and park right here until—"

"No—really—you mustn't. You see this is unusual. I can't leave often, after din-

ner." Then she again astonished herself by adding, "I could be free sometimes in the afternoon. But I suppose your work—"

"Gosh, that'll be swell! I work, but I'm my own boss. I can take time off. When and where, girlie?"

"Not here," she said hastily. "That little park near Platt Street? At two-thirty tomorrow—if I can manage it." Somehow, she wanted him to know she would play fairly. "If I'm not there, you'll know it is because I couldn't arrange it."

Before he could reply, she vanished inside the dim hallway and waited there until she heard the old car buzz away. Then she stepped again into the street, rounded the corner and approached the front entrance.

HER father's stooped thin figure was pacing back and forth before the door. When he saw Lynn, he gave a hoarse little exclamation and she saw that tears were running down his face. His arms went about her and she could feel his trembling.

"Lynn, my child, what does this mean?" "Nothing, nothing! I'm sorry if you worried—"

"Worried! What could we think? Surely you know it is not safe for you to go about alone so late? It is past twelve! Where have you been? Your mother is frantic!"

"Father," Lynn cried desperately, "have you forgotten what it is to be young? Did you never feel that you could not bear monotony another minute—that you *must* fly away from everything—somewhere—anywhere—" Her words fell meaninglessly between them. Her father had never known such emotions. No dreaming, impassioned youth could have become the man he was.

He stared at her as though she were a mysterious laboratory specimen and she saw that everything she had said had been a mistake which would make her life more difficult.

TWO hours later the little flat was quiet and dark. Lynn dropped into a light sleep at dawn and rose unfatigued. She felt buoyant, young, exultantly happy. She had taken flight from the old gray nest and her spirit would never return.

All morning, she went about her work, reliving the thrilling hours of her adventure.

She was artful in her escape for the afternoon. As she dusted the rooms, she picked up two library books and said, "Why, how careless of me! These are overdue."

"Well," Jane said, "perhaps you'd better run over with them after luncheon. Your father never selects the sort of books I enjoy."

"I'll see how I get on with the cleaning," Lynn assented. "I'd like to stay several hours, if I go, and go on with that Spanish translation."

She knew her father would follow her on this first afternoon. Inside the library doors, she glanced back and saw his stooped figure braced against the wind. She was seated at a study table when he entered, apparently engrossed. Reassured, he turned away and went upstairs to the rooms where only privileged scholars were admitted. He would stay there until dark.

She was free! She knew again that soaring sense of wings. But she hated the furtiveness of all this. She was suddenly, desolately aware that the grave-eyed man who had put a song in her heart could not follow her into this world of books. There was a gulf between it and the world she had entered the night before.

But when she was again out in the sunshine, and saw his tall figure beside an old car at the park entrance, she was bewilderingly, unreasonably happy. She had put on

her best blue crepe frock and a new spring hat and she was lovely—had meant to be lovely.

"Gee! You look swell!" he marveled as he opened the car door. "I was plumb scared you wouldn't come. Couldn't sleep thinking about it."

"I keep my promises," said she. How had she learned, all at once, to smile dazzlingly?

"Yeah, you would." He started the engine and they roared away. "Where to?"

She made a little fluttering motion of her gloved hands, like wings astir. "Does it matter?" she challenged.

"No," he grinned joyfully down at her, "I reckon it don't."

"I had to behave abominably to get off," she assured him, "tell fibs and all that."

"Do you have to work awful hard," he demanded belligerently.

"Not terribly. But it's frightfully dull—just housework and looking after two old people."

"Gosh! Say, you ought to have some fun, a nice girl like you."

"I thought so, too. So here I am!" said she with a smile which made his head spin.

He drawled delightfully, "But you want to be careful who you step out with."

"Always pick up friends at public dances—m—m?"

"Aw! We just naturally know some things without provin' 'em—don't we?"

THEY did—and let it go at that. The hour was too glorious to analyze. Chattering madly—it wasn't, after all, so difficult to bridge the gulf—they drove far out and had tea and were so late starting back that they speeded and were stopped by an officer and presented with a summons.

"That's nothing—this is worth it," he said. "Say, do y'know, you haven't told me your name!"

"Call me Sally."

He turned grave eyes. "That's not your name. Is it?"

"No."

"But—well, just as you say." Then he wheeled sharply about. "Look here, you're not married, are you?"

The panic in his voice was like wine to her. "I'm not. Do you suppose I'd be here, if I were?"

"No. I know you're not like that. But it has been done. You had me scared. I'm right crazy about you—do you know it?"

"It's rather soon to be talking like that."

"No use putting it off!" he declared. "Say, how come you talk like a fine lady on the stage—like you been to college and all? I get a kick just listening to your voice!"

The question chilled her mood. She was swept by a premonitory sense of inevitable disillusion. Frantically she grasped at the joy that was slipping away. "I—I've always been with educated people. One picks up their ways and speech. Now what is your name?"

"Call me Silas," he said dryly.

Gayly, she carried on. "That's not your name, of course?"

"No."

"You're not married?"

He met her eyes squarely. "Not yet. But I'm in love. Sunk."

"Really! Does the lady know it?"

"Sure, she does. Say, you'll drive again tomorrow?"

"Heavens, no! I don't know when I shall be able to come."

They argued for four blocks and finally settled on an appointment three days ahead.

"Good-by, Sally!" he said softly. "I won't really be living until Saturday!"

Saturday! How far away it seemed! But it came along, as days do. And others like it. Lynn refused to look into the future. She had broken free—she was bewitched—she refused to think.

One day, Doctor Desmond came in beam-ing. His days were rarely varied by his

"WILL WE
COME?"

WELL, I should SAY so!"



THAT'S the answer the Whitons always get to invitations to their house. No one wants to miss a single party that they give. Even when nothing is planned—no dance, or card party—people are always dropping in to spend the evening, just talking or listening to the radio.

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To reveal the full beauty of your eyes—to possess the charm of shadowed, sweeping lashes—you really must discover Winx.

Now Winx comes in convenient cake form—in a new and charming silvery compact—with mirror and brush. Cake Winx is utterly different from anything you might have tried before—different because it is not hard—it's a soft cake, almost creamy. What does that mean?

Simply this: Cake Winx never makes your lashes brittle. It's like a drop of dark dew—always the lashes stay smooth and silky. Winx gives an enticing soft shadow to your eyes, a shadow that accents all the beauty, all the sparkle... The effect is wholly natural—equally smart in daylight or at night.

If you prefer a liquid preparation—Liquid Winx is the only waterproof and tearproof eyelash beautifier. Its popularity has been supreme for years... Ross Company, 243 West 17th St., New York City.

WINX

For Lovely Lashes

own initiative, but he had a way of becoming childishly excited over anything unusual. "Linnet! I have tickets for the new Liberty Players' Theater! Two choice seats. Morgan, who has been working in the same manuscript room with me, could not use them and passed them on. We'll go, eh? I'll ask Mrs. Dare to sit with your mother until we return."

EIGHT o'clock found Lynn in the small theater beside her father, dressed in her best blue crepe, and thinking of Silas. She wondered with a sort of despair what it would have been like to have had him there beside her. There in a playhouse dedicated to the presentation, unhampered by traditions or taboos, of new, daring, sophisticated, experimental drama by an unsalaried company.

"I'm glad it is to be a modern comedy, tonight," Lynn's father was saying as the curtain rose. "A story of the East Side, Morgan tells me. I'd not have cared for the bizarre sort of thing they frequently give here."

Absorbed in the maze of her own thoughts, Lynn scarcely saw or heard the first of the act. The figures on the stage seemed puppets—their dialogue, which drew ripples of amusement and appreciation from the discriminating audience, was meaningless to

her. But suddenly a tall figure dashed upon the stage, waving a newspaper—shouting to the slum dwellers—everything turned dark about Lynn—she seemed to sink in an abyss.

A sibilant whisper came from a woman behind her. "That's Gordon Dukes! He's marvelous. No professional can touch him. They say he has been offered a fortune to sign a contract—"

It was Silas, there on the stage! No—not Silas—Gordon Dukes, a great actor, a rich man, a dominant patron of arts! Lynn could not raise her eyes—she seemed turned to ice.

He had thought her a servant and had kept to her fancied status to gather color and data for the part he was playing so superbly.

That was why he had come to the dance in old clothes, with a rusty old car. That was why he had pretended to love her—Sally, the maid, who slipped in and out of the servants' entrance to meet him! Everything which had puzzled her fell neatly into place—his breadth of mind, his instinctive gallantries, in spite of his speech of the streets.

The curtain descended on a silence more eloquent than an uproar. Then, wild applause. Curtain calls. Gordon Dukes, at the last, bowing alone.



"My good man, couldn't you possibly make less noise? I simply can't get Frou-Frou to sleep for her afternoon nap!"

"Aren't you enjoying the play, Lynn?" her father asked, suddenly aware of her pale gravity. "It seems to me an extraordinarily fine performance."

"I have never been more moved by a play," she said.

Almost two hours more of it—human tragedy, with a golden thread of gaiety woven through it—the courage of the poor transmuted into humor. It tortured Lynn. Crushed and confused, her mind was blurred by emotion. Life was a shattered thing—she could not piece it together.

When the last curtain fell, a storm of insistent applause brought Gordon Dukes out. His abashed grin was engagingly genuine.

"You know," he said, flushing under the grease paint, "a curtain speech is much too orthodox in this theater! So is personal tribute! Such gestures are archaic. Seriously, though, we are jubilant over your enthusiasm. You know what we're trying to do—to free such dramas as we may present from the handicaps of commercialism and overemphasis upon individual achievement—and we're having a lot of fun doing it."

The full rich voice, filling the small theater, betrayed no Bowery manner nor tone.

LYNN had an appointment with Dukes at the old rendezvous for the following afternoon, but she spent the hours face down on her bed, too wretched to weep.

He would go there and wait, of course. Perhaps, afterward, he would come and wait outside the apartment—in his rusty little car and his old clothes! Let him wait! Let him go to his precious dance hall and pick up another little fool to study! She wanted never to hear of him again—she wanted to crush the thought of him from her mind—

Yet she crept out to the hall, at dusk, to find the evening paper and read avidly a review of his play. It was a panegyric.

"Though a big man among commercial shippers," the article concluded, "Dukes has always been an enthusiastic supporter of dramatic development. It is to be regretted that his personal gifts should be employed so rarely in this direction. He lectured on the drama for two years, following his university days and has written several brilliant short plays which have been successfully produced."

That night Lynn sat white and still in the velvet chair, staring out at the blackness beyond the window. The knitting needles clicked and gleamed on one side of the lamp, and dry hands wrung themselves over the cards on the other.

WEEKS of that. Lynn grew quieter and more patient. At first, her father urged her to go out, then fell into the old routine. The diluted temperaments of the elder Desmonds were incapable of sustained surveillance. There were days when Lynn went to the little park—at odd hours—just to let herself relive briefly the old ecstasy; other days when she hated the thought of it, hated Dukes, hated herself. Deep down in her heart, she knew she would never be free again.

"Lynn! It's the oddest thing!" her mother reported one afternoon when she hobbled back across the hall after a visit to Mrs. Dare. "A delightful young man came to Mary Dare's door and asked if she employed a maid—said he was looking for such a person whose name he did not know, but who lived in this building, somewhere. I told him he needn't ring our bell, as we keep no servant. Fancy his going to all the doors in this place—it will take him a long time. Some poor girl is in difficulties with the police, I dare say. Such a charming man!"

A week later Lynn was washing the dinner dishes in the tiny kitchen. She raised the blind as she always did to catch a glimpse of a distant sheen of the river beyond the clustered roofs. There on a high façade in

ARE YOU HARD TO CONVINCE...?

You read so much about beauty these days that I do not wonder you are bewildered. Of course you want your skin to be firm and youthful and freshly glowing. But you are as wise as you are modern and you have been disappointed so many times that it is no wonder you are hard to convince!

Do make a fair test for yourself. Place yourself in my care for just 30 days. Let me PROVE to you that correct, scientific care can counteract sallowiness and blemishes...can make your skin firm and flawless...can take many years from your apparent age.

From my knowledge and life-time experience, I can see in your skin potential loveliness. I see you as you will look at the end of just one short month provided you will let me guide you to this new Beauty.

Announcing a Perfect New Cream for Dry Skin

... Valaze Pasteurized Cream Special for dry skins. It would be difficult to find words to describe what this cream can do for you. You must actually FEEL its silken smoothness on your face... its tender caress on your throat and shoulders...its softening touch on your arms, your hands. You yourself must experience the thrill of it—as it braces the tissues, revitalizes the glands, sweeps the fresh blood to the surface. Here is no superficial melting cleanser...but a replenisher of the skin's natural oils which delves deeply into the pores to nourish and purify them!

Of course Valaze Pasteurized Cream for normal and oily skins needs no introduction. It was one of my first great contributions to the science of beauty...acclaimed by the women of five continents "ideal" for deep-pore cleansing...for checking oiliness...for imparting a satin quality to the skin.

Smart matrons, debutantes, busy housewives, nurses, teachers and business girls find in these creams the perfect keynote to Beauty! I, myself, created these remarkable preparations and have priced them within reach of every purse. Following, I am outlining for you splendid home treatments which you can readily apply before your mirror.



For Dry and Normal Skin

1. Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Cream Special 1.00
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3. Tone and brace with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion Special, a wonderful astringent 1.25

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1. Wash with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste, a penetrative and purifying wash 1.00
2. Apply Valaze Pasteurized Cream for oily skin 1.00
3. Treat with Valaze Acne Cream (Medicated Pink Treatment). Leave on overnight 2.00

For Smart Emphasis choose my Valaze Cream of Lilies, delightful foundation (1.50); my fragrant Valaze Powders (1.00); Water Lily Powder (1.50); glowing Valaze rouges (1.00) and the new Cubist lipsticks, non-drying, indelible (1.00). Use Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener to darken the lashes (1.00) or Valaze Persian Eye-black (Mascara) to make the lashes look thick and luxuriant (1.00).

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FIVE minutes after you rub on Musterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment **once every hour for five hours** and you'll be astonished at the relief you'll experience.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

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the next street, blazed a challenge in clear electric letters on a huge sign: "Sally, how could you!"

Lynn clung to the white scrubbed sink in the dark little room. Was she going crazy? Was that burning message really there?

Her father's voice, "Why don't you come into the other room, Lynn? Why do you stay out there?"

"In a minute, father. I'm looking at the lights! They are wonderful!"

There were wonderful lights! Shining aloft where any Sally for a mile around might see them. Indeed, the mysterious sign was bringing jeers upon the heads of a hundred Sallys. But the pseudo Sally must be very still, very demure—

The next morning, the sign was invisible. Lynn could scarcely wait for darkness. And when she again tremblingly raised the blind, after supper, it was raining hard, but through the blur was flung a new message: "Have a heart, Sally!"

It was incredible—like a fairy tale—and it was happening to her—Lynn!

GAY conjecture as to the mysterious Sally flew about the neighborhood and spread like a brush fire through the city—as nonsense will. Sally was the talk of the town. Every night a new plea: "Sally, where are you?" "You're breaking my heart, Sally!" "Sally, you're my girl, you know!" Ardent pleading, as open to the public as the stars, yet safely secret for the eyes of one girl.

"It's one of those follow-up advertisements, of course," said every one. "Pretty soon, Sally will be irately commanded to throw out the old breakfast foods and serve only Health Hay or something."

Most of the time, Lynn went about as one bewitched, her scarlet lips gently smiling, her eyes like veiled stars. But there were black hours when she remembered and mocked at herself. All this was the whimsical game of a rich young man in search of a thrill. To him, she was the unconventional maid. To him, she was raw material for his dramas of realism. Never should he find her!

Finally Lynn wrote a letter to Gordon Dukes:

"Why waste so much electricity? I have moved to a different address, and you cannot find me. I want never to see you again. I served a purpose for rehearsals. The final performance, which I saw, was admirably done. Sally."

This she mailed in a box far from home. And the next night, the flaming messenger flung out against the dark sky, "A cruel letter, Sally!" After that, nothing—no word, no sign. And Lynn's heart seemed to die.

TWO days later, she read on the front page of an evening paper: "Gordon Dukes, well-known in financial and artistic circles, was thrown from his horse when riding on his country estate in New Jersey and is reported to be in a serious condition."

For three evenings, there were notices—each graver than the last. And at last Lynn was mastered by pure impulse, as she had been before. Early the next morning, she left home. Several hours later she got down from a taxi before the high iron gates of Greenhills, the old Dukes homestead.

The gate was not locked and she passed within. A gardener, trimming shrubberies, eyed her sharply for a moment, then touched his cap and went on with his work. It was a long walk up the stately aisle between ancient elms to the gracious old house—and Lynn was weak from lack of food and sleep. Now that she was here, the visit seemed folly. She was not frightened, but her pride was broken. Yet, she could not turn back. All that she had known of romance—all, it seemed to her, of reality—was centered here. And Gordon Dukes was ill—perhaps dying—

At an abrupt turn in the path, screened from the house and grounds, she came suddenly upon Gordon Dukes. A perfectly sound, healthy Gordon. He had not been walking to meet her; obviously, he had been waiting for her at this precise vantage point.

He reached her in two strides; but shaking as she was, with everything spinning about her, she stepped back and held him off.

"All right. I'm not going to faint!" she gasped. "You—you're all right! You weren't thrown from a horse—"

"Indeed, I was—an awful cropper."

"B—but you weren't injured—"

"Why, Sally—how you talk! I skinned both knees and an elbow!"

Fury scorched her, lightning flamed in her eyes. "It was a trick! A despicable trick!" Suddenly, the fire seemed to flicker out.

"Well—" she said drearily, turning away, "you've done it. If you wanted to humiliate me—make me come to you—you've done it." Her pride was in the dust. "I've been a fool—again—"

She tried to move away down the path, but found herself held firmly by her shabby old coat.

"I had to find you, Sally! I had to." The old vibrant note was in his voice. It went singing through her, blurring her thoughts as it always had. "I've watched that road for three days—with field glasses, from the tower on the roof!"

"I told you I wanted never to see you again!"

"But you came—"

"I thought you were dying!" she blazed.

"Sally, you do astonish me. I never knew any one so flinty. Aren't you glad I'm not dead?"

But he couldn't keep up that banter; not with her lips twitching pitifully and her face as pale as the clump of white lilacs behind her. "Sally—Sally, darling—if you cry, I won't be able to stand it!"

"I'm not crying!" she sobbed furiously.

"I wouldn't cry over a—cheat!"

"Sally, you've got to listen! It wasn't rehearsing—those hours with you! It was real, real! Don't you know that? Sally, how could you not know it? It was the first real thing in my life! And," defiantly, "I think it was the first real thing in yours!"

"You were seeking dramatic values—"

"Yes, that's why I went to Platt Street. But that's not why I stayed. Once I'd got into that pose of illiteracy, darned if I knew how to get out! And besides—"

"The papers said you were in a serious condition!"

"I was. I am. No one was ever in a worse state of mind!" He caught her firm little chin and tilted it, though she tried to run away. "Look at me, Sally! You dare call me a cheat and pretend you don't love me? Sally, will you marry me?"

"A Dukes—marry a servant?" she mocked.

"Stop it! I don't care what you are, who you are. I've never cared about that. It's you I adore. Will you, Sally?"

Silently she met his gaze, lost herself in what she saw in those steady eyes. And once again she made that odd winking gesture of her slender hands.

"Gordon," she demanded, breathlessly "have you that letter I sent you?"

He tapped his breast pocket and nodded solemnly. "Right here! It was a mean letter, Sally!"

"Give it to me."

Gravely he handed it over—between thumb and finger, as though it were hot.

Lynn took it, stooped down, and with a sharp, flat stone dug a hole in the soft earth beside the path. Then she tore the paper into infinitesimal pieces, dropped them in and covered them with earth. "Sally's dead," she announced, as she stood up and dusted her hands lightly. "Dead and buried. I have always considered her a common, flitty person."

April Showers

[Continued from page 72]

kept in one small room. If one or two guests are very late, it would be a mistake to delay the party for them. Never spoil the party for a score of polite people by showing consideration for one person who is grossly rude.

When all have hidden their gifts, each guest gives her clue to another guest. Each clue has the initials of the giver and these same initials are on the hidden gifts. The hostess, who has hidden her gift before the party starts, gives her clue to the guest of honor. Then all go a-hunting.

As soon as the person showered solves her clue and follows it to her hostess's gift, she returns again to the room from which they all started. There the others bring the gifts when they find them, and give them to her. The guests bring only those gifts for which they have clues, and do not touch gifts they may come upon by accident during the search.

The guest of honor unwraps her presents then and there, and reads out the greetings from her friends.

WHILE refreshments are being served, the clues come up for general discussion and a little prize may be given for the cleverest clue.

If, instead of this sort of party, you want to give a plain kitchen shower, the invitations should read, "Weather: Stormy," as a hint of the life to come when the bride-elect puts her workaday presents to use.

This is a very direct and simple kind of shower which is useful when some other form of entertainment, like a dance or cards, has been planned to follow. In a kitchen shower, all the gifts are tied separately and each is fastened to a long string, at the end of which is a tag with the name of the person who gives the gift.

The gifts are all put into a large clothes hamper which may be the gift of the hostess. The strings hang out over the sides.

The correct words to be substituted for those listed on page 72 are:

peril	tendril
nostril	imperial

There is yet another word "fibril" deriving from the word "fiber."

The hamper is carried in and presented to the bride-elect with a few appropriate words—appropriate but as polite as possible. This is no time to get catty.

She then takes one string at a time by the tag and hauls out whatever is at the other end of it. Wrapped up with each gift there may be a bit of doggerel verse kidding the bride genteelly and giving the name of the donor.

If any of the readers of Smart Set are planning to give a China Shower, they may get a few helpful suggestions by writing to Mr. Longstreth, care of Smart Set, 221 W. 57th St., New York City, and enclosing a stamped and addressed return envelope for his reply.

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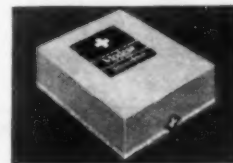
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(knows ALL the facts)

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There is a vast difference between the real truth and the current speculations regarding this intimate matter. And unless the young wife is absolutely sure she knows all the facts, she should read the Zonite booklet. Then she can be sure.

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Who's Got Who's Goat?

[Continued from page 55]

"Then one must go to the market. Well, some milk."

"No milk either."

"But, Monsieur, your goats have of the milk."

"Perhaps," he admitted. "But how does one wrest it from them?"

"I know how, Monsieur Goater," said the girl. "Me, I was born in the country."

She stooped down with her pitcher and showed him. Her pitcher filled, the housemaid offered Bunny a franc.

"Keep it, my infant," he refused the coin grandly. "I owe you that for the work."

MILK was free on Bunny's route that morning—for those who could get it. Bunny achieved tunes on his rustic pipe, heads stuck out from windows, people descended with pitchers and pails, and those with the necessary cunning were rewarded as long as the supply held out.

He began, too, to get acquainted with his goats. The seven brown goats rose little above a low brutish level in comparison with the white one, whose name, it soon seemed clear to Bunny, was Bessie. Bessie had initiative and ingenuity, and she was filled with that divine curiosity which marks the genius off from the common herd.

It was when they were passing a billboard that Bunny first noticed the extraordinary acumen of Bessie. The most the imagination of the brown goats could compass was the idea of eating the more highly colored portions of the lithographs, a manifest impossibility since the capricious mouth is not adapted to biting out chunks from hard plane surfaces.

Bessie permitted herself no such absurdity. She browsed until she found the loose end of a poster. This she grasped in her teeth and then walked forward, tearing off a sizable strip of somebody's advertisement. She inverted the fragment upon the sidewalk, held it down with her hoofs, and licked off the dry but succulent paste adhering to it, menacing her covetous sisters with her horns. Bessie knew what side her posters were buttered on.

An hour of such researches into commerce and natural history was, however, enough for Bunny. It was time to be thinking about losing the goats; and even as he took the resolution, the perfect plan flashed into his mind.

On his milk route Bunny had cut back in from the fortifications and was now in the quarter near his own hotel. At such an early hour the night door would still be latched. Bunny planned to slip in, and allow his chattels to wander on.

This maneuver was easily executed, but he had reckoned without the persistence of Fido.

IT SEEMED to Bunny that he had barely fallen asleep when he gained an impression that the goats were taking headlong jumps at his door. Consciousness, however, demonstrated that the thunder was only a knock.

Bunny staggered to the door and unlocked it.

"Your goats, Monsieur," the hotel keeper wailed. "It is exacting my entire staff to keep them out of my lobby, where your dog insists to drive them."

Bunny said a bad word.

"And the police, Monsieur!" went on the proprietor. "They have been here!"

"Why did you not demand them to put goats into the pound?"

"One has suggested that same project, Monsieur, but they have said that the law forbids it when the owner is known."

Bunny sighed wearily.

"What time is it?"

"Ten o'clock. And the police have given me but one half hour more. It will be a scandal! I pray you, Monsieur Allen, for the good renown of this house, descend and lead away those goats."

Morose, Bunny promised. When he went down he found the lobby in a state of siege. The hall porter in command, the *maitre d'hôtel* as staff officer. The lady bookkeeper, a waitress, two chambermaids, and the kitchen boy, with such impromptu arms as the hotel afforded, were defending the door against the invading force of Sergeant Fido.

The Sergeant, however, made up in mobility what he lacked in numerical strength.

A quiver of the festooned tail signalled recognition of his master, and Fido at once called off his Amazons, corralling them into a bleating cluster. There was something red attached to one of Bessie's flat horns.

"What is that?" Bunny demanded of the landlord.

"A police contravention for you, Monsieur," said the hotel man. He pointed to a parking sign. "Regard that advice there—stationing one hour—is it not? But your goats have been here already three."

Bunny untied the red summons card, murder in his heart. Here at the end of his exemplary year was the very scrape against which Old Man Hollister had expressly warned him. These infernal goats had done it to him—to him, personally as innocent as the driven snow. Nothing but goat blood could appease Bunny and he rushed out of the hotel, hoping this time that the goats would follow so that he might lead them to their death.

Desperately he tried to embark his beasts upon one of the Seine passenger steamers, with the scurvy intent of pushing them off severally when he had them at his mercy in midstream—easily frustrated by the watermen who manned the floating station.

Better was his impulse to conduct his retainers across the Place de l'Etoile, since any casual observer would have put the chances of even a human pedestrian, getting through that whirl of traffic unscathed, at about one in three. Bunny, engaged in preserving himself, was too occupied to observe what sort of a passage his fauna were making of it. But on the Champs-Elysees shore, there were the goats and Fido waiting for him.

DOWN the Avenue des Champs-Elysees at last tottered a broken man, escorted by an octette of goats and a sway-backed yellow dog, full of conscious rectitude.

No other master had ever made such calls upon his professional powers, and Fido felt that he had come through thus far with flying colors.

Different thoughts filled Bunny. What had been a joke, a sport, an annoyance, and then a pest, was now getting to be the cause of chilling fear.

Suppose he could not rid himself of this incubus at all, suppose the goats followed him to the Ritz—they would wreck what slim chances he had with Old Asa Hollister!

He looked at his watch and shuddered. After eleven—less than an hour in which to do the impossible!

And then at his elbow, salvation—the arcade of the Champs-Elysees! Its revolving doors would baffle even Fido. Bunny would be through and out the opposite exit long before Fido could solve what was, after all, only a simple problem in physics.

He ducked through the turbine and sped to the other end of the vaulted passage.

But Providence that morning was not giv-

ing Bunny an even break. The exit upon the Rue de Ponthieu was boarded up for repairs. The arcade was a cul-de-sac.

Bunny dragged himself back toward the main entrance. He approached cautiously on just the chance that Fido had overlooked momentarily his desertion and was by now ranging far afield. As Bunny neared the turnstiles goats were shooting singly into the building as though expelled from some pneumatic goat-gun trained on the entrance.

He skulked along the windows for a nearer view of the prodigy and outside, through the glass, saw the busiest and most worried dog in Paris. But Fido had nevertheless solved the revolving-door theorem. He waited quivering until some foot-passenger gave the mill a spin. He then bit a goat into one of the disappearing spaces, and centrifugal force did the rest. As Bunny watched, Fido cut in his last goat and seized the opportunity himself to enter in the same whirling cubicle.

ONCE inside, the goats behaved in a way that held Bunny, desperate as he was, rapt with fascination. Each in turn made straight for the jewel-like garden in the arcade. The brown goats contented themselves with the ordinary pasturage, worth, Bunny estimated, at least two dollars a blade; but Bessie whetted her appetite first from the box hedges, which several years of scientific petting had raised to a height of nearly six inches.

Alarms from within apprised Bunny that word had been passed to the botanists who tilled this intramural farm that their fences were down. It seemed well to him at this point to melt from view.

Bunny dived for the doors and pelted down the Champs-Elysees, colliding so violently with a smartly dressed young woman that he had to grab her arms. She looked up indignantly.

"Nan!"

"Bunny!"

They embraced in the good old open-air Parisian fashion.

"Golly, darling, you look good to me," said Bunny, hugging her again.

"You lamb!" Nan hugged back. "And think of meeting you right here, just as I was counting every minute before luncheon!"

"Yes," Bunny agreed. "I—I was just on my way down there."

There was a commotion up the avenue.

"What are all those animals there?" asked Nan suspiciously.

Bunny looked over his shoulder. The arcade dam had burst, inundating the Champs-Elysees with bearded and horned creatures.

"Look like goats, don't they? But listen, old thing, I ought to toddle on—got some things to—"

"Well, wait one minute, Bunny. It's awfully lucky we met. We've got to work some strong stuff on dad, or there won't be any church wedding."

"Let's just step around the corner, Hon. What do you say?"

"What for?"

"Might be cooler there—out of the hot sun."

"Idiot, there isn't any sun. It's starting to rain."

"There was some a minute ago. It might come out again."

"Bunny! I don't believe you've heard a word I said!"

"Sure, I did—that it's raining."

"Not that—dad! He's more difficult than ever. He's holding something against you—something about a train from Deauville—"

Bunny paled.

"Who told him about that?"

"It was in the papers, I think. Weren't you arrested, or something?"

"That wasn't a real pinch," said Bunny sulkily. "They only fined me five francs—twenty cents. I don't want to knock your



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relations, dearest, but I must say your old man's a hundred-per-cent crab, if he holds out on that account."

"What was it, anyhow, Bun?"

"Nothing. I was only sticking my arm out of the train windows to give traffic signals to anything behind, but somebody pulled the emergency cord."

"I suspect, lover, that you were pie-eyed. My aunt, what are all these goats standing around us for?"

"Maybe they like it here," suggested Bunny.

Nan appraised him closely.

"Bunny Allen, look at me! There's something funny about this—you galloping along and nearly knocking me over, and gibbering about the hot sunshine—and then this demented dog. Bunny, are these your goats?"

"They think they are," he confessed miserably, and told her the whole story.

"John Bunyan Allen, you poor prune!" wailed Nan. "We might have talked dad over that train business, but my heavens—goats! For three months dad and I haven't seen anything but goats. He's been buying a cargo of them, or something. In Paris I expected to get some relief from goats, and then you turn up with enough to populate the Bronx."

"I didn't invite them," Bunny defended himself.

"Why don't you take a taxi and ride away from them? I'll get dad and meet you at the hotel."

Bunny's face lit with renewed hope.

"That's my girl-friend," he proclaimed.

"I always said, Nanikin, you were bright." In exactly thirty-two minutes thereafter a mere chilled-steel nucleus of determination, prefaced by a fan-shaped formation of goats, approached the American-Bar entrance to the Hotel Ritz.

Nan's brilliant plan had not been an entire success, though Bunny had given it a fair trial, the route of which was at present marked by a smashed taxicab.

Goats or no goats, Bunny was keeping his date, hoping for some last-minute miracle to save him. And a miracle-man, at least, seemed at hand—the majestic doortender at the Ritz.

"Let him show his stuff," thought Bunny bitterly, as he dashed up the steps.

Fido sought to follow with his hand, but the doorman stepped out into the entrance, raising a forbidding hand. Fido immediately bit him in the calf. With a roar of pain the man dropped to one knee to inspect his wound, whereupon Fido herded the goats on in.

THE Ritz bar room was crowded for the noon cocktail hour. As Bunny's retinue entered, ladies began climbing upon their chairs. A fat, prosperous gentleman sought to protect the fair by waving a noon edition menacingly at the invading huns. One of the brown ones instantly charged and upset him.

The brunette non-combatants ranged about the room seeking any crumbs of nutriment that might have fallen from the tables of Dives, but not the blonde Bessie. True to her intelligence and a robust appetite which the morning exercises had given her, she followed a bee-line to the bar itself and, steadying herself with a delicate front hoof began to munch avidly from the platter of potato chips.

The head barkeeper was a man of instant resolution. Recovering quickly from his first natural surprise, he reached under the bar and came up with an empty champagne bottle held by the neck.

At just this instant, however, Bessie de-



"You see, my first husband was so funny looking that I had him stuffed!"

When you write to advertisers please mention SMART SET MAGAZINE

cided to sample the adjacent olives, and so the bottle merely put a dent into the mahogany rail. The miss only served to incense the barman, who a second time took careful aim for the k. o. But Bessie had decided that olives after all were an acquired taste. So, using a little quick footwork, she passed on to the cloves, cleaning up the saucerful with one sweep of her tongue.

For Bessie's immediate comfort, it would have been better if that second wallop had reached its mark, for then at least she would have been unconscious and oblivious to suffering. Those innocuous black seeds to which she had helped herself so generously tasted exactly like a mouthful of hot embers. Her confidence thus betrayed, Bessie went berserk.

"WHAT the sam hill is all this?" came the voice of Asa Hollister and silence fell, broken only by the gasping of bystanders.

Old Asa caught sight of Bunny sliding along the wall.

"Hah!" he pounced upon the culprit. "Don't tell me a word. Hell to pay and you here—that's enough. How'd you manage to get these goats in here?"

"I brought 'em here, that's how," said Bunny defiantly. "And who wants to know, anyhow? I'm paying the bill."

"You? You know how to lead goats?" "Do I know how? Why listen. I've been friends with goats from earliest childhood."

Old Man Hollister advanced upon Bunny. "You're not lying, are you?" he demanded. "These are your goats? You can boss them?"

"Of course I can."

"We'll see," said hard-boiled Old Asa. He indicated the door of the Louis XV salon. "Run these goats in there," he commanded.

Bunny walked to the salon door, and Fido herded the goats in ahead of him, Nan and her father following. Old Man Hollister heaved a sigh of relief.

"My boy," he said, patting Bunny's shoulder. "I thought for a moment you were trying to put something over on me. Why didn't you tell me you could lead goats? All this little misunderstanding over Nan could have been cleared up long ago. You get Nan and you get a life job with me, too—twenty thousand a year to start with."

"What doing?"

"Head goatherd on my West Virginia place—Misticrest. Twenty thousand acres of cut-over land there waiting for goats to clear off the underbrush. They prefer underbrush to grass any time."

"I know," said Bunny.

"I've only got a couple of thousand goats there now," explained Old Asa, "but I've picked up about seven thousand more on this trip. Chartered a cattle boat for them. We'll put this bunch aboard at Marseilles, and the dog, too—good specimen of Algerian goatherd."

"I didn't know you were so gone on goats, Dad," said Nan.

"That's because you never notice anything," her father retorted. "Bunny and I now, we see eye to eye on this thing. We'll make the Blue Ridge blossom like the rose—thousands of goats, clearing the mountains without costing a cent. Misticrest will be the milk and cheese center of America. The big trouble has been to find a good head goatherd. How soon can you two get married?"

"Dad!" cried Nan aghast. "We've got to live with the goats?"

"More you study goats, young lady, the better," preached Old Asa. "They're a sign of settled civilization."

"Never mind, Nan," Bunny comforted her. "We can fly to New York for weekends."



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Clip and Mail TO DAY

Your Own Room

[Continued from page 73]

consider them now with our spring renovating.

With the background all set we can consider the furniture. Even the strangest designs and ugliest colors of golden oak can be modernized with a little thought and a good bit of paint.

If by chance you have an old-fashioned bureau of shiny yellow oak, all decorated with curly-cues carefully glued on, let that be your starting point.

Remove the useless decorations. Pry them off with a knife if necessary, and clean off the old high-gloss varnish with a prepared varnish remover.

Take the mirror and its supports off the back and you will discover that you have a nice simple chest of drawers, just waiting to be painted. The mirror, too, will turn out to be a simple oblong that can be hung flat on the wall above the chest, when the fresh paint is all dry. You can paint them any color that pleases you, any tone that blends with the other things in your room.

Perhaps you are lucky enough to live in a house with an attic full of treasures, just waiting to be dug out and brought to life. There you may find a really good bed, or a bureau like the one I have just described. There are sure to be several chairs in need of paint and brightly colored cushions. An old night stand may be brought out, and the scorned what-not is coming back into style.

I know of one lovely room that is entirely made up of attic discards—pieces from here and there that did not harmonize with anything. They were all assembled, a color scheme carefully planned, and then the fun—and the work—began. The result is delightful, freshly painted, and all harmonious.

Gay curtains, cushions, and bedspread, complete the picture, and a charming, livable room has been created by dint of thoughtful planning and hard work. You can do the same even though you have no attic to draw upon. People so often throw things away when they no longer "belong," though a little effort would make them fit in somewhere else.

THE bed is a more difficult problem, for so often it is not in good proportion, even when all the gewgaws are removed. Perhaps you can substitute a day-bed or even a couch without headboard or footboard, though that will tax your ingenuity as a seamstress, for a tailored slip-cover will be needed.

If you have an old bed, even an iron one, that is good in line, by all means use it. The old-fashioned shiny brass beds can be done over, too, provided you roughen the surface of the brass before you apply any paint.

If you are lucky enough to have a quaint, old-fashioned bed like that shown in the photograph on page 73, it will be pure pleasure to restore it to something like its original glory. It was probably painted black many years ago, just as you can paint it today with decorations in color on headboard and footboard. Just in passing, note what a delightful bedspread the old handwoven coverlet makes.

The two bedrooms shown on page 73 should be of particular interest to any one for they are both reconstructed rooms, with sloping sides following the lines of the roof. Such rooms are not possible in city apartments, but there are many of them in our small

one-family houses throughout the country.

I believe that if I were asked to choose a room for my very own, and if I could have any room I wanted, it would be a room like one of these that I would select.

The built-in cupboard under the sloping sides, the little fireplace that really works, and the dormer windows, are all so individual that they stimulate the imagination. Then, too, they are just the places for painted furniture—furniture that has been freshened up and brought up-to-date.

In the photograph at the top of page 73 you can see a rejuvenated wicker chair, fresh and smart in a new coat of paint and stiff cushions of heavy glazed chintz. Painting wicker and reed isn't so easy as painting the smooth wood surfaces of dressers and beds, for there are so many little corners that are difficult to get into. A round stubby brush is better for this purpose than the flat, slender one that you have used on the plain surfaces.

THE other room, at the bottom of page 73, is quite Colonial in character, and the little fireplace with its old clock and brass candlesticks seems the center of interest.

The ivory painted rocker to the right was not so inviting in its original state, for then it was yellow oak. But now it fits into the color scheme, and is quite as decorative as the black painted arm chair the other side of the fireplace.

Chairs and tables are so easy to paint that they are usually done first. The amateur starts with a hanging bookshelf or a magazine rack, progresses rapidly to a small night stand or tiffin table, and is soon ready to attack the larger pieces.

There is just one word of warning. Don't try to put a light color on top of red mahogany stain. A peculiar kind of acid is used to make this stain and it comes through any amount of paint and enamel. If your color is light it will soon turn to a bluish pink, regardless of what you intended it to be.

Other stains used on oak, maple, beech, birch, or the ordinary white wood can all be removed and the wood painted over successfully. There is a lot of fuss to this removing of paint or varnish, and the application of a new coat of paint, but the results more than justify the trouble.

Use any of the well-known brands of paint or enamel, and follow instructions on the can so that you will not get into any avoidable difficulties.

The regular flat paint for woodwork or furniture dries slowly and must be carefully sandpapered between each coat. Lacquers dry so rapidly that unless you are very expert they will dry before you want them to—before you have finished the one little section on which you are working.

There is a new enamel on the market now, made by many of the well-known firms, that comes just between the two. It dries rapidly, but not so fast that you can't work over it, if you have to.

With most paints and varnishes you have to be careful not to move your brush first up and down and then crossways. If you do the brush strokes show up when your surface dries.

Use good brushes, good paints, and with plenty of ambition and interest, you will create a new room that will be the envy of your friends.

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Brass Knuckles

[Continued from page 62]

When all hands were quarrelsome or sleepy, Bingham gathered the brig's crew, and curtly told the men of the ketch and the junk that he wouldn't need them. Then he strode through the door, the brig's men at his heels, grinning at the muttering discards whose voices rose as he moved from their immediate vicinity.

Gentlemen Julius seemed indifferent to muttering and evil eyes alike. He brushed past Kyung-Ito, stood for a moment outside calling the girl, and when she ran to him with a little cry of eager gratitude, he gripped her elbow and hurried her towards the beach.

Kyung-Ito came after him like a fat bear, chattering a streak of Oriental language, the gist of which might be guessed by its very intensity. The disgruntled discards from junk and ketch fell in behind Kyung and came roaring. Here was sport. This smooth Gentleman Julius was due for a scraping down, and bound to get it. Old Kyung-Ito was no clumsy Swede.

Kyung, reaching between Bingham and the girl, gripped the man's breast in a vice-like clutch that fastened to flesh through coat and shirt. And Bingham knew he was helpless in that grip once he let it turn him. He spoke to the girl and she swiftly danced aside. Then before Kyung could step in to follow up his grip, Bingham swung around like a flash, his fists chugged upwards, and Kyung-Ito, the terror of brawling sailors, slumped to the earth and lay there like a dead man.

The girl ran to Bingham's arms, but she gave no glance to Kyung-Ito. The brig's men trooped after her rescuer in awed silence. The men of the ketch and the junk clustered around the fallen Kyung.

AS SOON as the brig's anchor dripped at the cathead, she stood seaward, and Bingham bade the girl follow him below. The brig's mate grinned and made some sailorese remark; the brig's skipper glanced in fright at the back of Gentleman Julius and savagely shut his subordinate up.

Bingham went on his way unconcernedly, and the girl followed in complete trust. In the tiny saloon Bingham tried to get at the girl's history. But to most of his queries she returned evasive answers; to one concerning Kyung-Ito's treatment of her she answered decisively, almost excitedly:

"I have been terrified by him. He has made me go out and dance, and flirt with drunken swine, and pretend to drink with them to make them buy more drink; but he never let me really drink, and he never let me suffer actual harm. He gave me my own room and guarded it, but he let me suffer insult, indignity, humiliation, and his eyes watched me like two black devils. I was afraid of him, and I don't know even now what he had in store for me. I meant to run away again if you hadn't come."

"Again?" he asked. "Did you try running away before?"

"Not from here," she said, then bit her lip and refused to say more. When he sensed the end of her willingness to talk of herself, he laughed and touched her shoulder gently.

"Lend a hand to chuck out these things, and you can have this stateroom," he said, entering the skipper's room. He examined the door, found the lock in order, and bundled the skipper's loose gear out on to the saloon table.

"We'll shift the rest tomorrow, and have the room cleaned out," he said. "Lock your door; open it only to me, and only that if you want to. I'd bid you good night if I knew your name. So long, anyhow."

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"My name's Myrna. Good-night, Gentleman Julius, and thank you very much," she said quietly, and her eyes questioned his as she spoke his name.

THE brig sailed well. By next noon she rounded Ombi and stood east. At dawn, a sharp-eyed Finn had seen two sails astern. When day came clear, there floated the ketch and the junk, hanging to the brig's wake like sharks.

Gentleman Julius and the girl Myrna walked the deck together. All the ribald chatter was cut short when the men saw the gentleman rise from a bedless couch on the skylight to greet the girl coming on deck.

She stepped beside him on the brig's dirty deck, chattering of things far from Banda Sea; things that he listened to silently, hoping that she might let slip something that would help him to place her. She did not. She suddenly stopped chattering and laughed up at him.

"So after all, Gentleman Julius is you," she said.

He was wondering over that innocent remark, or the manner of it, when he had to set a new course for the skipper.

Bingham took off his gloves and laid aside his coat as the morning grew. He had taken the brig's second mate's room for his own. It was the second mate whose white clothes Bingham had adopted for his transformation into Gentleman Julius. Myrna saw him emerging from the little cabin, coatless and gloveless.

"Better keep your gloves on, Gentleman Julius," she called to him.

He did not, and when he reached the deck she was close behind him, as if unwilling to let him out of her reach. The brig's second mate, Lampke, eyed him from head to toe, and an ugly twist distorted the hard creased face.

"Gentleman Julius, I seen a fellow yesterday afternoon in rags in Kyung-Ito's place, and he was the spittin' image o' you. Who's yer tailor?" Swiftly the second mate reached out a grimy hand, taking a pinch of the material of Bingham's trousers in his fingers.

Close at hand Bingham heard Myrna breathe urgently, "Strike! Knock him down, quickly!"

Lampke had never taken Bingham's Gentleman Julius claim as readily as the rest of the brig's crew had done. Prompt action was called for, and Gentleman Julius supplied it. He stepped forward, his fist quivering, and sheer remembrance caused Lampke to back away in spite of his challenge. It was impossible to forget those terrible blows that had felled the Swede and Kyung-Ito back on shore.

The punch that landed on Lampke's chin scarcely brushed him; but in backing away he stumbled over the bucket rack, tripped, and fell backwards. The decks rang with jeers and his shipmates had no pity for him.

THE little incident was closed apparently. The skipper gave his second mate a raking down, and outwardly Lampke regarded Gentleman Julius with respect. But Myrna insisted that Gentleman Julius remain fully dressed, even to the gloves.

"You think if I look the part it's enough?" he grinned. "You don't think perhaps Gentleman Julius earned his reputation with more than toggery?"

"Gentleman Julius earned his name with savage fists," she said fiercely. "He wore brass knuckles under his gloves. That's why the gloves. You had better do the same. If that Lampke fellow had not fallen on his head, he wouldn't have been hurt a bit just now. As it is, he knows there's no poison in your bare fist."

Bingham stared whimsically at the girl. "So you don't believe I'm Gentleman Julius?" he smiled. "Why?"

"I'll tell you later, perhaps," she returned. Lampke was talking to some of the men in the waist. Coming up astern of the brig, the ketch and the junk gained fast. The junk was almost within hail of a good megaphone.

Gentleman Julius, determined to hold on to his name, took the girl's advice and went below for his coat and gloves. Those gloves had been his greatest problem. Lampke's clothes had fitted him well enough; he had brass knuckles of his own, having been with a coast crew in the Rotana—and he had shrewdly guessed the reason for Gentleman Julius's gloves—but he had not expected to find gloves aboard such a palpable island tramp as the brig. Sheer luck had sent him to the skipper's room, and luck had found him a solitary bundle of common drill gloves with woolen wristlets—the sort of gloves that fishermen wear to save their hands.

When he returned to the deck Ombi was slipping by; the breeze was fresh and the sea sparkled like blue glass. A warm scent came from the land, and far ahead, a speck on the sea, lay the tiny dark object that all hands hoped was the wrecked steamer.

THE brig drew near to the reef, and there was no doubt as to the identity of the steamer lying across it. It was the Rotana sure enough, and Bingham, who knew every rivet in her, keenly scrutinized her situation.

At first sight she seemed hopelessly lost. Then, as the brig's approach changed the angle of view, she looked more likely to be salvable with the aid of powder to blast the reef away. But none of these thoughts were communicated to the brig's crew yet. They were licking their chops at the feast of loot in sight, and no thought of anything else troubled them.

Besides the junk was almost as well up to the reef as the brig was. And the ketch was piling up the sea before a freshening squall.

Coming into the field of strong glasses, far back under Ombi, another sail now appeared. It was a small sail. It could scarcely belong to anything bigger than a ship's boat, or at most a half-decked sloop or cutter. But it was coming right after the others. Bingham spent quite a long time aloft with the glasses watching that sail. Then he took the wheel.

"You stand by and see that none of your gang takes in sail when this squall strikes," he said, and the skipper obeyed meekly, though his old brig was in no shape to stand up to a squall.

The first breath of it brought the ketch up rushing; her gang doused the mainsail and she dropped back.

The wind overtook the junk, driving her ahead in a smother of foam. Her skipper hung on to his clumsy mat sails.

Then the full force of the squall came down. The distant sail faded behind the blinding rain; the ketch headed into the wind and lay to.

Bingham stood to his helm with snapping eyes. He had taken a swift bearing of the reef end, and hoped the squall would blow itself out before he ran too far.

That junk could sail clear across the reef at one end, and bring up in the sheltered lee of the wreck, with luck.

The squall passed. There lay the reef, close ahead as the curtain of rain swept beyond it.

There lay the junk, a mile astern, her great mat sails in the water, her bulwarks crushed by the fall of the huge unstayed masts.

There lay the ketch, not so far astern of the junk, lying-to, but unhurt—and speeding up to her was the small sail last seen clearing Ombi.

It was a smart little half-decked cutter, handy enough for two men and so far as the glasses could show, two men sailed her.

Bingham tried hard to identify both figures in the small cutter. He could make out Kyung-Ito, bulky and spiderlike, obviously working as crew for the smaller figure in white at the tiller. He made a keen guess that this was the real Gentleman Julius. If so, Kyung-Ito was a good partner for him. It was a combination to be respected, especially if it made contact with that ketch astern, whose skipper was the broken-jawed Swede.

Even as Bingham snapped out an order to bring the brig to the wind, the cutter got a line to the ketch and the smaller white figure leaped aboard.

"We'll lose out to them fore-'n-afters if we don't keep goin', cap," the skipper grumbled.

"We'll lose out anyhow if we don't get that junk's gang with us before that cutter gets to them," retorted Bingham, and stood ready to hail the helpless junk. The brig slashed across the short mile intervening, on the heels of the departed squall, and the junk men crowded the broken rails.

"Chip in with us on shares?" Bingham bellowed through a canvas funnel.

There was a noisy argument. Shrewd spirits aboard the junk saw the very great possibility of that ketch beating the brig to the wreck.

The brig's mate hove a line, caught by the junk's skipper, and with the tautening of it the argument stopped. The vessels drew close to the haul on the line, and the junk's gang crowded over the brig's rail.

"TELL me," Myrna whispered, "that other man in the cutter is the real Gentleman Julius, isn't it?"

"I had a hunch you knew," he said. "What else do you know about Gentleman Julius?"

She hesitated, and shook her head until the brig was well on her way again. Then, when it was sure that nothing but utter failure of wind could beat the brig in her race for the wreck, she drew Bingham aside, and turned a troubled face towards him.

"I fibbed when I told you I had no idea what Kyung-Ito's intentions were regarding me," she said. "I did know, too well."

"I told you I ran away. I ran away from my people because life seemed too dull. They live in Hong-Kong, in Government Service, which is ruled, hounded, ordered, and lived according to regulations."

"My brother, Mortimer, left home long ago for the same reason, and we've never heard of him since."

"I was sent home to school, and when I returned to Hong-Kong I had ideas, and when my people began all over again to lay down to me what had driven Morty from home, I rebelled."

"I heard about this new white pirate, Gentleman Julius, who was making Governments sit up, and his sheer impudence gave me a thrill. There was romance attached to his stunts, and I was for romance at that moment. I simply ran away from home, with only the scraps of my month's allowance for funds, and like the silly schoolgirl I was I set out to find Gentleman Julius and be a lady pirate!"

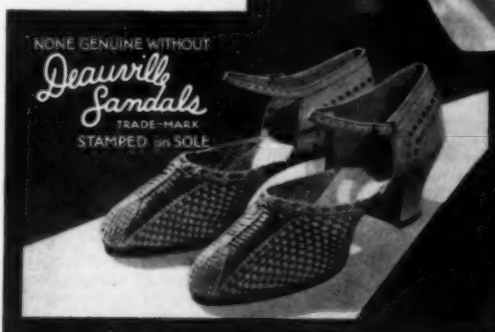
Myrna glanced at Bingham, as if expecting to find derision in his eyes. Instead she found a man so rapt that his attention could never be entirely for her story.

As she stopped speaking he stepped aside to survey the situation of the vessels. The ketch was coming up astern under full sail, towing the little cutter. The reef was close ahead, within half a mile. As he looked, a man dropped into the cutter from the ketch; the ketch cast off, the cutter's lone hand setting her mainsail to follow.

It was no time to listen to a story, even such a story as Myrna's promised to be. This was going to be a race, and there could be no question as to the grim purpose of it.

"I'll take the wheel," Bingham said. Un-

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less he could reach that wrecked steamer first, gone was the golden plan he had formed out of dreams in the past four hours.

Myrna seemed to be impatient now that she had told part of her story. She stood beside him at the helm and carried on with her tale. He was as eager to hear as she was to tell, but he never for a moment let her words distract him from his job.

"I came to Ternate after calling at half a dozen little ports where he was supposed to be," she said. "Everywhere I went I heard tales which gave me a vivid picture of the man, and each one rather increased his fascination for me. I posed as a novelist, seeking material. When I reached Ternate, on a perfectly positive report that he would be there, I thought I would know him on sight. But he was not there—and I was broke!"

"That's where Kyung-Ito came in. I asked him for a loan to get home on. I had to tell him a good deal about my folks; then he looked at me queerly and told me I could work for him awhile and earn my keep and enough money to get home with."

"He made you dance?" he prompted. "You saw the sort of thing," she shuddered. "Yet he always seemed to be handy when things got too terrible. I found out his motive when another fat countryman of his came down on a trip and tried hard to buy me from Kyung-Ito!"

"But I was being saved for Gentleman Julius, so that Kyung-Ito could share in any profits that might accrue from the new pirate's ventures!"

Even Bingham laughed. It did sound a mad tale. Yet she was telling the truth; a glance at her face proved that.

"And you had run from home to be pirate's lady to that same Gentleman Julius! Then Kyung-Ito knew all the time I was a fake?"

"Not quite," she said soberly. "Reports of him reached Ternate, of course, as they had my home. But they were chiefly stories of his daring exploits. About all Kyung-Ito knew about the man was that he was an average sort of chap who dressed rather on the dapper side for a pirate, that he had apparently been an English gentleman—and had curly hair. That was about all I knew of him, too, except that I had gathered he was a distinct blond." She glanced at Bingham's red hair and smiled. "I don't

think you'd call yourself a blond, would you?"

"Why, certainly, a brick blond," he grinned. "I'm surprised at you, Myrna. But take a look at that chap in the ketch. You can see his curly mop anyhow, and his dapper white suit, and his gloves. That's your true Gentleman Julius, I'll bet a banana. Hulloo!"

The ketch suddenly swung in for the reef, spotting a passage. The brig was just far enough ahead to be unable to cut in. Bingham nursed the old brig, pinching her as close to the point of reef as he dared, but the ketch was surely beating her.

"It looks as if we'll have to fight for it," said Bingham. "You'd better go below, Myrna," he said.

"I shall stay until you order me down," she answered. "I was afraid you wouldn't want to fight for your own now luck's all against you. I'm glad."

It was then that something happened to the ketch and changed things.

The overbold skipper, running the unfamiliar reef, grew too cocksure when his vessel was almost up to the bows of the steamer. The ketch struck. Running fast under all sail, she rebounded, surged forward again, and swung halfway around before going clear. Then she hung in irons to leeward of the wreck, leaving Bingham plenty of room to shove the old brig between and fasten on to the steamer.

The chance came so suddenly that it stopped the gang's approach. It stopped Myrna going below.

The ketch's men never did get the vessel moving again until they hauled down the mizzen and backed the headsails, by which time the craft sagged well to leeward.

Bingham had used his eyes to good purpose. He saw the Rotana, fast on the reef but her waterline was no higher than on that day he had seen her abandoned in the Banda Sea. Something had happened to stop the leak; it might be a fish, weed, anything from among the million wonders of the sea.

"Myrna!" Bingham snapped, snatching her arm and turning her toward the brig's side. "Get aboard the steamer! Up with you! Don't let anybody get there first!" She obeyed unquestioningly, scrambling up to handhold on the steamer's rail. He landed beside her as her feet struck the



"Old stuff, Antonio! Come around again when you've ditched that uke and got a megaphone like this Rodolfa Vallée!"

deck; then stood at the Rotana's rail and shouted down.

"Listen to me, men! I'm a certified officer of this steamer, as I will prove to you. She's no longer abandoned. Any attempt at looting will be piracy, and a hanging matter. I'm not Gentleman Julius. But I'm Gentleman Geoff, if you like, and I'm going to salvage this ship and take her to port for the owners. I'll need your help, and there'll be salvage for you. Or you can join the other gang and try to stop me."

The broken-jawed Swede stood side by side with Gentleman Julius. He yammered vociferously, shaking a fist at Bingham. The brig's skipper was inclined to the legitimate side of the business; but his mate, urged by Lampke, seemed undecided until the Swede saw him. Then there was an exchange of stale amenities left over from barroom jealousies in Ternate, and that decided the mate. He and the skipper clambered aboard the steamer, and promptly the crew and the junk's gang followed, leaving only Lampke behind. His hesitation lasted until the ketch ran alongside, and then he was too late. He was swept in with the swarming rascals licking their chops in anticipation of the feast of plunder.

BINGHAM definitely ordered Myrna below, and told her to go to what had been his room on the port side of the saloon. She ran down the companionway stairs and he stood at the rail, all his faithful lined up beside him.

Bingham had forty men to back him; there were scarcely as many to follow the real Gentleman Julius up the side. They stood for a moment on the brig's quarter-deck regarding Bingham.

"I command this salvage party," Bingham said. "I shall oppose your boarding, and if you persist, it's piracy. That being off my chest, according to law, come on if you want to. Let's see what you've got!"

The answer was so swift it almost defeated the salvage gang, for Gentleman Julius sprang to the brig's main rigging and in a second or so the entire swarm of pirates had a grip upon the rails of the Rotana.

Bingham expected to see the real Gentleman Julius face to face. He knew that Lampke had told of his impersonation; he was sure that Kyung-Ito had added a bit. But Gentleman Julius did not appear. That, in itself was suspicious.

Bingham was busy, but he fancied he heard a cry from over the side—as if it came from the porthole of his own room—the room where Myrna was.

It was impossible to reach the companionway. The deck was a seething mass of free punching sailormen. The fat face of Kyung-Ito appeared once again at the rail, and Bingham swung his fist at it. Old memories tricked Kyung-Ito as they had tricked Lampke, and he tried to duck that terrible fist, only to fall headlong back aboard the brig, and remain there.

Bingham was sorely anxious to get below to Myrna. Her cry had startled him. It kept him uneasy, because he heard it no more.

When the scrimmage reached the after end of the bridgedeck, it became stationary for a moment. Somebody yelled. The Swede yammered excitedly. Somebody looked, saw, and yelled again, and the fight amazingly thinned out and stopped.

The backed yards of the brig, her sails left standing by sheer lubberly impatience, pressed her sternwards. She was fast to the steamer. The tide was high. And the breeze, freshening again, had driven brig and steamer sternfirst off the reef.

But there was more—The little cutter, which had been brought alongside by the lone hand left to handle her, now leaned merrily to the breeze and sped towards Ceram, a solitary white clad figure at the tiller and looking straight ahead

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Bingham burst through the mob and dashed down the stairs.

"Myrna!" he shouted. "Myrna! Where are you?"

Her door opened at once and she met him in the doorway, her eyes gleaming moistly with recent tears.

She raised her face to his, achieved a smile, and said simply:

"He looked in through the port as he climbed—and that was when I cried out—it was Gentleman Julius—it was Morty!"

Bingham was staggered. He gripped her arms. The thing was so stupendous that he was incapable of taking it wholly in, blurring out his doubt, "But why didn't you recognize him when the ketch was so close?"

"I never saw his face, did you?" Bingham had not seen his face. Few aboard the brig had. But Myrna's trouble was plain enough. He took her in his arms.

"Well be glad you saw each other before he boarded us," he said gently. "Perhaps he'll go off somewhere to think awhile."

"He took Kyung-Ito. I heard him promise to slice him up for what he had done to me. Morty was laughing. It made me creep. He used to laugh so infectiously before he went away."

"Don't worry about Kyung-Ito," Bingham told her, patting her shoulder. "I don't believe Morty's quite the devil he's painted. Anyhow I'll bet a banana he doesn't hurt a cripple and Kyung-Ito's all that. Let's go on deck. Look at 'em dropping overboard! There goes another! Our lads don't expect

to share salvage with the crew of that ketch. Look—that's Lampke!"

The deck was cleared when he went up. Lampke, still trying to establish a claim as second mate of the brig, was the last to go.

"We'll let her drift awhile, keeping the brig fast," Bingham decided. "But some hands get aloft and make fast the sails. Who knows enough to stoke a boiler? Extra pay for stokers, lads. We have to get steam up in case we need the pumps. Look at that cutter go!"

BY EVENING there was steam at the Rotana's steampipe, and smoke at her funnel. By full dark her propeller had been turned gingerly over by Bingham himself. The steering gear was tried. Nothing happened that shouldn't happen. The steamer stayed afloat, her kicker kicked, her helm worked, she began to leave a lengthening wake astern, and her nose was pointed as straight for Hong Kong as geography permitted. The brig followed fully manned under the mate's charge. The skipper and the junk's gang worked the steamer.

Myrna watched Bingham until he was satisfied that the steamer was able to make the passage; then she shyly joined him.

"We'll take half of the missing family home to the folks," he told her with a cheerful grin. "And perhaps we can promise the other half. Anyhow, I'm going to offer myself as a substitute for the time being. Do you care, Myrna?"

"Not a bit, Gentleman Geoff," she answered decidedly.

America's Most Interesting Woman

[Continued from page 24]

keen appreciation of music which has been fostered through her husband's joy in it, is herself not a musician. Her taste runs rather to books for which she has an insatiable appetite. She is an incessant reader, particularly at night, and has an enviable knack of being able to tell at a glance whether a book has any appeal for her. She can scan a volume in an incredibly short time and come away with its entire contents thoroughly digested.

She adores poetry, and has a great faculty for remembering quantities of it. She will tell you quite frankly that she is trying to instill in Paulina a love of the poems she likes.

Paulina is not a child who needs a book thrust into her hands to make her "book conscious," for even though mother and I were discussing that engrossing controversy of the hour, the celebrated Gann matter, she kept her eyes fastened on a volume that bore the most intriguing of all titles, "Once Upon A Time."

I was glad to hear Alice Longworth say that the much advertised feud between herself and Mrs. Gann was non-existent. She voiced what most of us have felt, that the whole fuss was too silly and that what the papers had made of it was unbelievably stupid. It was no surprise therefore to hear her say—"Any one who knows me knows perfectly well that I don't in the least care where I sit at dinner—" and to have her say positively that of course she speaks to Mrs. Gann when they meet. There is not an atom of pettiness about Alice Longworth. There, is, in direct contradiction, a great sense of sportsmanship which would never sanction the nonsense that has been published on the subject.

THE rumor has been current for a long time that Alice Longworth has a political salon, that the great minds of Washington meet at her home, and, with her, outline the policies they mean to pursue in high places.

The former Alice Roosevelt is much amused at these garbled reports, but is forced to give the lie to the powers flatteringly attributed to her, and admit that these mythical sessions have no existence.

It is only natural, she will tell you, that a great number of her friends are people whose chief interest is politics, and that in the course of an evening, political problems should come in for their share of discussion. As for anything more formal than that—"Ridiculous—" she will say, laughing so infectiously that you will join her without quite knowing why.

"I'm going home to write about you," I told her at last, feeling that the time had come when, if I didn't leave, it would be plain bad manners.

"I don't know why any one should want to write about me," she insisted. "There isn't a thing to say except that I'm a shy, furtive, rather embarrassed creature who likes her baby."

And it is her shyness that so many people confound with inaccessibility, the last trait in the world that one could, in justice, pin on her.

She is the only woman I have ever known, who has everything, and is completely unimpressed by it. That is the tragedy of Alice Longworth, from the point of view of those who admire her intensely. She is a veritable reservoir of undeveloped possibilities. She might have been anything—nothing was beyond her ability to grasp it, and she has relinquished all of her opportunities in favor of being the most utterly delightful person any of us know.

Yet I have seen an understanding smile pass between Paulina and her mother that makes me think that perhaps she has discovered her greatest talent after all, and that those of us who might have wished another career for her have yet to learn that one can ask no more of life than happiness, and that one of the few people whom it has not eluded seems to be Alice Longworth.

Let's Go To A Paris Opening

[Continued from page 71]

before. All Paris seemed to be sponsoring thin, soft tweeds, some of them as loosely woven as net. Then I saw whole groups of woolen georgettes, marocains and crepe-las, so soft that they seemed like silk. Jersey tweeds, too, were in high favor, especially those with all-over patterns or with diagonal lines.

Of course, what is worn on the Riviera in winter is always a forecast of what will be worn in Paris in the spring. It was the debonair Captain Molyneux who established jersey tweeds for the Riviera. So naturally Paris is now full of them. Molyneux makes these jerseys up into suits, the coat and skirt of one pattern, the blouse of another. The blouses, besides being short waisted, are close fitting, carrying out the lines of a snug jersey.

The coats of these suits are finger-tip length, straight and loose-fitting. On the Riviera they were shown without linings, but this may or may not last through spring.

I think the unlined ones would be fine for American girls in towns where spring and summer come early, and the lined ones for vicinities where a chill lingers in the air until well into May. But either way, all coats—suit coats or separate ones—are collarless.

All the skirts I saw had yokes. Most of them were pleated, so that there was ample fullness without the "sticking-out" fatal to many of the winter models.

Combine a yoked skirt with a collarless coat and a close-fitting jersey blouse and you have the 1930 suit as Paris showed it. Personally, I believe it's an ideal model for you girls since it's smart, practical and very girlish.

Over at the house of Schiaparelli I saw these kilted skirts developed in various kinds of pleats. Schiaparelli used accordion pleats—clever arrangements of little gores stitched to give the effect of pleats but being much more practical since they keep in press better—that old friend, the sunburst pleat and other tricks.

THIS designer brought some of the gores down into points and points are not to be overlooked. They appear on the new gowns in every possible way. Points in draperies, in skirts with pleated lines, in shoulder yokes. Points on pockets, collars, scarfs and capes. These were the marks of smartness.

I also saw a lot of little frills and flounces. Most of them seem to be used for the sheer silliness of them—and these silly, baby touches to a gown are an essential of chic this spring. Frills appear on blouses and

sleeves as well as skirts and they do lend a gay, girlish touch.

Over at Germaine Lecomte's I observed a lovely frock of corn yellow taffeta that particularly delighted me. It had a bolero, which is, as you know, a sort of little separate sleeveless coat, slipped over the gown—lined with light green taffeta

with a bow at the natural waistline of yellow and green velvet, shaped like a garland of leaves. The hem of the very full skirt was lined with the same green taffeta, making the whole a gown gorgeous for dancing.

Molyneux, remembering that spring, as well as June, is a season for brides, showed the gowns he had designed for a famous society wedding. And he used the loveliest new material—white velvet!

The bride's gown and the bridesmaids' dresses were cut on the same model, the only difference being that the bridesmaids' dresses had a short cape, instead of the long train that completed the wedding dress. You'll find a sketch of these dresses on page 71.

The train of the bride's dress was three and a half yards long and a yard wide, scalloped at the bottom. The bridal veil was of tulle with a band of flat winter roses to hold it in place.

The bridesmaids had tiny white velvet muffs with flat winter roses on the front, to replace the conventional bouquets, and—practical touch—Molyneux had placed

a purse in the back of the muffs.

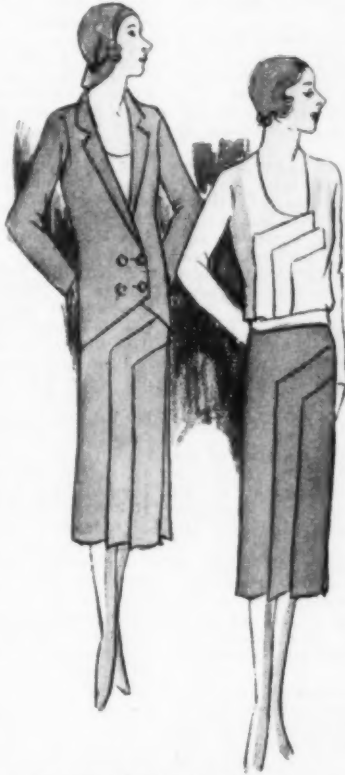
Coming away from such romantic things, I saw the most exquisitely practical frock at Tollman's—a dress of black and white wool with a collar of white faille, snugly held in by jet buttons, which were repeated on the cuffs and reflected in the jet buckle on the belt.

At the house of Cyber I saw a frock I thought you girls would like for general afternoon wear. It was of bright blue crepe de chine with a loose panel, the length of the dress in the back, divided at the shoulders and tied with a bow in front.

Well, here I am at the end of the space the Editor allows me and I haven't told you half of the thrills or even half of the news of the Spring Openings.

Will you wait till next month when I can tell you more about gowns and shoes and hats as Paris sees them?

And don't forget to write me here in Paris if there is the slightest way in which I can help you. Address me in care of SMART SET'S New York Office, 221 West 57th Street, and they'll forward your letters to me.



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Untold Tales of Hollywood

[Continued from page 39]

Baby Peggy was a nice little girl—about like nine million other nice little girls. She was a wreck and calamity as a screen star.

Miss Peggy and I parted without mutual sorrow and I was loaned to the Norma Talmadge company to help Constance and Norma make a couple of pictures. I must have been a glowing inspiration. They were the two worst pictures either of them ever made.

Norma's was that desert thing—"Song of Love," in which she tried to be a wild desert Bedouin dressed up like a Follies star.

Joe Schildkraut was her leading man. The wild Sahara sheik who did all the rough riding in that picture was a girl—wrapped up in an Arab sheet.

When Joe was introduced to her he kissed her hand in the usual foreign way. To him, it was just saying, "Howdy do? How's your grandmother?" She never had had her hand kissed before and her immediate ambition was to shoot him. Finding this was not etiquette, she spent her leisure hours plotting what she would do with him when she got him on a horse.

Her most brilliant plan was, as I remember, to get him on a horse (she owned all the horses used in the picture) that would buck him off on the edge of a precipice. To her great disgust, Joe declined to mount any horse.

AT THAT time, Norma had one of the most promising love affairs I have ever witnessed—with her own husband. We all used to have lunch together in the bungalow—Joe, Norma, sometimes Constance and Buster Keaton.

Every time Norma made a little joke, you would have thought Mark Twain was talking. "Oh, Daddy, I want to do it that way," from Norma was enough to knock the director's best laid plans sky-highing. Since then this romance has gone glimmering like many others.

The picture Constance made at that time was terrible. She experienced the mortification of having an actress in a minor part walk away with it. Zasu Pitts was the girl. As an actress Zasu is so original, adroit and finished that all she needs is to get one foot in through the door.

Mickie Neilan discovered her through a lark.

Mickie was directing Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris." It became necessary to find a little girl who looked exactly like Mary for one of the scenes.

Mickie happened to be going through the casting office when he saw Zasu waiting hungrily outside. Zasu was a gorgeous girl when she grew up, but, at that time, she was a homely skinny, scrawny, underfed woe-begone child. She looked like a famine waiting for somewhere to light.

Mickie seized upon her, and took her in to Mary Pickford. "Here is your double, Mary," he said. Every one yelled with laughter; and the little girl ran away.

Frances Marion found her crying her heart out. "Now look what you've done, Mickie Neilan," she said indignantly.

Of course, that was enough for Mickie's tender Irish heart. He made a bully part for her in the picture; and Zasu began a brilliant career.

An almost identical thing made Wesley Barry a boy star. Mickie was making a picture in which there was a kid circus scene. He had found this little freckled boy, the son of a corner grocer. He tried to make the boy do a loop-the-loop in a toy express wagon, spilled him, and nearly broke his head in two.

With instant inspiration, Mickie sent a prop boy for a little plug hat; a tiny whip;

and a pair of little top boots. Before Wesley had stopped crying, he found himself a ring master.

None of these boys survive the gawky age in pictures. The last I heard of Wesley Barry, he was married to a nice girl, a good deal older than himself, and living on a little ranch across the street from a week-end place I have at Tujunga, fifteen miles out of Los Angeles.

LATER I met another girl who might have been one of the great stars of the screen, Lucille Ricksen. She died just as she was coming into prominence. It is an open secret that her death was the foundation for Jim Tully's scorching novel, "Jarnegan."

In hoarse whispers any one will tell who the villain of Jarnegan was, but no two hoarse whisperers agree. Anyhow it made Mr. Tully about as popular in Hollywood as a Hopi Indian is at a Navajo ceremonial dance.

About this time Madame Elinor Glyn drifted into Hollywood. There have been hundreds of high-priced authors in subjection in Hollywood studios, from Gertrude Atherton to Sir Gilbert Parker. Very few of them have made good. Madam Glyn was one of the very few.

She was a good sport. You could pan her in the papers until your typewriter caught fire, but she never let on that she read it. She always went to all the parties and danced with the young sheiks. One time I asked her if she was intending to give Hollywood its first grand romance.

"Romance?" she said. "My dear Mr. Carr, you forget I am a grandmother."

Elinor discovered two big stars—Jack Gilbert and Aileen Pringle. No matter what they tell you, no one realized Jack Gilbert until Mrs. Glyn used him in that gorgeous Cossack uniform in "His Hour."

I remember going to one of the parties at which Mrs. Glyn shone. They played charades, and tickets could have been sold for the performance in the open market at one hundred dollars a seat.

These were the actors: Charlie Chaplin, his then wife, Lita Chaplin, Marion Davies, Jack Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Joseph Hershberger the novelist, Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, King Vidor, Eleanor Boardman, Mrs. Glyn.

Charlie Chaplin gave an imitation of Napoleon so striking that he has ever since had a yen to put on a picture of Napoleon and Josephine. At one time, he and Pola Negri had such a project—seriously. I suppose every one knows Charlie has a Napoleon complex and has busts of the Little Corporal all over his house. I imagine, at that, there was a good deal of Charlie Chaplin in the late General Bonaparte.

AMONG the foreigners who came to Hollywood at this time was Mauritz Stiller who had been making some corking pictures in Sweden. He brought with him a little, bedraggled, sad, thin, shabby, tired-looking girl. He said that her name was Greta Garbo and he wanted to get a job for her.

The enthusiasm of the producers was about equal to that of a shop girl, waiting on a lady customer, who is trying to match seventeen ribbons at ten minutes before 5 p. m. But they gave her a job: had to.

Stiller was a failure in Hollywood. The producers broke his heart. He went back to his native land—licked. Nothing more was heard of him in Hollywood until word came of his death.

Garbo went back to Sweden when he died. I had a letter from Sweden telling me of a pathetic, silent, ignored little figure who

went back there to pay him the last tribute of her tears. No one recognized her.

A strange, sardonic character—Garbo. One day she came to a garden party given by one of the big guns of Hollywood. The other girls looked like a Paris fashion show. Garbo had on a pair of boy's shoes and a boy's overcoat, from the sleeves of which her thin wrists thrust pathetically. She wandered away to the riding stables. She was standing in the corral, looking at the sunset when her hostess joined her. "Say," said Garbo suddenly. "Do you know what I like? I like to smell horses and look at sunsets."

Jack Gilbert's pursuit of Garbo was the sentimental sensation of Hollywood for years. I think Jack got an enormous kick out of being a broken-hearted, rejected lover. When the reporters rushed to tell Garbo of Jack's sudden marriage to Miss Ina Claire, she sniffed and said, "Yeah?"

So many events come crowding in that I can only mention them in passing. One is still discussed with furious indignation.

One day Sam Goldwyn returned from Europe with a little Hungarian girl he had found in Budapest; her name was Vilma Banky. I was invited to a dinner to meet her. Sitting opposite me at the long table was a frightened, shabby young girl. All the other girls gleamed with scarlet lips; but hers were pale and colorless. I addressed one remark in her general direction. "Here is Hollywood," I said. "They invite you to meet a celebrity and she never appears." The girl looked at me with sad, reproachful eyes and looked down again at her plate. I found out afterward I had been talking to Vilma Banky. She was the ugly duckling, who was to turn into the beautiful swan.

Two other girl stars came to the front under interesting circumstances along in this period.

The Lasky company had decided to make "Peter Pan." About every girl in Hollywood was considered for the part. Lillian Gish and Bessie Love seemed to be in the lead for the honor. In the test that she made in Long Island, Lillian appeared in tights for the first time before a camera. To the astonishment of every one, an unknown girl—Betty Bronson got the part, but she never got another real chance.

THE other girl of whom I am thinking is Mary Philbin. Von Stroheim dug her out of a line of extra girls for one of his early days—"The Merry Go Round." I believe. At his suggestion I went out to interview her. It was a funny interview. Mary was so scared I thought she was going to faint. She sat on the edge of her chair and never raised her eyes. When I asked her a question, she replied in a little faint frightened voice, "Yes Sir," or, "No Sir."

"The Merry Go Round" was one of the hilarious chapters of Hollywood. Von Stroheim was fired from his job in the middle of a scene and Rupert Julian was made director. With some chagrin, Rupert told me of his adventures. Having taken over the megaphone, he walked over to an actor on the set and introduced himself.

"May I ask your name?" The actor replied he was Norman Kerry. "I trust, Mr. Kerry, that we shall get on well together," was Rupert's diplomatic beginning. Norman's shoulders began to heave. "I—I loved him so," he said, beginning to cry.

He then passed to Mary Philbin who began to boo hoo at the top of her voice.

In the next chapter I am going to tell about "Old Ironsides" and its adventures; working with Von Stroheim in the tumultuous Wedding March; and my experiences in the De Mille studios.

The Courage of Your Own Career

[Continued from page 75]

neither father or mother, but she had a brother of whom she was very fond.

He was a good-looking young man with pleasant ways, but he could not make a living. He had four or five jobs. None of them lasted. For five years this went on—a succession of failures—while his sister supported him.

And then one day he fell in love with a girl, and though the jobs ravelled out, this love lasted. And he wanted to marry her.

He was, for the first time, I think, really eager to make good. Right along he had thought he wanted to, but the desire hadn't been deep enough—or I should say desperate enough.

Anyway, at this time he got a job selling real estate. It was a much harder and a much poorer job than a dozen which he had had in the last five years. It had aspects which seemed below his dignity. He would have been ashamed of it in earlier years, though it was entirely honest. But he made a success of it. He worked day and night. It seemed as though he had always worked hard, but now he worked even harder. In two years he was making a good living, was married and has since paid back to his sister all the money she lent him.

It is curious. You can see from that, that he was always a conscientious and honest person, but unconsciously he was leaning on the sister, who was ready to take care of him. That is the danger of self-sacrifice. It may spoil the person for whom you are doing it.

A problem like this can be solved by honesty and courage. But the apparently insoluble problem is that of the girl with helpless parents, whom she must support. I

know a woman who has made a brilliant success of her job. She is now forty-five years old, and has never married because she has a father who is dependent on her, in spirit, as well as financially. He has been bedridden for years.

She was earning so much money that she could have set up her father in a separate household, but he couldn't bear it, and so she always had him with her.

Two years ago she was offered a huge promotion if she would go to San Francisco to live, but she did not think her father could bear to move and she gave up the promotion. This hurt her severely in her business, because you can't stand still, you either go forward or backward.

As a consequence, when the general financial depression came last fall, she lost her job. Today she is out of work, and there is serious danger that she may have to send her father to an institution.

I think that he has been a selfish old man, but she herself has been weak. There was no need to be unkind to her father. She could have established him in luxury in his own apartment.

Young people cannot live the lives of old people without catastrophe to both sides. It may not be apparent in the beginning, but it will be in the long run. Sometimes the older people escape the catastrophe, but the younger ones never do.

Help your family financially; it is only just that you should. It is necessary and it is kind. But be sure you are building your own life as you go along. Otherwise you may find in later years that you have nothing, either for your parents or for yourself.

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Suit Yourself

[Continued from page 67]

two very smart coats. Buy them you can, at three of New York's best stores but they are very expensive. I've published them, really, for you to look at. Each of them in its own way indicates the best tendency of spring woolens.

The little suit is a Chanel model. It comes in the soft tints that are going to be so good this season—pale blue, pale pink, soft brown, delicate yellow. It is a loosely woven wool and simply fashioned. Its accompanying blouse is sleeveless.

The two coats illustrate the two most important coat styles—one the very dressy type with interesting neck treatment and fur trimming, the other less formal, showing the new draped bodice treatment and interesting button trimming. You may choose models similar to either of these and be assured of being very smartly wrapped.

The tweed suit I show, priced at \$29.50, I wholeheartedly recommend for the business girl. The tweed mixtures are delightful—black and white, brown and purple, blue or red mixtures. It has a separate tuck-in blouse of crepe de Chine and it can be worn and worn and worn and still retain its chic lines.

The little silk suit of Narcissus print I recommend for Southern girls. After all, such girls can't go sweltering around in tweeds, no matter how smart they are. Besides, silk has got that feminine value the little girls with a drawl in their voices express so charmingly.

For a dress to be worn under your coat until the warm days come, the little flat crepe at the top of page 66 is a good purchase. It comes in solid color crêpes with trimming only on its big, wide sleeves. Practical, you must admit, and trimmed sleeves are very 1930.

Somewhere in your spring wardrobe you ought to have both a dress with a bolero, and a dress or suit with a cape. I've selected two models for you that will help you get both. The suit with the cape is one of those cute, unimportant costumes I think every girl should have—the sort of thing you can throw on at any time and look gay and dashing. This model is made of dahlia flat crepe—and dahlia, a warm lavender-purple, is one of the very smartest colors for spring—almost equally good on intense brunettes and pale, pale blondes.

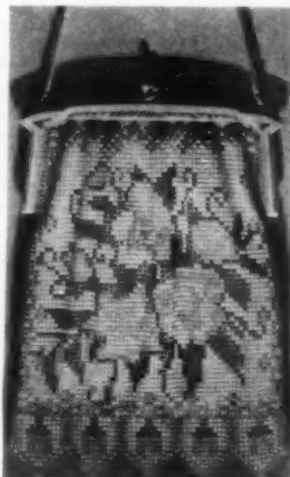
It has the correct yoked skirt, trimmed with three small buttons, and the blouse and the cape lining are made of white crepe de Chine printed with tiny dahlia flowers.

Add a little dahlia hat, plain black pumps and suntan hose and I can think of nothing sweeter—particularly for \$29.50.

The bolero seems to be one of those perennial fashion hits that re-lives from time to time. I've always wondered if it wasn't that the French designers are so close to Spain where the bolero is part of the native costume. At any rate, these little coat affairs are very much with us this season.

I've chosen a dress in which the bolero is not separate, but part of the design, because I feel that at this season of the year you will still be wearing your coats, and won't want the trouble of double coats to slip on and off again.

Oh, by the way. Next month, in answer to your many requests, I'm going back to getting things directly from the stores again. Most of you say that you found it easier just to write in to the store credited and get the little dresses from them. So, I'm answering your requests in this manner.



Can one bag serve two purposes? This one can for one side's done in silver, black, and deep rose mesh, the other in silver and palest pastels

Courtesy Whiting & Davis

Water Babies' Mama

[Continued from page 25]

seemed to her completely lovely—and it was rather a shock when the first buyer to whom she showed them burst into loud guffaws. Not only did he laugh, but he called in his assistant to join him, and while the amateur toy-maker stood at one side, completely crestfallen, a duet of chuckles filled the air.

But she got a good-sized order just the same and that order was the beginning of a business which flourished astoundingly. A new idea had been launched, and its originality appealed to the public taste.

Other orders came pouring in as fast as the excited young toy manufacturer could fill them.

Almost immediately Miss Davis opened a

small factory, employing a dozen girls to copy the designs she originated.

Her wares were displayed at various toy fairs, and the appealing new dolls were distributed by salesmen throughout the country.

Their debut was greeted with instant enthusiasm, and Miss Davis gleefully proceeded to invent new characters.

Today, although she has almost sixty assistants to carry out her ideas, Rees Davis rises every morning at six o'clock, and works every bit as hard as she did at the very start. But perhaps, after all, that old penchant of hers for confusing work with play is the explanation.

Somehow, she just can't seem to tell the two apart!

"Is Mr. Jones In?"

[Continued from page 74]

such as, "Hello. Can you have luncheon with me? Good. Twelve o'clock at Simpkins."

What annoys him is long-winded gossip that ties up his busy wires.

In the same way, it is bad-mannered to use office stationery for private correspondence. If you have time to write personal letters in the office, use your own paper and stamps.

When a friend drops in to pick you up for lunch (and by the way, never call her "my girl friend") should you have occasion to introduce her to your employer, use the same form you would use outside of the office.

In business or out of it we say, "Miss Lady, may I present Mr. Man?" or—"Miss Lady, Mr. Man." The rule "ladies first" holds here as everywhere.

But in business introductions this point should also be observed: If the two strangers to be presented are of the same sex, give precedence to the one who holds the more prominent position. Say, "Mr. President, may I present Mr. Salesman?". Just as it is good army etiquette to say, "Major Brown, Lieutenant Black," so it is good business etiquette to say, "Miss Office Executive, Miss Secretary."

"SHALL I rise when my employer comes to my desk?" writes Mary Brown, who has just taken her first job.

My answer to Mary Brown was "No. It takes unnecessary time from your work and if your employer is a gentleman it will embarrass him to have a woman rise for him."

There are, however, a few people who disagree with me and among them are those whose opinion is worth considering.

A year ago I interviewed ten of the most prominent business women in New York. Two of them insisted that a woman should rise in deference to her employer just as a nurse rises to a doctor. But the other eight said "no." Personally I agree with them. The outstanding impression I carried away from the interviews with these successful women is that business etiquette is a flexible thing, and its rules are still in the making. Anything that makes the office pleasant and shows consideration for fellow workers is good business etiquette.

"Should a stenographer knock before entering her employer's office?" I asked the personnel manager of the Guaranty Trust Company.

"Whichever your employer prefers," was her answer. "If at first you don't know, knock until you have a chance to find out his preference."

One and all of the ten stressed this point—If you must interrupt your employer while he is in conference, be sure to preface it with a word of apology. Say, "I beg your pardon, but Mr. White is on the wire."

If you yourself are interrupted by the telephone, while taking dictation, be sure to

excuse yourself before answering the call.

One of these women executives said something that is worth remembering, for it is the crux of business etiquette among men and women in the same office. That is: *Women in business should expect from men only that kind of courtesy which one high grade business man pays to another.*

This, if we stop to consider it, is a rather fine type of courtesy with which any woman should be satisfied. It is wholly unreasonable for her to expect drawing-room manners in an office. Why should a busy executive rise when his secretary enters? In his own home—anywhere outside the office, he would—but in business hours it is an unnecessary formality which the sensible woman won't expect. Nor should she expect a man to remove his hat in an office elevator. Often these elevators are so crowded that it is impossible anyway.

In a hotel or apartment-house elevator a woman has every right to expect this little mark of courtesy from the man who is with her.

Business, we must remember, is a man-made game; the woman who enters it must play it according to man-made rules, yet she must not forget that she has a definite contribution to make to it. By a certain graciousness and charm that is peculiar to womankind, she can make the office a pleasant place than it was before she came, and by the quality of courtesy she shows, can change its whole atmosphere. Her ready "Please" or "Thank you," her agreeable "I beg your pardon," are contagious. Suddenly the men start following her lead.

A girl I knew entered an office where the men were perfect bores, but instead of telling them so, she bent backwards to be as polite as she knew how. When she couldn't open the office window she would say, "Would you mind helping me?"—so graciously that they all leaped to do it for her. Then she thanked them so charmingly that it wasn't long until they did it without being asked.

But there is a vast difference between expecting courtesy from one's business associates and demanding attention from them.

The girl who struts her sex in the office quickly becomes a nuisance. Don't look on every man you meet in business as a potential husband, or even a possible lunch or theater date.

As a prominent woman executive tells her employees, "Don't consider every man you meet in business your social prey. The girl who considers her office a matrimonial bureau, usually finds herself looking for another job."

There is no "secret" to good manners. They are a matter of rule.

Helen Hathaway knows all the rules and will be glad to advise you on any subject of etiquette, no matter how trifling. Write to her in care of SMART SET and send a stamped, addressed envelope.



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Manhattan Nights

[Continued from page 49]

"Was that Dr. Zahn?" asked Peter. She jumped. "How did you know?" she said sharply. "I haven't told any one—"

"Oh, Lord!" said Peter. "That's simple, my dear. How many times have you left me, after lunch, and turned down his block?"

"I see," said Martha thoughtfully. "Yes. I've been going to him. I think I'd have gone mad, if it hadn't been for him. I've been going to him for ages. I started before I even met Evan Ross," she said, "when things were beginning to get so impossible with Tack and me. I was terribly young, and bewildered, and stupid then, Peter. I lost my temper, and kicked and screamed, and made things worse."

"Dr. Zahn calmed me. He still does. He's utterly impersonal, you see. You say anything that comes into your head, and he—well, he sort of helps you to make sense of the things that don't fit. He makes you see that there's a pattern in life, after all, no matter how mad and unfair and confused it seems."

"I can see how that might work out," said Peter. But he was frowning, to himself. He accepted, as a scientist, the value of the psycho-analytic technique, but there remained an innate distrust of mental short cuts of every sort.

"WELL," he said, "we've got somewhere, haven't we? We've faced something. We both know some things we didn't know before. At least, I do, and you're sure of something you only guessed. By the way—why haven't you been able to talk more to Ross? If you're in love with him and he—"

"Evan isn't patient," she said. "I think you are. I think you're rather extraordinarily patient, for a man. Evan can't see why I feel the way I do about certain things."

"So that's how Sunya Zeitzoff comes in," he said. "I've been wondering about her."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Martha, rather wearily. "I've no right to complain, really."

Peter grinned at her. "You don't like it—naturally!" he said. "My dear, you're human, like any one else. I suppose I ought to tell you that the thing that matters most to me is your happiness. Well—in a way, it is. But I've a marked preference for getting your happiness and mine hooked up. I'll help about Ross, if I have to, but I won't enjoy it."

"I'm not asking you to do that!" she said. "You won't have to ask me," he said.

"I'll do it, because I'd be a thickheaded ass if I didn't. I haven't a chance in the world as long as you still have him on your mind, and I know it."

She reached over and turned his hand, so that she could see the watch on his wrist.

"I'll have to be getting back, Peter," she said. "I'm glad you made me come, I really am. I feel better than I have for weeks."

"So do I," said Peter, cheerfully. "It's a silly mess, all around, but it's something to know what one's up against. All right—let's go."

THAT day had marked a turning point in Peter's relations with Martha. She had acquired the sovereignty over him that a woman always does have over a declared lover.

As for him a day in which he didn't see her was one to be struck from the calendar. He would let nothing interfere with his morning talk with her on the telephone. And invariably it included a question as to whether he was going to see her that day.

"I don't know," she'd say. He'd call her up later, but as often as not, he'd find that she had gone out, leaving no word as to when she'd be home. He

wouldn't make dates ahead himself, lest they deprive him of a chance to see her.

He tried to be fair and sensible but it wasn't very easy. After all, she had been frank with him; she had told him that Ross came first. Naturally she wouldn't commit herself to seeing him if there was a chance that she might see Ross instead.

SO THINGS went on, not changing much from day to day. No sooner did Peter think that he was fathoming the depths of Martha's elusive and mysterious being than she shifted her whole ground, capriciously, and he had it all to do again.

Peter was more confused, more troubled, more unhappy, than he had ever been before in his life. The standards that had served him all his life no longer did him any good.

And so matters stood the night Tack Thayer was killed.

Peter's quarrel with Martha that very evening had been not unlike a dozen others. He'd had tea with her, about five o'clock, and had asked her, casually, what she and Tack were doing that night.

"Nothing in particular," she said. "Being domestic, I think. Why don't you dine with us?"

"No," said Peter. "You and Tack dine with me, instead, and I'll get seats for that musical show you want to see. They say it's pretty good."

"All right," said Martha. "Where shall we meet?"

"Let's make it Romi's—about seven-thirty," said Peter.

They left it at that. Peter had a lot of trouble getting the theater tickets, but he got them in the end, and had to hurry to get to Romi's on time. There he waited, downstairs, until eight o'clock. Then he was called to the telephone.

"Peter? Martha. I'm sorry—it's all off for tonight. I'll call you in the morning—"

"But—"

"I can't talk now, Peter. Sorry. Good-bye. I'll call you in the morning."

There was a click in his ear. That was all. In a vile temper, he went upstairs and dined. Later, he spotted the Bronsons, and took them along to the theater instead of Martha and Tack. Afterward they went to a club to dance, and, about half past twelve, Martha sailed in with Ross.

Presently more people they knew came in, and Peter found himself beside Betty Rogers. Martha and Ross had stayed, defiantly, at their own small table, although the place was full of people they knew.

"Wonder where Tack is?" said Betty. "He and Martha had a frightful row tonight. Hear about it?"

"No," said Peter, curtly.

"You will—so I'll tell you—I might as well," said Betty. "She and Evan Ross were at the Fantomas Club—they must have had a late dinner, alone, I think, because there were still coffee cups on their table. This was an hour and a half ago, I guess. Tack came in, all alone, as tight as a mink, and tried to make Martha go on with him. He was all ready to beat Evan up, but I think Martha said something to him. Anyway, he went off, and Martha and Evan left. They must have come straight here."

In the mood he was in Peter could not stand Betty's chatter so a few minutes later, he had excused himself, and gone home.

AND now, here he was, on the roof, with the sky over Long Island getting brighter every minute, and enough light already to see Charley and the other policemen standing around, bored and indifferent, while, inside, Connolly and Barclay were tormenting Martha with their questions.

Peter caught his breath. Just a few hours ago he'd been furious with her, ready to put her out of his life for good and all, because she'd broken a date with him! And now—well, nothing mattered, except that she was in trouble, and he loved her.

He heard the elevator coming up. A short, important-looking little man, carrying a black bag, stepped out on the roof.

"Well—well!" he said. "What's the trouble here?"

"Shootin' case, Doc," said Charley. "Wait a second. The chief's inside with the D.A., giving the widow the once-over. I guess they'll want you to go in right away. Wait till I ask them."

Charley went to the door and rang the bell, and Peter saw Connolly, framed in the light of the open doorway for a moment, before Charley returned and said, "All right, Doc. Go on in and do your stuff."

CONNOLLY came out, after a moment, and sat down beside Peter on the parapet.

"I suppose this is all a new experience for you, Mr. Wayne," he said. "We get used to it, worse luck. Ugly, queer things are always happening in this town. You know Mr. and Mrs. Thayer well, I suppose?"

"Very well, indeed," said Peter guardedly. Somehow he preferred Charley's insolence to Connolly's Celtic suavity. "I was in college with Mr. Thayer, years ago."

"So—so," said Connolly. "Tell me, Mr. Wayne, did you see Mr. and Mrs. Thayer earlier this evening?"

"I saw Mrs. Thayer—yes."

"But not Mr. Thayer? They weren't together?"

"No. I saw Mrs. Thayer, between twelve and one, at Paul Sanborn's."

"You talked to her?"

"No."

"You don't know who she was with?"

"Yes, I do," said Peter. "She was with a man called Ross—Evan Ross."

"Wasn't Mr. Thayer jealous of Ross?"

"I never discussed the matter with him. Connolly shook his head.

"No need to high-hat me, Mr. Wayne," he said. "I'm not trying to trip you up. I want to get the facts, that's all. There's been murder done on this roof this night, and it's my duty to do all I can to bring whoever did it to justice."

"You know, then, that it was murder? You're sure Mr. Thayer didn't kill himself?"

"What makes you ask that?" Connolly pounced on the implication of that question. "Did he ever talk to you about taking his own life?"

"Well," Peter said, "yes, as a matter of fact, he did, once. We were out here, and he was looking down to the street, and he spoke of how easy it would be to jump."

"It's an idea comes to most of us," said Connolly, "at one time or another. What would have put it in that poor lad's mind, I wonder, now? But he didn't make away with himself, Mr. Wayne. We've searched the house and the roof, and there's no sign of anything like a gun."

"I see," said Peter. "That seems to settle that."

"It does that, Mr. Wayne," said Connolly. "And I'll tell you something more. We've searched the street below, the length of the whole block, and in the back, and on the roofs on either side. And still we've found no gun, so we know it wasn't thrown from this roof."

Peter couldn't hide the light that leaped up in his eyes. That—that must mean that some one who had come—and gone again—had killed Tack. If some one had carried away the pistol that fired the shot, even the police couldn't believe that Martha had killed him.

Connolly sat still, eyeing him thoughtfully. "You were at Paul Sanborn's between twelve and one, you say, Mr. Wayne?" he said. "How late did you stay there?"

"I don't know, exactly," said Peter. "Not late, though. I got home a little after one."

"There'll be some one who knows that, beside yourself?"

"The elevator man took me up. He'll probably remember it."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Connolly. "And you were home and in bed when Mrs. Thayer telephoned to you, between three and four? You don't know what time she got home or if Ross was with her?"

"Mrs. Thayer must have told you that herself!"

"Perhaps she did," said Connolly, gravely. "But you see, Mr. Wayne, in a case like this, it's better to have two answers to a question than one, and still better to have three—always assuming that they agree."

"I see. Well, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't help you much when it comes to things that happened while I was in bed two or three miles away."

"Just so, just so," said Connolly, soothingly. "It's nervous you are, Mr. Wayne, and small wonder, he having been your old friend, and all. You were great friends, you and Mr. Thayer, you said?"

"Well—I don't know—we were friends, yes," said Peter. "But he was younger than I in college—I've seen a good deal of him this last winter, but I was away from New York for several years before that."

"I see. And how long have you known Mrs. Thayer?"

"Just a few months—just since I came back to town to live."

"You've got to know her pretty well, though?"

"Yes."

Connolly made a comical grimace. "Here's where I get the high-hat again. I'm thinking!" he said. "Were you, now, just in a manner of speaking, in love with the young lady, Mr. Wayne?"

"No," said Peter, flatly and at once.

"Ah, well, you'd not be telling me if you were, and well I know it," said Connolly. "It's no matter. I'll only be asking you one more question, Mr. Wayne. But I wish you'd take time to think before you answer it. Do you know of anything you can be telling me that'll help us to clear up this case?"

Peter did take time to think over his answer. But finally he said, "No, Inspector, I don't believe I do. I can't imagine any motive any one would have for killing Tack Thayer. He had no enemies that I've ever heard of."

THE assistant district attorney came out just then to say, "Dr. Johnson'll have a preliminary report for us in a few minutes, Inspector. Mr. Wayne, Mrs. Thayer is ready to see you now, I think. You'll find her in the dining room."

Peter went in. Martha was sitting at the table; she raised her head and looked at him as he came in.

"They think I did it, Peter," she said.

"Rot!" said Peter. "They know very well you didn't do it." And he told her about the search for the revolver. But she shook her head.

"I know," she said. "I don't mean they think I actually fired the shot. They think Evan did that. And that I helped him."

She got up, and came around the table, and put her hands on Peter's shoulders.

"Peter," she said, "I'm afraid. I'm terribly afraid. I've never been really afraid before in all my life. I—"

In the next room there was an explosion, and a cloud of pungent smoke came creeping under the closed door. Martha screamed and Peter's arms closed about her instinctively.

"Steady, darling—" he said. "They must have used a flashlight. They—they always take pictures."

The door was flung open suddenly. Connolly stood looking at them. His eyes, as

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they met Peter's, were almost sad in their ironic satisfaction. Behind him loomed the gross bulk of Charley.

Peter stared blankly at Connolly and Charley as they stood in the door, the smoke from the flashlight still eddying about them. He tried to say something, but he couldn't. It was Connolly who spoke, and his voice was gentle, friendly, even cheerful.

"I'm afraid the flashlight scared you. Mrs. Thayer," he said. "It slipped my mind to tell you, so that you'd be ready for it."

But Peter knew that wasn't true. This big, white-haired policeman forgot nothing, except when it suited his purpose to forget. He'd meant Martha and Peter to be startled; he had calculated the effect of that explosion, and, Peter supposed he had got what he wanted from it.

Connolly's voice was still gentle as he said, "Now, you can stay here, Mrs. Thayer, but I'm thinking you'd be better off at some friend's house, or a hotel, maybe. We'll have to be in and out, and there'll be the newspaper men. We'd do all we could to keep them off you, but—"

Martha stared at him.

"You mean I can go, if I please? You won't stop me?"

"Stop you? Now, what would we be stopping you for, Mrs. Thayer? I guess you won't be going so far that we can't get to see you and talk to you when there's need."

"No," she said, slowly. "No. But—I don't—I don't know where to go." She shuddered. "A hotel—I couldn't go to a hotel. Peter, what shall I do? Where shall I go?"

"I'll get hold of my sister," said Peter.

"She's got loads of room, and she'd love to have you."

He went out into the hall to telephone. It was about half-past six; he hadn't had an idea of the time until he looked at his

watch. It took him some time to get Carol at all, and then he had to wait while she woke up. But, once she understood, she was all sympathy.

Martha had pulled herself together, by the time Peter returned to her. She was beginning to think of things that had to be done. A cable must be sent to Tack's mother; lawyers and his office must be notified; telegrams ought to go, if only for form's sake, to her people.

"I suppose they'll want to know, if I'm going to be arrested," she said.

"You're all wet about that," said Peter. "Stop thinking that way, or you'll put the idea in their thick heads! They've got to have some evidence before they arrest any one, and they haven't any against you. You can put it up to Steve Wentworth, later—he's a good scout and a good lawyer, if he is my brother-in-law. Quit worrying and come along."

CAROL had been as good as her word.

She and Steve were both up and dressed, and a sleepy-eyed maid appeared with coffee. Jimmy Watson, who'd brought Peter's two nephews into the world, and was a friend, as well as a doctor, was there, too.

"Try to manage a cup of coffee, Mrs. Thayer," he said. "Then I'm going to give you something to put you to sleep for a while."

"Thanks," said Martha submissively. She drank a cup of coffee; took a powder Jimmy Watson handed her, and swallowed the glass of water he held out to her afterward. Then Carol took her off, and the three men were left alone.

"What goes on, Peter?" said Steve Wentworth, and Peter told him the little he knew about Tack's death.

In a few minutes Carol came back; Jimmy Watson glanced at her inquiringly.



"My Mike just ain't got no feeling for beauty, at all, at all."

"Asleep," she said. "I scarcely had time to get her undressed."

"I didn't think you would," said Watson, dryly. "What I gave her, on top of the shock—well, there are times when suspended animation's what you want, and this seems to be one of them. She won't stir before evening, and she won't be up to much then. I've got to go now but call me if she's restless—unless she wants her own doctor."

"Well!" said Carol when Watson had left. "You might as well have some breakfast with us, Peter—it's not very much earlier than our usual time, as a matter of fact. This is a frightful business, my dear."

"Yes," said Peter. "It's worse than you know."

Steve Wentworth looked up, sharply.

"I was afraid it was," he said. "They're trying to mix her up in it?"

Peter nodded.

"It's not my line, of course," said Steve.

"Still—you'd better tell me."

Peter hesitated for a moment; then made up his mind. Tersely, but as fully as he could, he explained the situation that had led up to the quarrel at the Fantomas Club; he stressed the queer sort of armed neutrality there had been between Martha and Tack, and told what he knew of Tack's mother and her attitude.

"You don't know, of course, what Barclay and Connolly said to her?" Steve asked, and Peter shook his head.

"No—except that they'd obviously scared her to death. She got it into her head that they thought Ross had shot Tack, and that she'd been in on it. I didn't ask her any questions—there wasn't time. And you saw the state she was in."

"Ye-es," said Wentworth. "That's a lawyer's job, anyway—" He frowned. "I wonder why they didn't arrest her?"

"They haven't got a case!" said Peter indignantly.

"I've known of plenty of arrests with less than they've got already," said Steve dryly.

THE maid came in, just then, to say that breakfast was ready, and Peter was surprised to find that he was by no means without interest in grapefruit, and bacon, and cup after cup of strong coffee. Queer, the way life insisted on going on, along its ordinary, commonplace lines, in spite of murder and tragedy and utter disaster.

"I tell you what you'd better do," said Steve, to Peter presently. "Find out anything you can about Martha's people. See whether she has a lawyer. Let me know who he is, and I'll get in touch with him. Chances are he'll want a criminal man to handle this. I can get Arthur Bouton but if he'd rather have some one else it'll be all right. Only some one ought to be on the job right away. Time's what counts just now."

After Steve left, Peter did what he could on the telephone. Though it went against the grain, he tried to reach Ross, but he was hardly surprised to be told, both at his apartment and at his office—Ross had a job, of sorts, downtown—that he was out. From Marian Bronson he learned that Martha's father was at Palm Beach, and finally reached him by long distance.

It wasn't altogether easy to make Mr. Cameron understand what had happened.

"Poor kid!" he said, when he understood. "Is Martha all right? She's with your sister—ah, Mrs. Wentworth—yes. You're being very kind. I can start north tonight—I'm the devil of a long way off to be much use, though."

"Well," said Peter, "I don't know that there's much that you can do. I just thought you'd want to be with Martha—"

"Of course," said Mr. Cameron. "I'll see about getting off at once. Meanwhile can you get hold of Prentice, I wonder? My lawyer. He'll know what to do. George Prentice—of Prentice, Stone and Gresham."

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There was a row in the Fantomas Club about 11.30. Thayer wandered around, drinkin', after that, till he went home—he was in Teckla's the best part of an hour.

"Ross and the madam went over to Sanborn's, where you seen 'em. An' they had a fight, too—seems like there was trouble in the air last night. He left her flat, and went off with another dame—chippy called Sunya—and was gone for about an hour. Then he come back, and they made up, and he took Mrs. Thayer home. Get that? Ross and she wasn't together for an hour—and, so far as we know, it was in that hour Thayer was popped off."

"I see," said Peter.

"Well—you see the case, don't you? It's a strong one. Only me, I don't believe it's right. Neither do you. That's why I'm here. Connolly's dead set on it that it was Ross and the madam—one or the other, and probably both. He's got a motive—he can make out opportunity. He'll try for a confession. He can get an indictment on what he's got now, and the D.A.'ll go to trial on circumstantial evidence. He might get a conviction—he might not. I wouldn't be surprised, either way. But, even if she beat the chair it wouldn't be so good."

"My God—no!" said Peter.

"Yeah!" said Charley. "That's why you'd like to help find out who done it. Me—I got my own reasons. I'm just an extra pair of legs for Connolly on this case. But if I turn up the right guy and pin it on him—well, it wouldn't hurt me any."

"Connolly, he think's he's got his motive. He thinks Ross and the madam bumped this Thayer off because they was nuts about each other and couldn't get married while he was around. Applesauce! What was the matter with a divorce?"

"Well—" Peter hesitated. But it seemed to him that he had to lay his cards down for Charley. This might be a trap, but he had to take that chance. So he explained why Tack and Martha couldn't arrange a divorce. Charley listened attentively.

"THAT'S why I'm here," he said. "Because you know things like that, that I couldn't find out if I spent a week tryin'. On that showin' Connolly's motive is weaker than ever. This Ross ain't got no money, you say—and neither has the madam? How much did Thayer have, of his own?"

"I don't know, exactly. Not much, though. Five thousand a year, at a guess. He had his salary, too, but that would stop when he died, of course."

"Yeah? And mama made up the difference? She's the one has the real sugar, eh? Then what's it get Ross and the madam to bump this Thayer off? Five thousand a year! How about insurance?"

"I don't know. I can find out, I suppose."

"So can I," said Charley grimly. "I'll attend to that. Now—you goin' to play ball with me, fella? I ain't ready to hand you any special job yet. What I want you to do is nose around and see if you can get on to anythin'. Any mix-up Thayer had with a woman for instance."

"I'll try," said Peter. "Right now I don't see any lead. But you bet I'll string along with you. I was feeling pretty low until you came along."

"I know, fella, I know," said Charley. He got up, and held out his hand, and there was a surprising warmth and friendliness in its grip. "You're in a tough spot, but there's a lot of luck left. Who's the madam goin' to have for a lawyer—you know?"

"Arthur Bouton, I think," said Peter.

"Used to be an assistant D.A. Tried the Carter case. I made that pinch. He's O.K. You tell him what I've told you, see? He'll keep it under his hat, all right. Him and me—we can't get together. But he can reach me through you, see? I'll keep in touch with you."

(To Be Continued)

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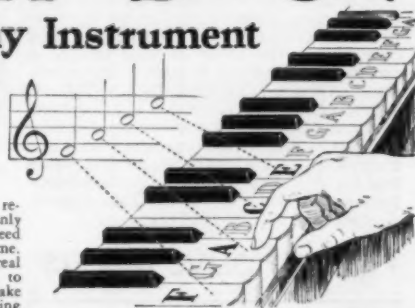
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A Woman Around the House

[Continued from page 45]

The young man reached in his pocket for his watch. Then he looked in another pocket.

"You left it with your overcoat," Amelia suggested with a slight tinge of sarcasm.

"So I did."

As they started away the cashier stopped them. "You haven't paid your check."

The young man gave Amelia a helpless look.

"I'm not very bright myself, am I?" She paid the modest bill and looked at the cashier's clock. "It's now seven thirty-five. We can get Mr. Sprey and be back at the store in less than an hour."

"All right. I've got to get the ring."

Amelia paid their fares on the "L." The young man did not seem to know the modus operandi of getting by the ticket window, even if he had had the money.

THE "L." wasn't running quite so many trains just at that hour.

When a train did come it was crowded. There were a lot of young men on it, apparently a college crowd returning from some athletic contest out of town.

One of them gave a seat to Amelia. Later, when some of the passengers got off, her escort found a place a little distance away.

Then the train stalled between stations and the car went dark.

The youngsters enlivened the darkness with cat-calls, attempts at singing and alleged comedy remarks, some of them not in the best taste.

Amelia's voice rose above the rest. "Stop," she ordered, half-crying. "Stop, I say."

"Aw, what's a kiss?" protested a masculine voice.

A second or so later Amelia felt the young man who had annoyed her being swiftly lifted out of his seat.

"Say, what's the idea?" he said. "Just keep your dirty hands and face to yourself. One more funny move out of you and I'll push your chin up through your scalp," said the voice of Amelia's hitherto helpless friend.

"You and who else?"

Just then the lights came on. The young collegian took one gasping look at the leering face he had been speaking into and fled.

"Thanks a lot," Amelia said to her rescuer.

"Not at all. If the lights hadn't come on just then I might have had to take a licking. But I never have to fight except in the dark." Then he added glumly. "And on the other hand I'm not very lucky in love when it's daylight."

THE train moved on and they arrived finally at Mr. Sprey's apartment. It was dark and no one answered the doorbell. A neighbor across the hall came out and volunteered the information that Mr. and Mrs. Sprey had gone to the theater.

They were sunk. The flat-faced young Romeo seemed to have gone down for the last time. But Amelia, after a few moments' depression, rose like a cork Phoenix.

"There's only one thing to do now."

"What?" he asked listlessly.

"Explain to this girl what happened and—"

"She'll never believe me."

"I wonder if you use very good judgment in selecting your women. Do you still love her as aforementioned?"

"Absolutely," he responded with dismal emphasis. And when a man with that kind of a face puts his mind on it, he can be very dismal indeed.

"All right, then. Cheerio and carry-on, sergeant major. If you don't think she'll believe you I'll go with you and explain it myself. She'll have to believe me."

"I dunno."

"Why not?"

"Much too pretty."

"My God, the man has noticed it. Maybe you're not so dumb, Harold. Still, I think I can convince this woman of yours as to the facts in the case. I've got a bond certificate that proves I work in the jewelry department at Mayfields and I think I can talk her into taking me as a substitute for a solitaire, at least until tomorrow."

He couldn't think of anything better so they finally started out again, this time for the home of a young lady who lived in a part of town entirely unfamiliar to Amelia. She knew of it as a district sacred to the domiciles of the elite, but she had never ventured there before. She wondered if her gentleman friend knew where he was headed.

The expedition brought up finally at a resplendent house, brilliantly illuminated from basement to attic. Several automobiles were parked at the curb.

"Looks as if we had run into some kind of a party," surmised Amelia.

There was no opposition to their entrance. The young man turned the knob on the door as if he expected it to open and it did.

THE room in which they found themselves was the tremendous living room of the modern house. It combined entrance hall, drawing room, music room, library all in one.

Everywhere in that vast room were young people engaged in almost as many diversions as there were couples present. One man at the piano sang soulfully to a maiden, apparently oblivious to the fact that not far away a couple of John Held Jr.'s models were dancing to the muted music of a phonograph.

There was a crap game on an ancient prayer rug and a young man amusing two girls (slightly) by a burlesque imitation of a blindfolded man testing cheeses.

"Well, Beautiful, where have you been all during the first half?" some one demanded, speaking apparently to the young man with the flat face.

"You said you would be here at eight-thirty with my engagement ring and then—" The girl broke off suddenly. "Who is this?" The gayety froze out of her voice, as she realized that Amelia was some one whom she did not know.

"Why—" the young man began, but whatever poise he had fled from him in the presence of this slim, radiant young woman. "Here," he said to Amelia, "you tell Rummie about it."

Actually that was what she had come for—to tell Rummie about it—but now that she was face to face with her audience it seemed a crazy thing to do. In fact she couldn't think of anything that she could tell this girl in a platinum setting that wouldn't sound crazy. Amelia knew instantly that they did not speak the same language.

The other sleek young people in the room sensed that there was something amusing going on and drifted over to the door to see what it was all about.

"What's the idea?" someone asked. "Has Beautiful brought home something he found in the alley?"

Now that remark in itself probably meant exactly nothing. Any one of the girls present might have made it about any other feminine guest without arousing anything but a swift comeback. But the trouble was that Amelia was not another feminine guest in that house. She was acutely conscious of being a misfit. For almost the first time in her life she was face to face with a situation which she could not quite handle.

"I am not particularly interested in listening to any explanation by some one I've never even met. Where's my ring?" the girl demanded.

"That's what she is going to explain." He hurried to get that in before Rummie could cut him short. He knew she was going to speak and she did—devastatingly.

"Do you mean that you have given it to her? My ring?"

Some one giggled, "Girls, Rummie has a rival."

"No, no," the flat-faced young man denied, "Rummie has no rival in my heart."

"You're tooting darn absolutely," replied Rummie. "And I haven't a rival in the ring either. As a matter of fact I've been engaged to George here all the time—but we kept it dark just to see how far a man could go in making a fool of himself. Now that we've seen this young lady we know."

Amelia could not guess that the attack was a tribute to the fact that even in her working clothes she had a personality and even a beauty that surpassed the others. Nor could she guess that perhaps the barbed taunts which smarted so were shot by a foe only anxious to conceal her own wounds.

Because she was terribly young herself, and much less hard-boiled than these girls who had learned to be tough in sheltered boarding schools, Amelia was floored. Her eyes filled with tears of mortification and her voice left her.

While Rummie was thinking up more things to say—and saying them—Amelia left the house and ran blindly into the street.

SHE dreaded the inevitable meeting with the young man whom they called Beautiful. She had failed him so utterly and he had depended on her.

And it was her fault that he had not arrived on time with the ring in his pocket. That Rummie had really been engaged to the other man, previous to the moment that she had announced it to all and sundry, Amelia doubted very much.

But the young man did not come to claim his ring the next morning. Nor during the noon hour either, although Amelia gave up her own lunch period in order not to miss him.

Afternoon passed!

He was not even waiting in the alleyway when she left the store, although she had the ring with her to give to him.

So she took the ring back to the vault and arranged with Mr. Sprey to keep it until called for.

"If he doesn't come for it in thirty days you can claim it yourself," Mr. Sprey explained.

But Amelia felt that she would much rather see the owner of the ring than have the diamond. She thought about him a good deal and wondered how he had gotten out of his predicament with the wilful Rummie—or if he had gotten out at all.

The fact that he had not come back for the ring argued that the engagement had stayed broken. She wondered if that had made him so despondent that he had taken his own life.

He was a very sensitive young man—she had learned that in her brief evening's contact with him. She had, in fact, really learned more about the real boy that lived inside of his rugged exterior than Rummie had in all the time that she had known him, presumably years.

Anyway she worried quite a lot about him.

THEN, unexpectedly, she began to have a number of other things to worry about. Young men accosted her in the streets, others tried to make dinner engagements over the counter in the store.

Amelia looked herself over carefully in her mirror to see if she had changed any, was

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By Ruth M. French

THE story of Mrs. Stewart Parsons of Illinois, who made \$500.00 in her spare time just doing a kind and humane act for her neighbors and friends is a story that should interest other women who are desirous of earning extra money during their spare time.

Mrs. Parsons had read an article published by a large Ohio organization which planned to educate the householders of America in "How to Prevent Fires". Prompted largely by America's tremendous annual loss in property and life due to fires, this foundation is now spending fortunes in showing people how to avoid these daily tragedies.

She remembered that this big institution, backed by the great fire insurance companies in its humane work, is now seeking women and men in every town in America to help carry out this educational work. The money to be made this way is very great and only spare time need be devoted.

So she applied for the position in her town and was thrilled with the simple, easy plan and the proof of big money other women were making. The plan was so easy she realized that anyone could do it—simply call on other housewives and give a plain 5-minute talk on fire prevention. In a few minutes she memorized the talk, then started out in her spare time. Imagine her surprise when she realized that in just a short time her spare time work brought her over \$500.00! It all seemed too good to be true! Yet here was the solution to her financial problems—the end of worry—the beginning of new happiness. More money than she had ever made before. And how easy, pleasant and dignified. Why, everybody welcomes her into their homes when they realize the kindness she is doing. What humane work! What a joy to help others and at the same time make money doing it.

Mrs. Parsons' story of new happiness and big money is almost a duplicate of that of countless other women who are now making money in spare time and full time, doing this pleasant, dignified, easy educational work. For example, Mrs. Harry Bannister received \$72 for just a little spare time in one single month.

Mrs. B. F. Newsome of Texas received \$272.40 in two months for spare time. If space here permitted, your

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using too much make-up or something. There did not seem to be any visible reason why she should have become, suddenly, the object of so much attention.

The climax of that kind of thing came one evening when she found a rather elderly gentleman waiting in the parlor of her boarding house when she got home. A well appointed limousine, evidently his, stood in front of the door.

He was lonely, it seemed, as he explained after introducing himself, and he wanted her to spend an occasional evening with him. In return for her society he was willing to put his car at her continuous disposal and pay all her expenses in more comfortable living quarters in another part of the city.

Amelia declined, not brusquely, but rather wonderingly. She just wasn't interested in the least, that was all. It seemed strange that any one should think she might be.

THE next day something really more extraordinary occurred. She received a curt order from the department manager to report to the executive offices on the fourth floor.

Well, it was all in the life of a working girl. Amelia smoothed out the folds of her trim little black dress, patted a few straying locks of hair into place and went upstairs.

Mr. Mayfield himself, a wiry, grizzled man in impeccable English cut clothes, looked her over critically.

"You don't care for limousines, eh?" he said curtly. "Diamond rings more in your line."

"I work in the jewelry department, sir, if that's what you mean."

"Yes, I know. That's what my son said. You're a good saleswoman, too, according to the records. How did you happen to decide to leave your work in my store in order to try to get into my family?"

Amelia reddened slightly at the sarcasm in his voice, although she had not the faintest idea what he was talking about, and told him so.

"But you have my son's engagement ring, haven't you?"

The light dawned. "Is your son a sort of a short, heavy-set young man with a—" she stopped in some confusion.

"With an ugly caved-in face," Mr. Mayfield finished. "Yes. He knows it himself and it has made him a fool where women are concerned. He's so grateful when one likes him, even for his money, that he is a cinch for a person like yourself."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Mayfield." Amelia was nobody's fool and she realized that there was a misunderstanding in the air. "It just happens that I did not know I knew your son until just now. There was a young man whom I nearly had arrested for shoplifting last week. He answers the description we seem to be agreed upon, but I had no idea what his name was and—"

"But you've got his ring!"

"In the safe deposit vault of the store downstairs. I took it away from him because I thought he had stolen it out of my stock."

Mr. Mayfield's interest quickened. And at the same time his glance softened. "Sit down, young woman, and let's tell each other our real names."

Amelia related to her employer exactly what had happened, and in return he imparted to her the fact that the young man had had a narrow squeak from pneumonia, contracted from wandering about without an overcoat on the night of the late spring blizzard.

"He must have been looking for you," concluded Mr. Mayfield, "because even in his delirium he kept asking everybody—the doctor, the nurse and me if we had seen you."

"He wanted his ring back that was all," Amelia explained. She was greatly relieved to find the solution so simple, but a bit sub-

dued to think that his illness was her fault "I trust he is better now."

"Somewhat, but not getting strong very fast."

"Probably he'll be glad to have his ring back. The diamond was his mother's he said."

"Yes, I gave it to her."

"Then I'll get it and you can send it out to him right away."

"All right. Bring it up here, Miss Wilson." Amelia got the ring and returned to the president's office. Mr. Mayfield's secretary met her.

"Mr. Mayfield says he hasn't any one else to send right now and will appreciate it if you will please take the package out yourself. Here's a note to go with it. You're to use his car, which is waiting."

Amelia was divided in her sentiments about going out as a special messenger with the ring. It would be fun to take time off, and to ride in a fine car, but it might not be so much fun to meet young Mr. Mayfield again.

Maybe she could deliver the note and package to someone at the door and go right away.

She was still undecided as to what she wished when she arrived at the Mayfield residence and the choice was taken out of her hands.

"You're to go right up," said the kindly and rather elderly maid who came to the door.

NOTHING about the house was anything like as splendid as the mansion that Rummie lived in. Why, you could feel at home there! Amelia did. And it did not seem so terribly unnatural to climb the carpeted stairs to the second floor, or even to enter the door which the maid held open.

Amelia stared. It was such a curious room for a full grown man to be in bed in. The walls were covered with nursery wall paper depicting characters out of Mother Goose.

"Hasn't been changed since mother died," said a voice from the bed. "Sort of an idea of dad's and mine to keep it this way. We know we're nuts, so you can laugh all you want to."

"Hello," she said, as if his speech had been merely a greeting. "I like the room a lot. Here's your ring and a note your father sent to go with it."

He took the package and the envelop but showed no particular sign of opening either. "Sit down, here on the edge of the bed. I want to see if you look as nice as I imagined you did when I was delirious."

"Hadden't you better read your father's note to see if there is any answer?"

He opened the note and read it. Then he laughed. After that he opened the small parcel and took out the ring. "Nice ring," he decided. "Try it on and let's see how it looks from a little distance."

"How about an answer to the note?" Amelia persisted.

"Read it. You'll have to answer it yourself." He handed her the unfolded sheet of stationery.

Amelia was curious so she looked at it. "Memorandum to 'Co.' of Mayfield & Co. 'Dear 'Co.'"

"I knew that if you kept on trying you'd eventually find a good one. I don't know that I did so very much better myself."

"Mayfield."

"P.S. It will seem nice to have a woman around the house again, won't it?"

Amelia really blushed. If the letter meant what she thought it meant why—

"The ring does look its best there."

Amelia glanced at him reprovingly, but only as mothers do.

"It seems to me you both take a good deal for granted."

"Yes. But it works, doesn't it?"

It did!

Money! Money! Money!

(Continued from page 59)

He was beginning to congratulate himself on acquiring a specially decorative new patroness, when she handed him a letter.

Marcus was never surprised, but his small gray eyes became suddenly intent. "You permit me?" he murmured. He opened the unsealed envelope and read Haagen's brief letter. When he had finished he said, "Mr. Haagen has made a very interesting proposition to me. It is that you should be engaged to dance here; he leaves the exact arrangement to me."

"But of course! The arrangements are for you entirely."

Marcus gave her a shrewd look, smiling. After a moment's pause he said, "You want to begin now?"

"I must begin at once. I need work."

Once more Marcus gave her that careful scrutiny, paused, and said amiably, "Oh well, if that's so, I shall be very delighted to see you here tonight, at nine-thirty. Some people come in even as early as that. You know New York?"

"Not at all."

"Ah, well! Society women are all out of town of course; all the debs too. The summer clientele of a place like this is rather a special one. A great many men come here alone. Interesting men." He paused. "All I can suggest is that I employ you as a kind of hostess and dance partner. I could introduce you to some of my best clients who come in alone and want a partner. I think that they would be delighted."

"We haven't mentioned salary," Marcus went on. "The salary is a very, very good one. Seventy-five dollars a week. Of course, you'll have to be here every evening."

"Of course. It'll be my work."

"Your friend Mr. Haagen is coming over soon?" Marcus inquired.

"Not that I know of."

Once more Marcus paused. He had in his breast-pocket Haagen's letter, crisp, commanding, but, to the Pole's practised mind, entirely candid. And he thought, "Well, if she doesn't know—she doesn't. He tells her what he wants her to know. He plays his own game."

FLORA gathered up her vanity bag and gloves and went back to Bettine who was deferentially eager; subduing the liveliness of her sharp curiosity.

"I'm going to dance at a night club, Bettine," she said. "It will be rather fun."

"Mam'selle!"

"Mr. Haagen has arranged it for me."

"Ah, that is different! Ah, Mr. 'Aagen? Now we can be 'appy."

"We must move from here at once. This night club man is only paying me seventy-five dollars a week."

"Mais, mam'selle." Then Bettine cooed, "But may not Mr. 'Aagen himself be here soon to 'elp us?"

"Mr. Haagen is in Europe; and I certainly shall take no more help from any of my friends, Bettine. I'm afraid you'll have to leave me."

"Oh non! non! mam'selle. I stay—even without wages, to serve you."

Like Marcus, the maid thought, "Well, he tells her what he wants her to know, doubtless." And like Marcus, she knew that Haagen would be in New York in June.

EVER done anything of this kind before, my dear?" Marcus asked, meeting Flora at the entrance of Dream Garden that night, on the stroke of nine-thirty.

"No. Never."

"I might have asked you this morning. You've got to entertain, see? Dance with any one who asks you—at the same time be tactful; watch out for the best clients; I'll

introduce you to them first. If you're asked to join a party, join it. Gee! Where'd you get that cloak? That's ermine—" he seized the edge of it—"Never knew fur worked as supple as that."

She stammered, chafing faintly under his familiarity, "Oh, I—I've had it quite a while."

"Seventy-five dollars a week," he muttered. "Some of you ladies got pretty little whims. Well, sit down where you sat this morning, my dear. Order a ginger ale. I've got old Oessler here already with two of his cronies and not a girl between them."

He moved back to the doorway to greet a small group of clients who entered noisily.

NEVER before had Flora gone into a restaurant or dance club at night without one or more cavaliers. Never before had she sat at a restaurant table, asking mutely for patronage. "I'm here to earn my living and Bettine's," she said to herself sharply.

Marcus told himself not to be afraid of this beauty. Arrogance was her pose, and a good pose it was, but she had to listen to him. He was uncertain about her and that ermine cloak had taken his breath away. On reading Haagen's letter, on first meeting Flora, he had thought he understood the whole gamut. But there was that about her that made him question. There was just one thing that he did know at the moment, and that was that old Oessler, biggest banker in the city, with his wife and family away in Europe, had called him over, and asked, "Who's the girl, Marcus?"

"Follows her profession under the name of 'Flora.'"

"Profession, eh?"

And Oessler's companions, Mines, the big broker, and Abbman of the Mexican-Chinese Copper Trust, were listening avidly too.

"Going to act as sort of hostess and dance partner here during the summer. A dandy ballroom dancer—professional from Europe. Hope you gentlemen like the idea?"

"Sure we like it. Fetch her over."

Marcus came up to Flora. "Say, Mr. Oessler wants to meet you. Come right over," he murmured. "Let him give you supper." His dark glance was suave but compelling. She pulled her ermine up about her, rose, and went with Marcus over to the indicated table.

"Mr. Oessler, Mr. Mines, Mr. Abbman—Miss Flora," said Marcus with a flourish.

There began for her this new life in which she must play up; in which she must think quickly and speak quickly, always the pleasing thing—this new life where she was just a hired dancing partner, and not Flora Towers at all.

Marcus passed by, not looking, but seeing everything. "They've fallen for her all right," Marcus thought, "and as long as they stand for that high-hatting, I should worry." Here he noted young Maston coming in, and hastened away to him.

Young Maston was a millionaire and comparatively nice. And he was a real bachelor, one of the smartest men who graced Dream Garden now and then.

"Mr. Maston, I want to introduce to you the finest girl in America. Ballroom dancer from Europe. Professional, yes, sir! Over there—tangoing with Mr. Oessler. He won't let her go if he can help it!"

"Bring her along. Never mind old Oessler and his gang. Bring her along."

No one could be more tactful, more regretful, than Marcus at the desolate task of filching from one client what the next client wanted.

"Mr. Oessler, I have got to persuade you to give this young lady up for a little while, and I have a harder job than that, Mr.

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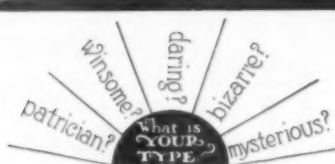
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MAIL COUPON

Oessler, persuading this young lady to leave you and your friends, I know. But there's a gentleman who just won't be satisfied till he's begged a dance from her. Your fault, Mr. Oessler! Your performance in that tango started the gentleman off. And he's lonely, and he's just got to dance, too."

Somehow then, Flora found herself crossing the room with Marcus, who was gritting in her ear. "You don't have to go back, see? No! No! They don't expect it. Now this boy I'm going to introduce you to—he's a millionaire; he's real toney. Astors and Vanderbilts and all of 'em, he knows 'em all— Well, Mr. Maston, that was a man-size job, that was, prying this lady away from Mr. Oessler and Mr. Mines, but I done it, and here she is. Mr. Maston, Miss Flora."

This young man got to his feet, and bowed properly. He was enchanted.

They talked of Europe. They talked of polo at Hurlingham; of Cowes yachting. He had hunted with the Belvoir one winter. So had she? They had mutual acquaintances in the inner circles of Paris society. Till at last he cried, "I say, who are you?" and she came back to Marcus' Dream Garden, from which she had been straying very happily with this guided American youth.

"A dancer," she smiled.

"Yes? But why?"

"I make my living this way."

"You're certainly a wonder," he breathed. "We must dance again. Ever get away from here?"

"Never."

"I'll have to come to you!"

They danced, with the whole room of heat-jaded people content to sit and watch. Old Oessler and his friends had left before she stopped dancing with Billy Maston, but there was an envelope addressed to "Flora" on the table when they went back to it. Inside was old Oessler's card with an address in the East Sixties. He had written:

"Darling, I generally lunch here at home this hot weather; house is cool; feed up on the roof garden. Just give me a ring and come any time you like."

"Some of these swift workers!" said Billy Maston petulantly, snatching the card. "Damn these old men! Flora, you just come out and play with me."

"That would be lovely," she said.

Maston took her home in the small hours when, for lack of further patronage, Dream Garden closed. He gave her a chafing look when she directed him to the Ritz-Carlton.

"Ritz-Carlton?"

"I'm leaving here tomorrow. I've taken a tiny apartment."

"You just give me the address."

She did not answer.

"If you don't, Marcus will. He'll want it."

FLORA moved soon after that into a tiny furnished apartment in the West Seventies, and it was stifling!

She began to save a little money towards repaying Haagen. When Bettine found that out, she juggled with the housekeeping so that saving became impossible.

In June the city seemed to Flora to be appalling. Old Oessler carefully regarding her—repeated his invitation to luncheon up on the roof of his big house in the East Sixties. He repeated it many times, growing plaintive. "You don't know what a nice roof I've got; all those servants—nothing to do, and just longing to see a pretty girl come to luncheon with me to give me an appetite. See, darling, these hot mornings I just go down town to the office for, say, a couple of hours and my secretary comes up to me for an hour before he quits work. The rest of the time is yours, dear. All yours."

So she lunched with old Oessler up on his roof. It was alluring; shaded; with all the fresh air that there was wafting in to them on all sides. There was a flower garden laid out. Save for holding her hand whenever he could, old Oessler behaved sweetly. He spoke of his place out in Westchester County; said he'd have to show her that place one week-end.

And on a day when Bettine had juggled with the housekeeping more devastatingly than usual, when the city had reached its peak of heat, when loneliness weighed heavily upon her, when she was overwhelmed with nostalgia for all that had been, old Oessler pressed again his invitation for a country week-end.

"What about your family, Mr. Oessler?"

"Darling, my wife and I get on so well you'd never notice we were married! My



house is Liberty Hall. Mrs. Oessler likes my friends around when she's home, I assure you. We each have all the friends we want. We're that kind of pair. Now, sweetheart, let Daddy Oessler give you a good time next week-end."

She sighed, "It is very kind of you. I'd love to come."

THE evening that Flora accepted old Oessler's invitation for the following week-end was a Saturday. While she spent Sunday in the wicked heat of her apartment with a pale and morose Bettine, Billy Maston was out at Newport, where he met Annette.

There was a secretary with her, a fair young man who excited the younger women of the party, but they did not like Annette.

That lady was not so comfortably settled as she would have liked. There hadn't been time to find herself a house that satisfied her—hadn't been time to learn anything of this new country, and to find out the sort of servants to engage and so on. She was contenting herself with a suite at a hotel and with such invitations as Haagen's introductory letters had procured for her.

She looked forward to Haagen's arrival. She had a shrewd idea that he would be a wonderful social mentor.

But her vagrant fancy at the moment was for Andy Court. He fetched and carried for her, kept the accounts, made her traveling arrangements with a devotion with which she could find no fault, and yet remained bafflingly aloof.

She wanted him to adore her, so she might throw him away. But perhaps she would not discard him. Perhaps she had waked, not unready, to the fact that she could adore Andy Court.

She faced the fact boldly that she, Annette Towers, rejoicing in her new freedom and her new powers, was already willing to buy herself a beautiful young husband.

Meantime the Towers' yacht came into

Newport harbor, and Annette took Andy aboard.

"We'll have a party aboard," Annette said. "Billy Maston will be down again, he told me. And there is a friend of mine from Europe whom you don't know—a man called Haagen—who is landing next week sometime. Find out just what time his boat gets in, please, dear."

She stopped. Her pause was studied. "I mustn't call you 'dear,' of course." She laughed. "You don't like it, do you, Andy? Why, what are you thinking?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Towers. 'Haagen' is the name?"

"Sailing on the Palazzo Capri. But what made you look—like that?"

He thought. "I've been patient, waiting for Haagen. But now I've got to follow Haagen to find her." While Annette's lynx eyes watched him.

IT WAS Billy Maston who said to Annette, dancing with her on the deck of the Mermaid, "I say, let me give you a little party up in New York. I'll show you a most attractive place called Dream Garden. Just you and I together—shall we go?"

Annette's look, open, revealing, unashamed, swept over Andy as he danced near them.

Maston smiled. "Want to take the boy friend?" he whispered caressingly.

"He goes everywhere with me."

"Don't blame him. Wish I could. We'll take him along to Dream Garden. All three of us motor up, and back in the dawn—great fun, eh? But I'm going to dance with you, Annette. Can't I call you Annette? And we'll find him a partner. There's a ballroom professional there."

Just then Annette saw the one very late comer to her party, and he might be forgiven, since only that afternoon had he stepped from the Palazzo Capri on to New York pier. Slipping from Billy Maston's arms, she went to greet Haagen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Food with Sex Appeal

[Continued from page 88]

who can't abide fish. So do have some non-fish flavors among your servings.

For instance, you might make:

Asparagus Tip Canape

Dip asparagus tips in mayonnaise. Roll each tip in a thin slice of bread from which the crust has been removed. Fasten the bread with toothpicks and toast lightly.

Stuffed Olives and Bacon

Wrap a stuffed olive in a thin strip of bacon. Fasten the bacon to the olive with a toothpick. Broil until the bacon is crisp and brown. These delicious morsels are eaten in the fingers, the toothpick serving as a handle.

Mushroom Canape

Cut slices of bread with a round cutter with a hole in the center. Lightly toast one side of the bread. Place a large flat mushroom on the untoasted side. Dot with bits of butter and broil under a flame for three minutes.

Sardine Canape

Spread saltines with butter and dust with paprika. Heat in the oven. Mix one-third cup of butter with one tablespoon of French mustard. When it is creamed add one tablespoon of chopped parsley. Spread the crackers with the mustard butter. Put a teaspoon of minced sardines in the center of each.

Peanut Butter and Bacon

Toast bread cut one-fourth inch thick lightly on one side. Spread the untoasted side with peanut butter. Remove the crusts and cut the bread into small squares. Place a small square of bacon in the center of each. Broil until the bacon is crisp. Decorate with a slice of stuffed olive.

Avocado Canapes

Cut one-fourth inch slices of bread with a crescent-shaped cutter. Toast lightly on one side. Spread the other side with thin crescent-shaped slices of avocado pear. Place a tiny bit of chutney in the center of each. Decorate with bits of pimento and heat in the oven.

Cheese and Mustard Butter

Place slices of American cheese on saltines. Spread the cheese with mustard butter. Toast until the cheese is melted. The butter is made by creaming one tablespoon of butter with one teaspoon of French mustard and one-half teaspoon of horseradish.

Lobster Canape

Heat together one-half cup of minced lobster meat, one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of cream and one tablespoon of walnut catsup. Spread on diamond-shaped pieces of toasted bread. Decorate the center with a small star cut from a pimento.

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The Houseparty Murder

[Continued from page 79]

We were then at the back stoop. The kitchen window was open and just inside we saw Mrs. Yawley eating a bite of lunch at the table. She was terribly flustered at our sudden appearance.

"I've come to see about my clothes, Mrs. Yawley," I explained. "And this is Mr. McElhinney from Wynford, who has official permission to search the house."

"My lands!" said Mrs. Yawley. "Again?" We went on to the sitting room without further conversation.

At the door of the library we paused as if by common consent.

To tell the truth, I felt an unwillingness to enter that room ever again; but I would not be governed by it.

Except for the removal of the body and the objects I had seen at the coroner's office, the room had been left as it had been the night before. Even the chair with the broken leg still lay on its back.

"Let's have some fresh air," said Mr. McElhinney, briskly opening the French doors.

"Shall we open the other curtains?" I suggested. "And will it obliterate any official marks if we hunt for that missing bead here?"

"Not at all," he assured me. "This room has been gone over thoroughly for fingerprints and other clues."

We didn't miss an inch of the floor. We rolled back the edges of the rug. We even pulled out the seats of the upholstered chairs, but we found no trace of the bead.

"It isn't here," I said at last. "I felt sure that it was not. That bead has been accidentally or purposely carried away. When we find it we'll have the murderer."

"But do you think some one would have taken it deliberately—a dangerous piece of evidence like that? Before this case is over it would be so well known that any one would recognize it for years to come."

I said, "I don't know how, or why, or by whom, that bead was carried from this room; but I tell you there is something fatalistic about those carnelian beads. I have felt it ever since I first wore them."

I told him the circumstances of my acquiring the beads and I recited the charm that went with the pendant.

WHILE we were talking, I had made a small discovery. One orange candle, burned a third of the way down, still stood upright in its holder on the side of the mantel. The candle nearest to the sitting room door lay prone, where it had been left when the candlestick itself had been carried away as possible evidence.

"This candle must have been knocked over while it was still burning," I said, "because the hot grease was spattered over this end of the mantel."

While Mr. McElhinney soberly examined the candles, I added, "I believe somebody knocked the one candle over accidentally, and deliberately stepped across the hearth and blew out the other one. Why, of course!"

I cried, "Some one stepped across the hearth, knocking the carafe over—where was the carafe? I didn't see that last night. I only looked at—him."

"You're probably exactly right," said young McElhinney. "The struggle—what struggle there was—must have taken place farther out in the room, where the chair was overturned. The carafe lay near his foot at the edge of the hearth."

"And the lights," I said. "That's so important. There was still a light burning here when Mary Lou ran out. I saw it, you know. Mr. Croft didn't put out those lights. The jury was right in one guess. If he hadn't been interrupted, he would have been out in pursuit of Mary Lou. I know

him, you see. Nothing would have stopped him except—death."

"That's perfectly sound reasoning, I should think. Now, shall we try to imagine the whole evening?" he suggested. "Croft was sitting there beside the hearth drinking brandy. What do you suppose was his frame of mind?"

"He was angry," I said, "and thwarted. I think he was a man who couldn't bear to be thwarted—particularly not in the pursuit of a woman. I see it all so plainly now. His elaborate living in Italy was nothing but a snare in which he expected to capture women of a finer, higher class than he had known before. I was the first likely candidate. Oh, never mind my pride! He didn't care for me personally—I know that now."

"I had just sense enough, strength enough, to run away. He deeded me the house in Perugia afterwards. There was just enough real humanity in him to make him doubly dangerous. Did he think that would draw me back to him and Italy? Perhaps I was the first woman he had tried to win, who had escaped him. Who knows how many there were before me or after me? But, finally, there was Mary Lou."

HE PROBABLY was awfully gone on her," Mr. McElhinney assured me.

"No," I said sternly. "He was no more gone on her than he would have been on any other pretty woman, but she took effort to acquire. Well, he almost won. Only suddenly I turned up and thwarted him a second time. He was furious when I carried Mary Lou off to the Fordyces yesterday evening. Does that give you his frame of mind as he sat here, drinking his brandy?"

"Yes," said the young man, "and to think how she walked right into his hands! And everything," he continued thoughtfully, "happened just as she described it after that. If we could only find out which way he was looking when he stumbled."

"We can't question her," I told him. "The doctor forbids questions. He says he won't answer for her reason if she is bothered. Only one who knows Mary Lou can appreciate what a shock she's had. Nothing like this ever came her way before last night."

"I should think it was a shock. Would be to any one!" said the young man. "Well, then, we've got to take it for granted that Croft was looking toward the sitting room door. And there he saw this other person."

"Just a minute," I said, troubled. "Would that person have come in while Mary Lou was there?"

"Perhaps not all the way into the room. Croft may have seen the door opening. That alone would have startled him. I think the assailant was a person who entered the house expecting to find Croft alone. We'll say that for the time anyhow. That person opened this door, with a weapon ready in his or her hand, premeditated murder. Whether that person would have entered the room with Mrs. Forbes present, would depend on the nature of the grudge and the strength of the murderer. What kind of enemies was Croft likely to have accumulated in his lifetime?"

"Only one kind," I said.

"Then the murderer's driving motive was jealousy, wasn't it? It's conceivable that she or, possibly, he, would have entered regardless of Mrs. Forbes. Had she been found there, talking intimately with Croft, had she not been fighting for her life and escaped, she might have been killed, too."

I said weakly, "You must be a very brilliant student at Yale, Mr. McElhinney." "No," he denied. "I'm really very slow. It's taken me all day to get that far. Burley probably knew at once. There's the real

brain that will clear this all up."

My surprise must have been audible or visible.

"Oh, you didn't think," said he, "that he'd really given over the case to me? I was to help him when I could, but he was really doing me a favor to let me in and he wanted to give you something to occupy your time, I think. You knew Burley was on your side, didn't you? He'll turn the world upside down before he'll leave a thing covered that might bear on the case. Only, of course, he's got to act like a prosecuting attorney. Besides, he wanted to look up this fellow's past without troubling you any more. Anybody in court could see, Miss Rockford, if you'll excuse me, that you didn't like to talk about that time in Italy, you know. Burley said to me, 'We'll spare her all we can, Mac!' Isn't he great?"

"Wonderful!" I said devoutly. Then, after a moment's silence, I said abruptly, "Well, we've done all we can here. I've got some clothes to pack upstairs. I used Mr. Croft's room while I stayed here. Perhaps you'd find some evidence there that I have overlooked."

WE WENT upstairs, and while I folded clothing he poked about—rather perfunctorily, because the place had been searched before. Anybody could tell that just by the way the bed was out a little from the wall at one corner, by the way toilet articles were huddled on the dresser, and so on. And there Mrs. Yawley followed us.

"You don't need to be in a hurry on my account," she said. "You know this property belongs to me again now."

"Does it?" I said in surprise. "How's that?"

"Mr. Croft willed it to me," she said. "I don't calculate his being killed before his time changes that any, does it? He wrote it out last summer."

"Why, you didn't tell us all that this morning, Mrs. Yawley?" I said.

"It'll come out time enough. They didn't ask me," she answered. "What I come up here to say was, you needn't be in any rush to go on my account. You're welcome to stay on here and I'll be glad to do for you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Yawley. That's very kind of you. But I shall want to be with my sister. She is quite ill, you know. I'm very glad you're to have your old home back."

"Well, I thought I'd offer," she said, and flounced off with an air of offense, though I think all she had wanted was to find out what we were doing. "I hope you'll find a place to stay in Wynford. There's some that won't take lodgers connected up with a murder, you know."

"She's just a crank," said the young officer, after her departure. "Don't mind her." "Well," I remarked, "if you've a notebook you'd better put down what she said about inheriting this property. It might at least get her up for another examination. She gives me the creeps. I don't wonder Mary Lou called her a demon."

I was to find out presently how demonic she could be. I was about to announce to Mr. McElhinney that I was through in that room when I heard Mrs. Yawley's voice, shrill in anger.

"I tell you, he did not give it to you!" "He did so," muttered another feminine voice, that was vaguely familiar.

"He did not and don't you dare say so to me!" said Mrs. Yawley.

"He did so. Bennie Colcutt give me this ring and I can prove it!"

"You get off this place!"

"I don't have to!"

Mr. McElhinney and I raced down the steps, to separate Mrs. Yawley from Elizabeth Hopper. It would be hard to say which would have killed the other if we hadn't broken in upon them. The girl was

the huskier but Mrs. Yawley was insane with passion. Mr. McElhinney dragged the girl off the porch out of Mrs. Yawley's reach and held her there. She ceased struggling promptly, but Mrs. Yawley was a sight to see. Her thin arms and hands made horrible motions, the more horrible in that they clawed the air instead of flesh.

"Here, here!" said Mr. McElhinney. "What's all this about?"

"None of your business!" shrieked Mrs. Yawley. "None of anybody's business!" "I'll make it everybody's business!" retorted the girl. "You—"

"Shut up!" said Mr. McElhinney. He was a policeman, after all. "Now stop calling names and tell me what this is about."

"Don't have to," said Mrs. Yawley.

"Oh, yes, you do!" He turned back his coat and showed a badge. "You'll tell me why you're cutting up like this or I'll take you both to jail. What did you come here for?" He turned to Elizabeth Hopper.

"She said she had come for her father's tool-kit," said Mrs. Yawley. "He had left it in the garage that he was building."

"So you came up here to ask leave to take off the tool-box, eh?" said Mr. McElhinney. "Well, that's a great thing to cause a row like this."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Yawley. "Liar! She never come for any such thing!"

"All right, then, what did she come for? You tell me!"

"I'll not!"

"I will," said the girl. "I come to ask her what she was going to do for me."

"What do you mean?"

"She knows what I mean. I wanted to know what she was going to do for me now that she'd come into money through him being dead," she indicated Croft's house. "What she was going to do for me now that Bennie Colcutt was gone, before he had a chance to marry me."

The girl's eyes were really full of tears. Mr. McElhinney must have seen pity for her, in my regard, for with a questioning look in my direction, he released her arm.

"All right," he said. "Go get the tool-box and trot on home."

With one backward glance at Mrs. Yawley, the girl left.

"And you," said the young officer to the housekeeper, "go into the house. I'm following."

HE PICKED her glasses up from the ground. She snatched them from his hands. Threatening momentarily to give more fight, she preceded him into the kitchen. "On into the sitting room," said he. "I want to keep an eye on you while I telephone."

Mr. McElhinney called a Wynford number and in a few moments he was talking to Richard. From the next room where I waited, I heard a sharp gasp from Mrs. Yawley and a hearty "Good!" from the young policeman.

After that, briefly, with the barest details he reported the disturbance and its cause. "Is that Richard Burley coming here?"

Mrs. Yawley asked as he hung up the receiver. "He is."

"I'll not tell him a thing."

"Save that for him."

"And I'll thank you, young man, to let me out into my kitchen where I can finish the work that hussy interrupted." "I'm sorry," he said, "but I'll feel more comfortable to have you sitting quiet right here. Sit down. You won't have to wait long."

Richard drove into the back yard in his blue coupé a few minutes later. He went straight into the room where Mr. McElhinney and Mrs. Yawley were waiting. When Richard asked her about Elizabeth Hopper claiming that she had been engaged to her nephew, she said, "I told this policeman that I wouldn't tell you a thing, and I won't."

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"Mrs. Yawley," said Richard, "perjury is a serious offense. In the first police investigations of your nephew's death we asked you and your sister if your nephew had been entangled in any way with a woman."

"And we said he hadn't and we'll stick to it," said Mrs. Yawley.

"Mrs. Yawley, that's all nonsense. Besides, now that we have the name of the woman, we can find other witnesses, if her claim is a true one."

"And I tell you, once and for all I ain't got anything to say to you."

"Then I will have to ask you to return with Mr. McElhinney to Wynford. Get your wraps."

"Humph!" With a snort Mrs. Yawley rose and left the room.

"Wait in the kitchen for her, Mac," Richard said. "Keep your eye on the back stairway and I'll watch here."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. McElhinney. Then he tiptoed closer and spoke in a lower tone. "What am I to do with her, sir? What's the bluff?"

"Lock her up!" said Richard. "The cantankerous old witch! She could make this as easy for me as checkers, but she won't. Lock her up and make out your report and then come over to Stony Creek and meet me at the Hopper house about a quarter to six. The girl will be home getting supper if she's the housekeeper she says she is. And I guess she's that all right. A quarter to six then, at the Hopper cottage. I think we're going to find out tonight who killed Benjamin Colcutt."

"Right!" said Mr. McElhinney.

"What do you suppose," mused Richard a moment later, "makes the old girl stick to her story as she does? Spite against me? She knows we've got the right dope. I

could see it in her face. She knows we'll find out everything and still she stays with her story. What's her idea?"

"I think," I suggested, "that she's possibly guarding against more than scandal."

"What do you mean?"

"What kind of girl is this Elizabeth Hopper?" I asked.

"Well," said Richard, "she's one of these boy-silly girls."

"Poor thing!" I said.

"Elizabeth or Mrs. Yawley?"

"Elizabeth. Because I think she is going to have a child."

"Well, bless your heart for the discovery," Richard said.

He left me to see McElhinney out of the kitchen. I was standing against the dining room table when he returned. He stopped in the doorway and surveyed me quizzically.

"What have you been thinking of me all day?" he asked.

"I—to tell the truth, I haven't known what to think," I confessed. "I've been so far away from you most of the time. What did you think when you heard this morning that I had known this man seven years ago in Italy?"

"I was so jealous for fifteen minutes that I couldn't see straight."

"Oh, Richard, no!"

"I understand. I'm ashamed now, but facts are facts. If you told me that story night before last, when I met you, you'd have been witness to and chief motive for the finest fight in the world and there'd have been a dead man on the premises with no mystery attached to the crime!"

And he meant it. He was ablaze with righteous, condemnatory wrath. Oh, could he be a prosecuting attorney? Well, heaven

save me from arraignment by him when he was really aroused!

"You know," he confessed, "I never had much use for your pretty sister, but I'd forgive her everything if she put that scamp off the earth."

It hurt to know that in his judgment, no matter how considerate he was of me, Mary Lou's suffering was not a jot more than she deserved. Feeling thoroughly chilled and depressed, I finally followed him out of the house and took my place in his sturdy coupé.

At a crossroad Mr. McElhinney's Ford waited for us. He climbed out of it and came to report.

"I locked her up," he said, grinning. "She didn't fight any, but she won't stay long. She's sent out for a lawyer and they're getting up a writ of habeas corpus right this minute. We'll have to work fast if we want to keep her out of the way."

"I almost forget why I jailed her," said Richard, "except that she provoked me so with her obstinacy. Well, we'll be getting along. Mac, you'd better leave your Ford here and follow on foot. I don't want the whole settlement buzzing around because two automobiles line up in front of the Hopper fence. I'll tell you. I'll go into the house. You wait outside and watch the door. If I open it after I've gone in, you take that as your cue and come on."

WE LEFT him standing in the road. About a quarter of a mile farther on we came to a small white frame house set upon an angle of the shore, all rocks on one side, deep sand on the other.

Against the shed were several lobster traps and a stout rowboat. I asked if Jake was a fisherman as well as a carpenter.

"He makes and mends lobster pots," explained Richard. "Everybody on the shore has a boat, some kind of boat, so far as that goes. Handy to go to market in or to go visiting or courting—"

He stopped in the midst of a sentence and looked over the water to a point of land on the east horizon.

"That's Indian Point over there," he said slowly. "A person could make it in a rowboat easy on a calm night. You could go to see your girl and get back and nobody would know you were out." He opened the car door, climbed out slowly and turned to me. "Will you come in with me or would you rather sit out here?"

"What excuse could I have for going inside with you?" I asked.

"Well, I've come to inquire about this afternoon's disturbance," said Richard. "You were a witness, weren't you? Come on, then."

We went first for a look at the rowboat, beached beside the gray shed. Richard handled the oars, examined their blades. "It's been in the water recently," he said.

From the shed we could see the rear of the house and light in one of the rooms there. Through the kitchen window on that side I saw Jake Hopper stooped over some kind of work. From a nail in the wall above his head hung a coal oil lamp. Richard knocked.

Presently we heard a clatter on wooden stairsteps and a second later Elizabeth Hopper opened the door.

The girl had been startled. Her brown eyes were pretty blank as she turned from us and went across the room to get us chairs.

The kitchen was square except for the jutting in, at the southwest corner, of a wooden store closet alongside a boxed-in stairway, the doors to both of which stood open. Against the boxing of the stairway hung a miscellany of outdoor wraps, among them the worn, patched working jacket and the peaked cap in which I had first seen Jake Hopper. Jake sat before a low workbench covered with thin shavings of wood.

SPRING, 1930

The Vallée influence upon Pan, who has traded his pipe for a tenor sax, and is getting hot!



"Elizabeth," said Richard to the girl, who stood in the center of the floor uncertain as to what all this betokened. "what was that tale you were taunting Mrs. Yawley with this afternoon?"

"Oh," she said, "I wouldn't have tormented her only she's such an old she-cat!"

The old man spoke up.

"Lizzie, what you been up to now? I declare I never did see such a girl. She's wild as a wood-cat," he concluded, appealing for consolation.

"That's what is called flaming youth, Jake," said Richard easily and turned again to the girl.

"Aw," said she, not waiting for his next question. "Pa knows what I had to tell Lydie Yawley. I just wanted to hear her squawk. I didn't know she'd fly all to pieces because I said I was engaged to Bennie."

"Was that all, Elizabeth?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

"So you were engaged to Ben Colcutt, eh?"

"I got his ring. Here it is."

The girl took a diamond solitaire from her left hand and gave it to Richard.

"Bennie give you this?"

"He certainly did."

"Pretty expensive gift for Bennie, wasn't it, Elizabeth?"

"Oh, I don't know. Benny had money laid away."

"Elizabeth, if you were merely engaged to Ben, what hold did you think that gave you over his family?"

"I—what do you mean?"

She flung back her head, color flaring in her face.

Richard walked past her, with the air of brushing her from his path, and went and stood over Jake's workbench.

"Jake Hopper," he said, not ungently, "you're a good old man. You have my heartfelt sympathy. Your daughter is a bad girl. Everybody knows that. You know it. How did you think it would clear her name or yours for you to murder a nice boy like Bennie Colcutt?"

"I never did no such thing!" cried the old man. "I never did no such thing! What are you trying to put on me?"

He stumbled to his feet. His rheumatism must really have been bad. He couldn't seem to straighten his knees.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with his rising the girl made a break for the back door. She opened it on young Mr. McElhinney. He certainly had been watching.

With a cry she started back in my direction. Just beyond me a door opened into the interior of the house. I jumped up, knocking down Jake's cap and workjacket as I made for the door, but Richard's broad back was instantly between me and the girl.

"Don't try to run, Elizabeth," he said.

And then, from that position—he said, "Jake, it's no use your denying the facts. The night of Bennie Colcutt's murder was the calm one that came before this last gale. You rowed your boat over there after supper and you killed him. You knew your daughter was a bad girl and you knew that she had got herself into serious trouble at last. You knew that she had been seeing Bennie Colcutt lately and you killed him because you thought he was the father of the child she is going to have."

"Where at's your proof?" he demanded.

There was a moment of silence, terrific silence. In that moment I stooped automatically to pick up the coat and jacket that I had dragged off their hook on the wall. As I was about to arrange them on the hook, Richard moved the least bit. A beam of light from the lamp on the wall came over his shoulder and fell on the sleeve of the jacket. As it did so, all my weariness fled. I was sharply, intently awake, my eyes fascinated by a single spot on the sleeve of that jacket.

It was a spot about the size of a dime

right at the top of the shoulder seam—a spot of orange candle wax, hard under my fingers, but crumbly at the edges. There was no mistaking it. I kept behind Richard's broad back and feverishly my hand ran over the jacket, searching it inside and out.

It was a heavy jacket of the windbreaker type. The sleeves had been too long for the wearer and were rolled at the bottom into clumsy cuffs. Finding nothing in the buttoned pockets of the jacket, my searching fingers, as a last resort, probed one of these rolled cuffs. In the cuff of the right sleeve, I felt something hard and smooth with rounded edges. I pulled it out, held it to the light, though I knew what it was. The graven image of a warrior with drawn sword stood out sharply. I had found the missing carnelian bead!

Said Richard meanwhile in that dreadful quiet voice of his, "Jake, I said in the beginning that only a hammer could have cracked Bennie's skull as if it were a nut-shell."

JAKE made no answer. Imagine my amazement, then, to hear Richard say, "Sit down, Jake. I want to talk with Elizabeth now. Elizabeth, your father was wrong in killing Bennie, wasn't he? Bennie really was going to marry you, wasn't he?"

"He—yes, he was going to," gulped the girl.

"And the baby will not be Bennie's child at all. Bennie was a decent fellow. The child is Croft's, isn't it?"

"I—where did you get that idea?" This was the last stand of defiance.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth, you came back to the house once too often—this afternoon. The other night when you were snooping around, looking in at the windows, and Croft told you to go away and to stay, why didn't you mind him? He had fixed things up once for you. He'd have fixed them up again some other way, even if Bennie was dead. Why didn't you stay away? And why on earth did you come back this afternoon?"

The girl was shrewder than I was. She saw what I didn't see in my admiring astonishment.

"You're a great bluffer, ain't you?" she scoffed, though still terrified. "How are you going to prove all that now?"

She walked away with a swagger from him; but as she did so, the light played a trick on her features, bringing out the bumps and shadowing the depressions; and I almost cried out—because I recognized her face actually for the one seen at the porch door my first night at Glenhaven.

And there I stood with this knowledge and with a trace of candle-wax and a bead in my hands, hating the part I had to play. There, on the other hand, in a Wynford hospital lay Mary Lou accused of murder. I thrust the carnelian bead into Richard's hand. Without a start, he held it between him and the light. Again the warrior's sword flashed.

"This time," he said, "I have evidence. How will you explain this bead? You see, don't you, that it is the one missing from the carnelian chain that was found in the dead man's hand? It was described fully in the courtroom this morning. There's no mistaking it. How did it come to be here?"

All the while he held it to the light and Elizabeth stared at it. The staring came to be a hypnosis, under which, all of a sudden, her bravado snapped.

"I don't know anything about the bead," she said. "I never seen that thing before—so help me—"

But she couldn't hold out. In the midst of her denial her voice broke on a sob.

"There, there, Elizabeth!" said Richard in a gruff, gentle way. "Don't. I'm sorry for you, girl. Truly I am. But perhaps you had better tell us how it was."

"I'll tell you," she said. "I'll tell you."

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It was bound to come out anyhow, I suppose. You're right about him. He got me—right away—when I first went there to help out last summer. What chance did I have? He was so rich and elegant and smooth in his ways. It made me dizzy to have him want me. Maybe I had been a little wild before but not really bad—until he came. Oh, I want him, I want him, I want him—now! I didn't mean for him to die—

The girl's sobs quieted again. She drew a long shuddering breath and, again staring vacantly at her hands, she spoke. It was as if she spoke in a trance.

"He got tired of me. But not right away. Up to this summer he'd keep coming to see me and then all of a sudden he quit. I knew why. He was going after the pretty one they call Mary Lou. She'd been there before with her husband and other folks. She'd flirted with him and he with her, but they were just good friends, until all of a sudden the notion took him for her. I knew when. He didn't even want me working on the place then.

"And so then he brought out his money. He picked out another man for me—Bennie Colcutt. He gave Bennie money to buy me the ring. He was going to set Bennie up with a shop for his fishing things and put money away for us to live on. If it had been any man but Bennie I wouldn't have listened."

The patriarch shuffled out from behind his work bench. Yesterday, the day before, he had been a hale and hearty-seeming man. His age was flowing in upon him now visibly.

"You never had any goings-on then with Bennie Colcutt, you daughter of Jezebel! You tell me that—now?"

The girl tossed her hair wildly back. "I told you last night. Just because you seen him over here—Bennie was a good boy! We had been sweethearts when we were school kids; only his mother and aunt—they thought I wasn't good company for him and they took him away. Maybe if they hadn't done that, all would have been different. Maybe not. Oh, what's the use of all that? What's the use?"

"You're right, Elizabeth," said Richard. "Tell us now just what happened at Glenhaven."

"Well, I wouldn't stay away. It might have been foolish but I couldn't help it. Even when Bennie, poor innocent, was dead, I had to go back. If it was only for a rough word from him or even a look, I had to go back. You see, he was through with me; but I'd never be through with him. I had something here," she beat her breast, "that belonged to both of us—joined us. He would always be piece-ways mine, no matter what. So, whenever I heard he was at Glenhaven, I went over there. He—" she indicated her old father, "thought I was out dancing or the like and would throw fits about that—"

OH, THERE was no mistaking that the swollen, tear-stained face I was watching with such pity was the face that I had seen twice on our first night at Glenhaven. "Much good it did me to look on the last few times," she said. "It was like being killed bits at a time to see him with her. Oh, he was slick! When any of her folks was watching, he'd be so polite and friendly that they wouldn't suspicion a thing. I told him night before last I knew what he was after and he threatened to throw me over the rocks to die like Mame Halloran that the oystermen found drowned."

She came finally to the night of Henry Croft's death.

"I thought maybe the folks would be out that night," she said. "They nearly always go, some of them, to play cards at the Fordyses when Mr. Willie is there. I had something to say to Mr. Croft. Since Bennie was dead and I had a ring and all

I was wondering if I had to marry anybody else. Couldn't I take the money and set me up in a little out of the way house and have my baby, and now and then, if he took a notion, he could come to see us there. I could give out that it was Bennie's child and face the disgrace if only we could work things out that way. I was feeling right sensible and knowing it was no use to carry on. I'd get nothing that way."

Of course she wasn't very bright, or she would have reasoned that claiming relationship with Bennie Colcutt would start an investigation of his murder on that path.

"Well, I come to the house and it was all dark except the library. So, I thought sure enough he was alone and I went around and just as I come past the corner there she was peeking in at the door. He let her in and they set there and talked and I watched 'em a while."

The girl twisted her coarse hands.

"I watched 'em, murdering 'em both in my heart, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I run lickety-split cross a short cut for home and I hadn't got a third of the way before I met Pa. He'd watched me go out and set out to follow me. He suspicioned everything I did. Well, there he stood and I yelled out at him. 'If you're bound to get the man that's to blame for the fix I am in, go kill the man you're so proud to be working for.' Oh, I don't know what I said. I blubbered the whole truth to him somehow. I seen his eyes go wild like they did that night he come from doing up Bennie and I was scared. I tried to stop him then; but he says, 'Out of my way, girl!' and I couldn't hold him. Neither could I catch up with him. I was too spent with running—and there you are."

She dropped her head to the table. She didn't sob wildly any more, just shivered and made occasional moaning noises. Richard jiggled the carnelian bead absently in his fist. He was thinking hard.

"Jake, I'm sorry but I'm going to have to send you to jail," said Richard finally. "I'll go peacefully," said Jake.

MOST of the way back to Wynford I rested in the hollow of Richard's arm. "Life," I sighed once, "can be so bitter!"

"Darling," he said, "I didn't have any idea it would be like this. Now you know the one chance I meant when I told you this afternoon that I had a single hope, a wild idea, so wild that I wouldn't even outline it for you. Honestly, I had no hope that it would work out so accurately. Until you gave me that bead, I was bluffing. Just bluffing. And the girl knew it! How did you get your hands on that bead?" said Richard. "Where was it?"

"In the sleeve of Jake's coat, where the cuff had been rolled up," I said. "The bead was in the cuff of the right sleeve, caught in the material; on the left shoulder was a spot of candle wax. That's what I noticed first and so I looked and found the bead."

"Hm!" said Richard. "Now, how do you suppose that bead got there?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said. "It must have caught in Jake's sleeve," said Richard, "when he dragged Croft back to his chair. I can see how it would later slip down into the cuff. Cute of you, though, to spot the candle wax! Probably, as Jake straightened up from laying Croft in his chair, he bumped the mantel and upset the candle. That reminded him to blow out the other one. I see it all now. Of course there were no tell-tale fingerprints because he came in at the kitchen window where he had been working; and we didn't look at that until after Mrs. Yawley had been around dusting. Hey, but won't she give me a wiggling tomorrow morning!"

"Richard," I said, "you can jabber all you like. You were as much moved by what we've just seen and heard as I was."

"Sweetheart," he said, "it isn't the first

time. I cut a cross-section of life with almost every criminal case I'm called upon to handle. Would you have me quit my job for that reason?"

"No," I said at last. "The world needs you just as and where you are. A man who studies and knows, who administers justice and is strong, but who knows the feeling of people and things. Richard, I'm so proud of you—but, oh, my dear!"

He scoffed at me for my effort to put into words my appreciation of him, but I could tell he was pleased with my praise and warmed—and comforted.

"What are you going to do with the carnelian beads?" asked Richard out of one of our silences.

"I'll give them—" I began, but a better thought darted through my head. "No, I won't give them to her. I'll take them to New York, to an expert on such stones, have them valued and sell them. I believe they really are quite valuable in a money way. I know they're genuine and old; and carnelian is popular this season, Mary Lou tells me. I'll give the money that they bring to Elizabeth Hopper. And then, there is that castle in Perugia.

"Perhaps it could be sold and that money would make life still easier for the girl, if the beads don't bring enough."

Richard slowed down the car until it barely moved and considered me.

"What keeps you bothered about that good-for-nothing girl, Edith?" he asked.

"I'm feeling very happy tonight, dearest," I said, "and safe and secure. Mary Lou is going to come out of this scrape with no scars that time and loving won't heal. The man who is to blame for it all is dead. Jake Hopper is about at the end of his days. The only one who will live to suffer is Elizabeth Hopper. I want to help her. Do you think I'm too sentimental?"

"Yes, but I like it," he answered. "Is that all?"

"No. Really, I want to rid myself of the chain of carnelian. I want to sell the land in Italy for the same reason—to wash my hands and my memory clean of the whole sad story—to lay a ghost, Richard—a seven years' ghost. Do you understand? And you—you can be from now on my man with a sword in hand."

"I'll be that, all right," said Richard.

WHEN we came to the hospital, the waiting room was empty. The girl at the office desk said that Mr. Forbes was upstairs with his wife.

"Call him down, will you, please?" I said to the girl. "Tell him it's urgent."

In a moment James came down. He moved with decorous quiet as far as the landing that brought me within his sight.

"Jamie," I said while he was still six feet away from me. "It's all right. We've cleared her."

We hugged each other for five minutes like two utter simpletons.

"I guess I've gone clear off my nut," said James finally in sudden embarrassment. "It—it's been the longest day of my life. Hello, Burley. I think I owe you an apology. I said and felt some hard things toward you today."

"That's all right, Forbes," said Richard. "My back's broad on purpose. I'm used to being hated. You've been through a lot. But Edith turned the trick, not I."

"Why," I said, "you—you exaggerator! I did nothing of the sort. I've done nothing but make a nuisance of myself with my insisting."

"Well, who's going to figure how much that was worth?" laughed Richard.

"He's being over-generous, James," I said. "But don't you want to hear who did it?"

"I'm afraid I don't care," he confessed. But when he had smoked a cigarette, he was calmer and returned gradually to his thoughtful, considerate self. He was deeply shocked and distressed over Jake Hopper's story,

We had told him that much but we hadn't had time to make any important announcement about ourselves when the clerk came to the door of the room. I think she had been listening all the while. "There's a call from upstairs for Mr. Forbes," she said.

James leaped up at once; but before he dashed out the door he looked back at me. "Shall I tell her?"

"Use your own judgment, James," I said. "Right!" And he was off.

A few minutes later the fussy doctor with the side whiskers came in, carrying his old-type boxy satchel, and went up the stairs. Presently he came tripping back and in to speak to Richard and to me.

"Please accept my congratulations, my dear," he said. "And your sister is much better. She had a good rest, but the good news was like an elixir of life. Go up and speak to her if you like. Don't over-excite her, that's all. She thinks she is all right, but she's apt to be trembly for a few days. Bless you both, my dears, you've had a time, haven't you? And good night."

THE door of Mary Lou's room had been left open to give me its location in case I had forgotten.

"Deedie," she said, "you've been awfully sweet to me. Nicer than I ever remember you. Jamie told me all you'd done."

"It wasn't I, dear. It was Richard."

"Yes, I heard." And then, "Did you bring him upstairs with you?"

"No, dear, of course not. He's waiting for me downstairs."

"Well, I'm glad. And I'm glad he isn't camping on my trail any more. That's what knocked me out—the way he looked at me this morning. He—are you going to marry him, Deedie?"

"Yes, dear. I love him—awfully. And you're going to like him better."

We talked quietly for several minutes more before the nurse said she was sorry to interrupt us, but she thought now that Mrs. Forbes ought to try for some more sleep.

Downstairs Jamie had dutifully summoned Jane. It seemed that she had found lodgings in a house next door that specialized in relatives of critical cases. She had, with apparent difficulty, been kept below while I communed with her daughter. There was justice in her offense and I could have faced reproaches; only she made none.

"Dear me, Edith," she said, "you do look wild! From flying about over the country, I suppose."

I swept past her to pick up my bag from the center table. Frantically I sought a powder puff.

"I suppose," she trickled on, "that we'll have our trunks tomorrow. But did you think to bring over a few things with you just to do us over night?"

"Good land, Jane!" I cried. "I've forgotten all about clothes!"

She raised her eyebrows at me.

"You see, Jane," I said, "it wasn't only the pursuit of a criminal that distracted me. I was in love. James, come here. I'm about to announce my engagement."

"I know," said James, all smiles. "I'm delighted—for both of you."

"At last!" Jane sighed, as if all these years she had had me on her hands.

But Richard was equal to her. It took a man bred in the criminal courts to be her match but he was that.

"At last!" he echoed with a touch of grimness. "That's just what I said when I saw her. So we're not going to waste an unnecessary hour or day. Perhaps you had better tell her good-by now."

"Marry in haste. Repent at leisure," said Jane, still on her perch.

He ignored the obvious fact that she was warning him—not me.

"She'll not have any leisure," laughed Richard, "married to me."

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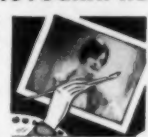
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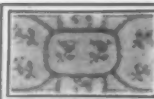
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Spring Cleaning

[Continued from page 51]

serious attitude towards work is all the more surprising when we consider that practically all girls today have a set of values that include a genuine desire for a home, husband and children.

"The young girl today consciously makes herself attractive. She knows a good appearance is a business asset. She considers it in much the same impersonal way she does technical training. It is not vanity with her. She is not particularly conscious about it.

"This is just another sign that today's young woman is looking at her problems in an impersonal and efficient manner. We see the result of it in the good sportsmanship revealed in the office. Girls are not catty to each other. Few have chips on their shoulders. Rather, they show an increasing spirit of co-operation and gallantry."

SUPPOSE it is success in beauty that you want to cultivate this spring. You may think beauty is merely a matter of the color of your rouge, the kind of powder you choose, the way your hair is finger waved. But Miss Louise Westing, advertising manager of Dorothy Gray's, who has seen perhaps 50,000 young women in their most intimate moments of psychological undress, believes that the almost universal beauty of today's girls is a compound of many things.

"The kind of self-consciousness our generation of young women have is no fault at all, because it is not a particularly personal thing," Miss Westing said.

"Rather, it is a consciousness that comes to today's girl from realizing that she has broken away from her parents' concepts of life and has new standards all her own. Books, pictures—everything tells her she is totally unlike the girl of thirty years ago.

"This self-consciousness, however, is in no sense a physical thing. That would be ungraceful. The modern girl is not that. Take the way she makes up. There is no attempt to have her make-up look natural. She doesn't want it to. It is a gesture. She makes up in front of men. That gesture is significant of how independent she is of the opinion of those about her.

"I think today's girl has tremendous self-sufficiency. She is more self-sufficient than her mother, her grandmother, or any generation of women before her.

"She is vain, perhaps, in the sense of being conscious of her possibilities. But this must not be confused with conceit. Today's girl is not at all conceited, in the sense of thinking she is the most important creation of the age.

"I think the most valuable trait of today's girl is her candor. Not just a penchant for telling the truth. Rather, she has intellectual candor which lets her face, honestly and unblushingly, things which her mother vaguely knew existed but couldn't bear to think about.

"That so many young girls have come to an unconscious acceptance of work as a part of their lives is something new and marvelous. Consider, along with this, their respect for marriage, children and a home, and it seems to me one must admit their vital contribution to civilization.

"The modern feminine independence is a frightfully constructive thing. Today's girl, able and self-reliant, faces reality clear-eyed."

Perhaps, then, you need to be more self-sufficient, perhaps a little bit vain. Anyway you can quite honestly analyze yourself and see if you measure up to this picture of the modern girl which a beauty specialist gives.

Sometimes, your lack of success lies in your wrong choice of the path you really want to follow. Work today is more than a mere livelihood. Through choosing this

line of activity, or that, you really plot your whole life. For who can deny that romance often comes in through the office door?

If you want to find yourself a square peg in a square hole, and forging ahead to wealth, congenial surroundings, people who like you and admire you, you should naturally and sincerely and with a spirit quite unafraid, approach the task of analyzing your own assets.

Miss Berta Crane, Vocational Councillor, formerly director of the Bureau of Semi-Professional Vocations, who has interviewed, advised, and placed in positions, thousands of young women as secretaries, stylists, advertising copy writers, and editors, says:

"Women are timid or aggressive because of fear when they are seeking work. They are rarely completely natural when seeking a job or changing vocations. The person is unusual who can think, 'This is a play and I one of the potential cast. I either succeed or fail. I will just do my best.'

"Both men and women may seem self-conscious when they fear the judgment of the person who is observing them. That is not particularly a feminine trait. When a woman crosses the threshold of a new job, she can lose herself in a big task, it seems to me, quite as easily as any man.

"There are two striking characteristics of young business women," she continued. "First, aggressiveness. Second, timidity. Each is a kind of fear. In talking with people, I have found some who are too modest, who underestimate themselves. Others overestimate themselves, try to impress one by sheer aggressiveness.

"Usually it is fear that keeps both men and women from having an easy, natural attitude. The girl who feels inadequate sometimes adopts an aggressive attitude deliberately, in order to hurdle any opposition she may meet, such as prejudices in the business world. The timid girl is so impressed by what she knows others have accomplished that she fears she may fail."

Do not underestimate yourself. Many a girl, looking far less like Greta Garbo than you, yourself, may have studied her features assiduously until she has discovered a pretty arch to her brows that gave her eyes character, a certain piquancy in her manner that could be converted into charm, an olive tone to her skin that certain colors capitalized. Many a girl with no born talent for a given type of work has cleverly developed a technique that brought her acclaim.

PERHAPS the reason you are self-conscious, if you still are, is because you have never been quite frank in analyzing your situation.

You may look into your mirror timidly and, of course, as you shrink from it, it reflects a self-conscious glance that is not attractive. But your mirror is no adequate picture of what impression you give others. So, forget yourself, look cheerily at the world about you, and see how it looks back at you. That is the real mirrored picture for you. If the world smiles back at you, run again to your looking-glass. Weren't you mistaken in your other glance? You are smiling now, quite confidently, are you not?

Have you had any thoughts by this time on why you are not the success you want to be? Maybe it is just your manner and that can be changed so easily. Self-confidence, but not arrogance! Poise, assurance, a really good opinion of yourself, but not conceit! Spring is here! All the world is changing its tone, its color, its entire character! Why can't you do the same? It may mean thought and care. But it is worth while trying.



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